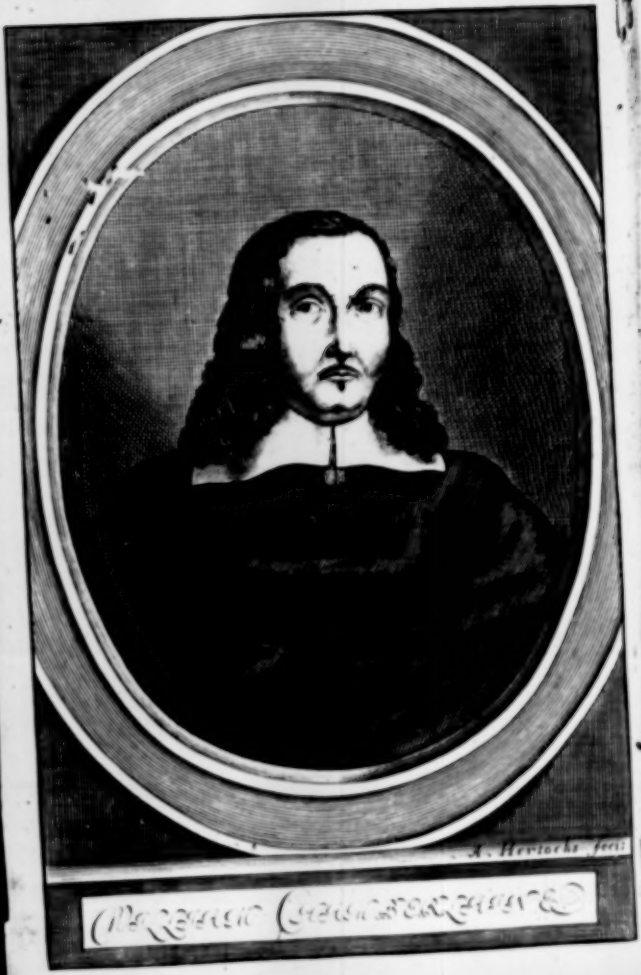

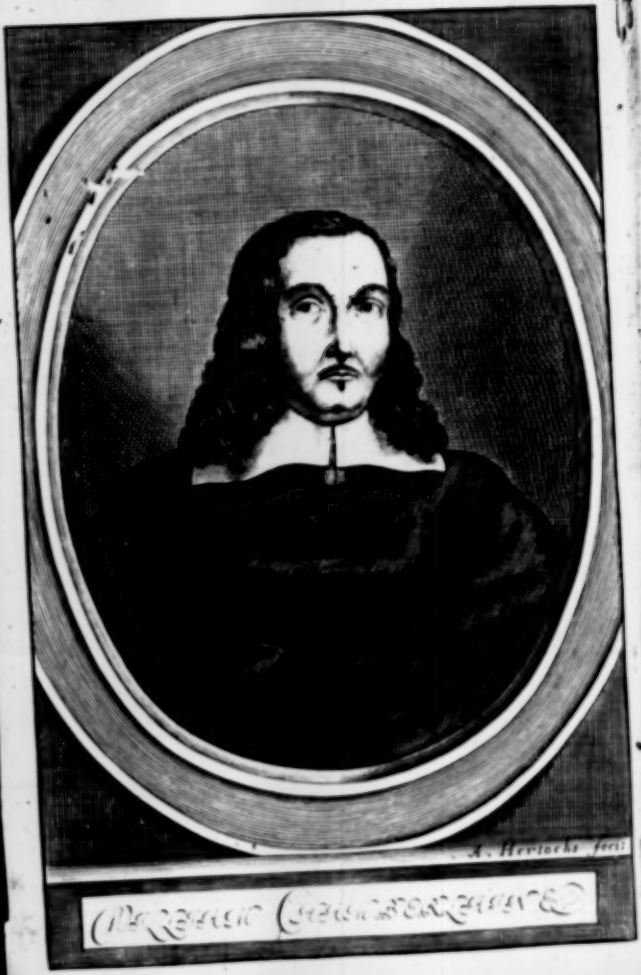

Pharonnida:

A

HEROICK

POEM.

BY

WILLIAM CHAMBERLAYNE
Of *Shaftsbury* in the County of *Dorcet.*

Ἴσκε Ψεύδεα πολλὰ λέγων ἐτύμοισιν ὁμοῖα.
Hom. Odyss. Lib. XIX.

LONDON,
Printed for *Robert Clavell*, at the Sign of the *Stags-head* neer St. *Gregories* Church in St. *Pauls* Church-yard, 1659.

TO

The right Worshipfull,

SIR

WILLIAM PORTMAN,

BARONET.

Honoured Sir,

THough by that Splendor with which the bountifull hand of Fortune, illustrated by the more excellent Gifts of Nature, hath Adorn'd you, to the illuminating the Hopes of all your expecting Friends: I might justly fear these Glow-worms *of* Fancy *may be out-shone, to the obscurity of a contemptible Neglect; You being like, ere long, to prove that glorious* Luminarie, *to whose ascending Brightness the happiest* Wits

Ex. 371

that grace the British Hemisphear, like Persian Priests, prostrated to the rising Sun, will devote the Morning Sacrifices of their Muses: Yet Animated by your late Candid Reception of my more Youthfull Labours, whose humble flights having your Name to beautifie their Front, past the publick View unsullied, by the cloudy Aspect of the most Critick Spectator: I have once more assumed the boldness to let the Infirmities of my Fancy take Sanctuary under the Name of so honoured a Patron. Though my Abilities could not Cloath Her in such Robes, as would render Her a fit Companion for your serious Studies, yet I hope her Dress is not so sordid, but she may prove an acceptable Attendant on your more vacant Hours. For my Subject (it being Heroick Poesie) it is such as the wiser part of the World hath

hath alwaies held in a Venerable Esteem, the Extracts *of* Fancy *being that noble* Elixer, *which Heaven ordain'd to Immortalize their* Memories, *whose worthy* Actions *being the* Products *of that nobler part of* Man, *the* Soul, *is by this made, almost Commensurate with Her* Eternity; *which otherwise (to the sorrow of succeeding* Ages) *who are in debt for much of their* Vertue *to a noble Emulation of their glorious* Ancestors, *had either terminated in a Circle of no larger a* Diameter *then* Life; *or like short breath'd* Ephemera's, *only surviv'd a while in the Aiery Region of* Discourse.

This, Sir, having been the past Fortune *of our* Predecessors; *And, as the Pregnant Hopes of your blooming* Spring, *promises the World like to be yours in the future; yours, when*

both

both the splendid Beauties of your most glorious Palace, *and the lasting* Structure *of your* Marble Domitory, *time shall have so levigated, that the wanton Winds dally with their Dust: I doubt not but to find you so much a* Mecænas, *as to affect the* Eternizing *of your* Name, *more from the lasting* Lineaments *of* Learning, *then those vaine* Phainomena *of* Pleasures, *which are the low* Delights *of more Vulgar* Spirits.

Though I confess these Papers beneath the serious View, which a Wit *Acuated with the best* Adjuncts *of* Art, *will, ere long, render the ordinary* Recreations *of your* Progressive Studies; *yet, as in relation to the Latitude for which they were Calculated: I hope they may not appear unworthy a present* Supervisall; *It being intended (like the weak*

weak Productions *of the early* Spring) *but for the* April *of your* Age; *where, though my Hopes tell me it may subsist, whilst irrigated with those balmy* Dews *of* Passion, *which are the usuall* Concommitants *of* Youth: *I am not guilty of so un-becoming a Boldness, as to think it fit to stand the heat of your more vigorous* Maturity, *when the* Meridian Altitude *of your Comprehensive* Judgment *shall have attain'd so neer an universality of* Knowledge; *As the Sun when in its* Apogæum, *doth of Light, that being only hindred by a Comparatively* Punctillo *of Earth*; *As the powerfull* Energies *of noble* Souls, *are by the upper* Garments *of their Mortality, from being at once* Ubiquitary Blessings.

Fortifi'd by these Considerations, *with the hope of your* Acceptance, *and assur'd, that prefixing your* Name, *is an*

Amulet *of sufficient power to preserve me from the Contagion of* Censure; *I have, with an unrufft'd Confidence, given these Papers a Capacity of being publickly viewed: If their being lik'd attain but neer the Dimensions of your being belov'd, it will co-equate the knowledge the World shall have of them; that being so universall, as the* Serenities *of your* Bliss *is the* happiness *of your neerest* Relations; *so is it much of the* hopes *of those, that only know you at a remoter distance: And shall be still the* Prayer *of,*

SIR,

Shaftsbury, *May* 12. 1659.

Your devoted

Servant,

William Chamberlayne.

To

TO THE

READER.

SInce Custome obliges me to give a Welcome at the Gate, I shall not be so irregular, as not to meet that common Civility, with a fair Compliance. And though like the passive Elements, I lie open to all the Incongruity of Aspects, of which I have some reason to doubt, the most powerfull may be found in a disdainfull opposition; yet, like the noblest of Active Creatures (*Light*) I shall not think my self sullied by every Vapour; nor sollicite his Acquaintance, that cannot so long spare his Eyes from beholding more Active Vanities.

I have alwaies held it a *Solœcism* for Entertainers to be Beggers. And, although by exposing these Papers to the publick View, I must consequently expect variety of

of *Cenſures*; ſhould be loath to deſcend ſo low to court the Applauſe of every Reader, from whoſe various *Genii*, I am neceſſitated to take ſuch Welcome, as Affection in moſt (though Judgment in ſome) ſhall incline them to give. For the firſt of which, as their *Cenſures* are doubtfull, ſo their *Calumnies* are ſmall, not of weight ſufficient to ballance the indifferent temper of my thoughts: But for the latter, ſince look'd upon as competent Judges, though their Sentence may be formidable; I ſhall beg no further favour, then what their Abilitie thinks fit to beſtow; only, for what they may juſtly except againſt, could rather wiſh that whilſt theſe *Papers* were private, I had had their Advice to reform, then now they are publiſht their *Cenſure* to condemn. *Fortune* hath plac'd me in too low a *Sphear* to be happy in the Acquaintance of the Ages more *Celebrated Wits*: Wherefore wonder not, that I appear un-uſher'd in with a Train of *Encomiums*, which (though I confeſs) If from knowing and juditious Friends, they add a Luſter to the Authors enſuing Labours;

bours; yet the Cuſtome of theſe Times often makes them appear as ridiculous, as a ſplendid and beautifull *Front* to an empty and contemptible *Cottage.*

I have made bold with the *Title* of *Heroick,* but have a late Example that deters me from diſputing upon what grounds I aſſumed it: If it ſuits not with the Abilities of my *Pen,* yet it is no un-becoming *Epithite* for the Eminence of thoſe perſonated in my *Poem.* For the place of my *Scean,* manner of *Compoſure,* and the like; though in *Prefaces* they often find an immature Diſcovery, and perhaps, but acuate an *Apetite* to what, on further progreſs may prove but a diſtaſtfull Banquet: I hold them ſo impertinent, that if Will, and Leaſure ſerves you to read, you may ſuddenly with more Advantage, ſatisfie your ſelf, if not omit them as ſtrangers to your other Affairs, and not to be underſtood but in their own *Dialect.*

I have done with all that in probability may prove my Readers; And now a word

word to such, whom I presume, will be none, for they are desir'd to do no more then the *Epistle*, It being fit to serve them like Vagabonds, let them enter no further then the Gate; I mean, all squint-ey'd *Sectaries*, from the *Spawn* of *Geneva*, to the black *Brood* of *Amsterdam*: together with some *Rascals* of a lower Rank, such as usurp the abus'd *Title* of, *Sons of Art*, and with an empty Impudence, endeavour to pollute those *Immaculate Virgins*; whilst the other, with an exalted Villany sully the *Celestiall Beauties* of *Divine Truth*. For the first of which, the preposterous *Genius* of the *Times* hath so far favour'd them, that now nothing is more vendible then the *surreptitious Off-springs* of their immagin'd *Wit*: Every *Stationers Shop* affording pregnant examples of it, in big bulk'd Volumes of *Physick*, *Astrologie*, and the like: By these *indigent Vermine*, either to satisfie their clamorous Wants, or inhance their esteem in the Vulgar Opinion, basely prostituted to every illiterate *Spectator*; whilst *Truth*, and a guilty *Conscience*, tels them nought is

their

their own but the Hyperbolicall *Titles*, which to diſcerning Eyes appear but the glorious out-ſides to tainted *Sepulchers*, in which their detected Villany ſhall be Abominated by more knowing *Poſterity*. Theſe cry down all things of this Nature, for *Subjects* of *Inutility*, not tending to the improvement of *Science*, which in the moſt genuine Conſtruction of it, hath no Enemy from which her ruine is more formidable then from them.

But for my more dangerous *Sceptick*, (who yet is ſo much like the Foſe of an *Aſs*, that he appears to the World with his *Spleen* in his Mouth) I mean, my pretended zealous Cenſurer, from whom in mee, it were an over-weaning boldneſs to expect *Civility*; ſince (though not for the Nature, which he underſtands not, yet for the Name which he hath only heard of, he is ſo much an Enemy to the *Muſes*; that ſhould the Seraphick *Strains* of Majeſtick *David*, or the flaming Raptures of *Elegiack Jeremiah*, appear to the World in their priſtine and unpolluted *Purity*; his Ignorance

Ignorance would extend to ſo vaſt an *Error*, to cenſure them of *Levity*.

But as no man will eſteem the *Sun* leſs Glorious, for that the hated *Owle* avoids its *ſight*; ſo I preſume, none, except their own deluded Followers will betray ſo palpable a *dearth* of Judgment, as to bear the leſs eſteem to *Majeſtick Poetry*; for the illiterate ſcandal of flattering *Ignorance*: *Poeſie* (if juſtly meriting to be inveſted in that glorious Title) being of ſo attractive a *Beauty*, that it doth rather like an *Orphean Harmony*, draw that *Emblem* of a *Beaſt*, the unpolliſht *Clown* to a liſtning *Civility*, then like *Circe's* Inchantments, change the more happily *Educated*, to a ſwiniſh and ſordid *Lethargie*. But her defence being a burthen which already ſtands firm on ſo many noble *Supporters*, whoſe Monuments will remain, till *Time* it ſelf ſhall be loſt in *Eternity*: I need not add my weak *Endeavours* to illuſtrate a *Beauty*, which the wiſer *world* already admires; Now (though ſhe want the Applauſe of ſome) Attribute it not to the defect, either of her *Excellency*, or their *Judgment*;

Judgment; but to that various *Dress* of *Humours*, wherewith *Nature* hath Checquer'd the *Universe*: Concluding with that Honour of ancient *Thebes*,

Τερπνὸν δ' ἓν ἀνθρώποις ἴσον ἔσσεται ὑδέν.

Pindarus in Olympiorum octavo.

W. C.

PHA

PHARONNIDA.

The first Book.

CANTO THE FIRST.

The ARGUMENT.

I.

From Seas wild fury, and the wilder rage
Of faithless Turks, two noble strangers freed,
Let Courtesie their gratefull Souls engage
To such a Debt as doth obstruct their speed.

II.

Where they to fill those Sceans inactive rest,
Would tedious make in fair description saw,
How Sparta's *Prince for his Queens loss oppress,*
Found all those Ills cur'd in Pharonnida.

THE Earth which lately lay like Natures Tomb,
Marbl'd in Frosts, had from her pregnant Womb
Display'd the fragrant Spring, when courted by
A calm fresh Morning, ere Heavens brightest Ey
Adorn'd the East, a *Spartan* Lord, whom Fame,
Taught from Desert, made glorious by the Name

Book I. Of *Amiazader*, with a noble train,
(Whose active Youth did sloath-like sin disdain)
Attended, had worn out the Morning in
Chase of a stately Stag, which having bin
Forc'd from the Forests safe protection, to
Discovering Plain, his clamourous Foes had drew
Up to a steep Cliffs lofty top, where he
As if grown proud, so sacrific'd to be
To mans delight, 'mongst the pursuing cry,
(Who make the Valleys eccho Victory)
Sinks weeping, whilst exalted shouts did tell
The distant Heards, their ancient Leader fell.
The half tir'd Hunters, their swift Game stopt here
By death, like noble Conquerors appear,
To give that Foe, which now resistless lies
With their shrill Horns his Fun'rall Obsequies;
Which whilst performing their diverted sight
Turns to behold a far more fatall fight:
That since fam'd Gulf, where the brave *Austrian* made
The Turkish Crescents an eternall shade,
Beneath dishonour seeks, *Lepanto* lay
So neer, that from their lofty station they
A Ship upon whose Streamers there were fixt
The Christian Badge saw in fierce Battell mixt,
With a prevailing Turkish Squadron that
With shouts assault, what now lay onely at
That feeble Guard, which under the pretence
Of injuring others, seeks its own defence.
Clear was the day, and calm the Sea so long
Till now the Turks, whose numbers grew too strong,
For all that could no other help afford,
But humane strength, within their view did board

The

The wretched Christians, to whose sufferings they
Can lend no comfort, but what Pray'rs convey
To helpfull Heaven, by whose attentive Ear,
Both heard and pitryed, Mercy did appear
In this swift change: A hollow Wind proclaims
Approaching storms, the black Clouds burst in flames,
Impriſon'd Thunder roars, and in a shoure,
Dark as the Night, dull sweaty Vapors poure
Themselves on th' earth, t' enrich whom Nature vents
Th' etherial Fabricks useless excrements;
Whose flatuous pride, as if it did disdain
Such base descents, rowling the liquid plain
Into transparent Mountains, hurls them at
The brow of Heaven, whose Lamps by Vapors that
Their influence rais'd, are crampt, whilst the sick day
Was languishing to such a Night as lay
O're the first Matter, when Confusion dwelt
In the vast Chaos, ere the rude Mass felt
Heavens segregating breath; But long this fierce
Conflict indures not, ere the Sun-beams pierce
The scatterd Clouds, which whilst wild Winds pursue
Through sullied Aire in reaking Vapors flew.
In this Encounter of the storm before
Its sable Vail let them discover more,
Then contain'd horror, a loud dreadfull shriek,
Piercing the thick Aire, at their Ears did seek
For trembling entrance, being transported by
Uncertain drifts, rent Sails and Tackling fly
Amongst the towring Cliffs, a sure presage
That adverse Winds did in that storm engage
Some Vessell, which did from her Cordage part,
With such sad pangs, as from the dying Heart

Book 1. Convulsions tear the Fibers. But the day
Recov'ring her lost Ram, made clearer way
For a more sad discov'ry. They behold
The brackish Main in funerall Pomp unfold
The Trophies of her Cruelty: Her Brow
Uncurl'd with Waves, was only spotted now
With scatter'd Ruines, here engag'd within
The ruffl'd Sails, some sad Souls that had been
For life long strugling tir'd, at length are forc'd
To sink and die; Yonder a Pair divorc'd
From all the warm Society of flesh,
With cold stiff Arms embrace their Fate; The fresh
And tender Virgin in her Lovers sight,
The Sea-Gods ravish, and th' *Enthean* light
Of those bright Orbs, her Eyes, which could by nought
But Seas be quencht, t' eternall darkness brought.

Whilst pitying these, a suddain noise, whose strange
Confusion did their Passions Object change,
Assaults their wonder, which by this surprize
Amaz'd, perswades them to inform their Eyes
With its obscure Originall, when led
By sounds that might in baser Souls have bred
A swift aversion: clashing Weapons they
Might soon behold upon the Sands, that lay
Beneath the Rock, a Troop of desp'rate men,
Unstartled with those dangers, which even then
Their ruin'd Ship, and dropping Garments shewd
Heaven freed them from, what Mercy had bestowd:
Let their own anger loose, which flaming in
A fatall Combate, had already bin
In blood disfigur'd: But when now so near
Them drawn, that every Object did appear

In

In true distinction, they with wonder rais'd
To such a height, as Poets would have prais'd
Their Heroes in, a noble Christian saw
Whose Sword (as if by the eternall Law
Of Providence, to punish Infidels,
Directed) with each falling stroke expels
A Turks black Soul; Yet Valor being oppreſt
By multitudes, must have at length sought rest
From Death, had not brave *Ariamnes*, by
His Hunters followed, brought him Victory:
Whilst the approaching danger did exclude
Even hope, the last support of Fortitude.
The desperate Turks that chose the Sea to be
Their sad Redeemer of Captivity:
Though from that fear they fled to death, had now
Upon the Shoar left none, life could allow
But motion to, though stope by death such store,
All the Escap'd appeard, but such as bore
The fatall Story of destruction to
Their distant Friends; when now a serious view
By *Ariamnes*, and that noble Youth,
Whose Actions (honourd as authentick truth)
Made all admire him, of their pitty'd dead
With sorrow took, one worthy Soul unfled
From life they found, which by *Argalia* seen,
With joy recalls those Spirits that had been
In busie Action lost, but danger that
Toward the Throne of life seem'd entring at
Too many wounds, denies him to enlarge
The Sheam of Love, as noble Vertues charge
To him (her follower) *Ariamnes* by
His goodness, and their sad necessity,

Book I. Prompted to pity, fearing ſlow delays
As dangers fatall Harbinger, conveys
The wounded ſtrangers to the place, where he
His Palace made the Throne of Charitie.
'Twas the ſhort journey 'twixt the Day and Night,
The calm freſh Evening, Times Hermaphrodite.
The Sun on Lights dilated Wings being fled,
To call the Weſtern Villagers from Bed:
Ere at his Caſtle they arrive, which ſtood
Upon a Hill, whoſe Baſis freng'd with wood,
Shadowed the fragrant Meadows, thorough which
A ſpatious River, ſtriving to enrich
The flow'ry Valleys, with what ever might
At home be profit, or abroad delight,
With parted ſtreams that pleaſant Iſlands made,
Its gentle Current to the Sea conveyd.
In the compoſure of this happy place
Wherein he lived, as if fram'd to embrace
So brave a Soul, as now did animate
It with its preſence, ſtrength, and beauty ſate
Combin'd in one, 'twas not ſo vaſtly large,
But fair convenience countervaild the charge
Of Reparations, all that moſeſt Art
Affords to ſo'r pleaſures every part,
More for its Ornament, but none were dreſt
In Robes ſo rich, but what alone expreſt
Their Maſters providence and care to be,
A prop to falling Hoſpitality;
For he not Comet-like did blaze out in
This Country Sphear, what had extracted been
From the Courts lazy Vapors, but had ſtood
There like a Star of the firſt Magnitude,

With

With a fixt constancy so long, that now
Grown old in Vertue he began to bow
Beneath the weight of time, and since the calm
Of Age had left him nothing to embalm
His Name but Vertue, strives in that to be
The glorious wonder of Posterity;
Each of his Actions being so truly good,
That like the Ground where hollowed Temples stood,
Although by age the Ruines ruin'd seem,
The people beare a reverent esteem
Unto the place; so they preserve his Name,
A yet unwasted Pyramid of Fame.
Rich were his publick Vertues, but the price
Of those was but the World to Paradice,
Compar'd with that rare Harmony that dwells
Within his Walls, each Servant there excells
All but his Fellows in desert, each knew,
First when, then how his Lords Commands to do;
None more enjoyed, then was enough, none less,
All did of plenty fast, none of excess;
Riot was here a stranger, but far more
Repining penury, ne're from that doore,
The Poor-man went denied, nor did the rich
Ere surfet there, 'twas the blest Medium, which,
Extracted from all compound Vertues we
Make, and then Christian Mediocrity,
Within the compass of his spatious Hall,
Stood no vain Pictures to obscure the Wall,
Which usefull Armes adornd, and such as when
His Prince requir'd assistance, his own men
Valiant, and numerous, mannag'd to defend
That righteous Cause, but never to attend

Book I. A popular Faction, whose corrupted Seed
Hell did engender, and Ambition feed.
His Judgment that like Lifes Attendant, Sence,
To try each Objects various difference,
Fit Mediums chose (which he made Vertue) here
Beholding (though these wandring Stars appear
Now in their greatest detriment) the Rays
Of perfect worth, he to that Vertue payes
Those Attributes of honour, which unto
Their Births (though now in course disguise) was due:
To *Aphrons* wounds successfull Art applies,
Prevailing Med'cines, whilst Invention flies
To the *Aphelion* of her Orb to seek
Such modest Pleasures as might smooth the Cheek
Of ruffl'd Passion, which being found are spent,
To cure the sad *Argalia's* discontent:
Which long being lost to all delight, at length
Revives again his Friends recover'd strength.
They having now no *Remora* to stay
Them here but what their gratitude did pay
To his desires, whose Courtesie had made
Those bonds of Love, with as much zeal obey'd,
As those which duty locks, preparing are
To take their leave, even in whose civil War
Whilst they contend with Courtesies, as sent
To rescue when his Eloquence was spent.
Brave *Amminander*, with such hast as shewed
His speed to some supream Injunction owed
Such diligence, a Messenger brings in
A Packet, which that noble Lord had been
Too frequently acquainted with to fear
Th' unseen Contents which open'd did appear,

A Mandate

A Mandate from his royall Master to
Attend him ere the next dayes Beauties grew
Deform'd with Age, which honourd Message read
To banish what Suspition might have bred
In's doubtfull Friends, he the inclos'd contents,
With cheerfull hast unto their view presents.
Their fear thus cur'd by information, he
That his appearance in the Court might be
More glorious made by such Attendants to
Incite in them a strong desire to view
Those royall Pastimes, thus relates that story,
Whose fatall truth transfer'd the *Morea's* glory
So often thither. 'Twas my honourd friends
My fate ('mongst some, that yet his Court attends)
Then to be neer my Prince, when what now draws
Him to these parts did prove at once the cause
Of joy and grief. Not far from hence remov'd,
The Vale of *Ceres* lies, where his belov'd
Pharonida remains, a Lady that,
Nature ordaind for man to wonder at;
She not being more the comfort of his age,
Then glory of her Sex: but I engage
My self to a more large discovery, which,
Thus take in brief, When Youth did first enrich
Beauty with manly strength, his happy Bed
Was with her royall Mother blest, who fed
A flame of Vertue in her Soul, that lent
Light to a Beauty, which being excellent,
In its own Sphear, by that reflection shon,
So heavenly bright, Perfections height of noon
Dwelt only there; Some years had circled in
Times revolutions, since they first had been

Acquainted

Book I. Acquainted with those private pleasures that
Attend a Nuptiall Bed, ere she did at
Lucina's Temple offer, whose bar'd Gate,
Once open flow, both their good Angells sate
In councell for her safety, hopes of a Boy,
To be *Mavia's* Heir, fill high with joy
The ravisht Parents, Subjects did no less,
In the loud voice of Triumph theirs express.
But when the active pleasures of their love
Which fill'd her Womb, had taught the Babe to move
Within the mory Mount, preceding pains,
Tell the fair Queen, that the dissolving Chains,
Nature incos'd it in, were grown so weak,
That the imprison'd Infant soon would break
Those slender Guards, the graveſt Ladies were
Call'd to assist her, whose industrious care,
Lend Nature all the helps of Art, but in
Despair of safety send their Prayers to win
Relief from Heaven, which swift Assistance lent,
T' unload the Burthen, but those Cordials sent,
By Harbengers, with whom the fair Queen fled,
To deck the silent dwellings of the dead,
And lodge in Sheets of Lead, o're which were cast
A Coverlet of the Springs Infants past
From life like her, even whilst Earths teeming Womb,
Promist the World, and not a silent Tomb,
That beaureous Issue; But those Nimphs which spun
Her thread of life the slender twine begun,
Too fine to last long, undenied by
The pondrous burthen of Mortality;
Beneath whose waight, she sinking now to death,
Th' unhappy Babe was by the Mothers breath

No

No sooner welcom'd into life before Book I.
She bids farewell, of Power to do no more,
But whilst her Spirits with each word expires,
Thus to her Lord expres's her last desires.
Receive this Infant from thy dying Queen,
Name her *Pharonnida*, at which word between
His trembling Armes she sunk, and had even then
Breath'd forth her Soul, if not recall'd agen,
By their loud Mournings from the Icy sleep,
Which like a chilling Frost did softly creep,
Through the cold Channels of her blood to bar
The springs of life, in which defensive War,
The hasty Summons sent by death alow,
Her giddy Eyes, whose heavy leads did bow
Toward everlasting slumber, no more light,
Then what affords a dim Imperfect sight;
Such as the troubl'd Opticks being by,
Dying Convulsions wrested, could let fly,
Thorough their sullied Chrystals to behold,
Her wofull Lord, whilst she did thus unfold
Her dying thoughts; O hear, O hear (quoth she) I do,
By all our mutuall Vows conjure thee to
Let this sweet Babe, all thou hast left of me,
Within thy Thoughts preserve my Memorie.
And since (poor Infant) she must lose her Mother,
To beg an entrance here, oh let no other
Have more Command o're her then what may bear
An equall poise with thy paternall Care.
This, this is all that I shall leave behind,
An earnest of our loves, here thou mayst find,
Perhaps my Image to behold, whilst I
Resolving into dust imbrac'd do lye,

By

Book I. By crawling Worms. Followers that Nature gave
To attend Mortality, whilſt the tainted Grave
Is ripening us for Judgment: O my Lord,
Death were the ſmile of Fate, would it afford
Me time to ſee this Infants growth, but oh,
I feel Lifes Cordage cracke, and hence muſt go
From time and fleſh, like a loſt Feather fall
From th' Wings of Vanity, forſaking all
The various buſineſs of the World, to ſee
What wondrous Change dwels in Eternitie.
This ſayd, ſhe faintly bids farewell, then darts
An eager look on all, but ere ſhe parts,
Even whilſt the breath, with which in thin Aire ſlips
Departing Spirits, on her then cold Lips
In clammy Dews did hang, ſhe of them takes
Her laſt farewell, whilſt her pure Soul forſakes
Its brittle Cab'net, and thoſe Orbs of light,
That ſwam in death, ſunk in eternall Night.
Thus di'd the Queen, *Pharonnida* thus loſt,
Ere knew her Mother, when her Birth had coſt,
A price ſo great, that brought her Infancy
In debt to Grief, untill maturity
Ripen'd her Age to pay it, after long
And vehement lamentation, ſuch whoſe ſtrong
Aſſaults had almoſt ſhook his Soul into
A flight from th' Earth, her Father doth renew
His long loſt Mirth, at the delight he took,
In his Souls Darling; whoſe each cheerfull look,
Crimſon'd thoſe Sables, which even whilſt he wore
A flood of Woes his head had ſilver'd o're:
Had not this Comfort ſtopt them, which beguiles
Sorrow of ſome few hours, thoſe pretty ſmiles,

That

hat dreſt her fair Cheeks like a gentle Thief,
caling his heart through all the Guards of Grief.
But when that time's expunging hand had more
Defac'd thoſe ſable Characters he wore
r Sorrows Livery o're his Soul, and ſhe
aving out-grown her tender Infancy,
id now (her Thoughts compos'd of heavenly Seed)
o guide her life no other Guardian need,
ut native Vertue, for her calm retreat,
When burthend *Coriath* was with throngs repleat:
e choſe this ſeat, whoſe venerable ſhade,
Vaving what blind Antiquity had made,
or ſacred held, is not ſo fleighted, but
Cuſtome ancient, as our Law, hath ſhut
ence (as the hatefull marks of ſervitude)
ll that unbounded power did e're obtrude
n ſuffering Subjects, which, this happy place
its ſo ſerene a bleſſing to embrace,
s is this Lady, whoſe illuſtrious Court,
hough now augmented by the full reſort,
f her great Fathers Traine, doth ſtill appear
his happy Kingdomes brighteſt Hemiſphear.
A hundred noble Youths in *Sparta* bred,
Of Valour high, as ere for Beauty bled,
ll loyall Lovers, and that Love confin'd
Vithin the Court are for her Guard aſſign'd.
ut what (if oft in ſuch an Orb of all
hat's great, or good, may low as Cenſure fall)
he Court hath queſtioned, is the cauſe that mov'd
he Prince to give a Party ſo belov'd
nto his hands that leads them, being one
Vhoſe Birth excepted, that being neer a Throne,

Thoſe

Book. 1. Thoſe Vertues wants on whoſe Foundation wiſe
Conſiderate Princes let their Favours riſe.
Like the abortive Births of Vapors by
Their Male Progenitors inforc'd to fly
Above the Earth their proper Sphear, and there
Lurk in imperfect Forms, his Breaſt doth bear
Some Seeds of Goodneſs, which the Soil too hot,
With rank Ambition, doth in ripening rot.
Yet, though from thoſe that praiſe humilitie,
He merits not, a dreaded power which he
Far more applauds, rais'd on the Wings of's own
Experienc'd Valour, hath ſo long been known
His Foes pale terrour, that 'tis fear'd he bends
That Engine to the ruine of his friends,
Whoſe equall Merits claim as much of Fame,
As e're was due to proud *Almanzors* Name.
Yet what may raiſe more ſtrong deſires to ſee,
Her Court then Valors withe ſocietie,
Is one unuſuall Cuſtome, which the love
Of her kind Father hath ſo far above
All paſt Examples rais'd, that for the time
He here reſides, no Cauſe, although a Crime,
Which death attends, but is by her alone
Both heard and judg'd, he ſeeming to unthrone
His active power, whilſt Juſtice doth inveſt
His beauteous Daughter, which to the oppreſt,
Whoſe hopes even ſhrunk into deſpair, hath in
That harſh extream their ſafe Aſilum bin:
So that even thoſe that fear'd the 'vent could now
Mix their deſires, the Cuſtome would allow
Her Reign a longer date. But that I may
Illuſtrate this by a more full ſurvay

Of her excelling Vertues, no pretence,
Of harsh imployment shall command you hence,
Till you have been Spectators of that Court,
Whose Glories are too spatious for Report.
The noble Youths beholding such a flame,
Of Vertue shewn them through the Glass of Fame,
First gaze with wonder on it, which ascends
Into desire, a Rivolet which ends,
Not till its swelling streams had drawn them through
All weak excuses, and engag'd them to
Attend on *Ariamnes*; when to show
How much mans vain Intentions fall below
Mysterious Fate, even in the height of all
Their full Resolves, her Countermands thus call
Back their Intentions, by a Summons that
Th' uncertain World hath often trembled at.
The late recoverd *Aphron*, whether by
Too swift a Cure, Lifes springs being rais'd too high,
Flowd to a dangerous Plethora, or where
Some Cause occult the Humours did prepare
For that malignant Ill, did, whilst he lay
In tedious expectation of the day,
Shook with a shivering numness, first complain,
Through all his Limbs of a diffusive pain;
Which searching each to find the fittest part,
For its Contagion, on the labouring heart
Fixes at length, which being with grief oppress,
By the extended Arteries to the rest
Oth' body sends its flames, the poysond bloud
Through every Vein streams in a burning flood.
His Liver broyls, and his scorch'd stomach turns
The Chule to Cinders; in each cold Cell burns

Book. 1. The humid Brains. A violent Earthquake ſhakes
The crackling Nerves, Sleeps balmy Dew forſakes
The ſhrivel'd Obticks; in which trembling fits,
'Mongſt tortur'd Sences troubled Reaſon ſits
So long oppreſt with Paſſion, till at length,
Her feeble Manſion, batter'd by the ſtrength
Of a Diſeaſe, ſhe leaves to entertain
The wild Chymera's of a ſickly Brain.
And, what muſt yet to's Friends Affliction add,
More weights of grief, their courteous haſt which had
Stayed to the lateſt ſtep of time, muſt now
Comply with thoſe Commanders, which could allow
No more delays, and leave *Argalia* to
Be the ſole Mourner for his Friend, which drew
As far as humane Art could gueſs ſo neer
His end, that life did only now appear
In thick, ſhort ſobs, thoſe frequent ſummons that
Souls oft forſake their ruin'd Manſions at.

The end of the firſt Canto.

PHARONNIDA.

The first Book.

CANTO THE SECOND.

The ARGUMENT.

III.

Whilst here Argalia *in a calm Retreat,*
Allays the sorrow felt for's sickly Friend,
Two blooming Virgins near him take their Seat,
whose harmless Mirth soon finds a hapless end.

IV.

The fairest seiz'd on, and near ruin'd by
Impetuous Lust, had not Andremon's *speed*
Protected her, till from his sall drawn nigh
The same sad Fate the brave Argalia *freed.*

THat sad, slow hour, which Art even thought his last,
With the sharp Feav'rs Paroxisme past
Sick *Aphron's* Spirits to a cool repeat,
Beneath a Slumber (Lifes remotest seat)

Book I. Was gently ſtoln, which did ſo long endure,
Till in that ſplate quencht, the Callenture
Decayed forſakes him, leaving nought behind,
But ſuch ſaint ſymptomes, as from time might find
An eaſie Cure, which though no perfect end
'Is lent to th' care of his indulgent Friend,
Yet gives him ſo much liberty, that now
Fear dares without his friendſhips breach allow
Sometime to leave him ſlumbring, whilſt that he
Contemplates Natures freſh variety.
The full blown beauties of the Spring were not
By Summer Sun-burnt yet, though *Phebus* ſhot
His Rays from *Cancer*, when prepard t' expand
Impriſond thoughts, from Objects near at hand,
To ey-ſhot Rovers, freed *Argalia* takes
A Noon-tide walk, through a fair glade that makes
Her aged Ornaments their ſtubborn head,
Fold into verdant Curtains, which ſhe ſpread
In cooling ſhadows o're the bottoms, where
A chryſtal ſtream unfetterd by the care
Of nicer Art, in her own Channel played,
With the embracing Banks, untill betrayed,
Into a neighbouring Lake, whoſe ſpatious Womb,
Look: at that diſtance like a chryſtal Tomb;
Fram'd to inter the *Nayades*. Not far
From hence an Oak, whoſe limbs defenſive War,
'Gainſt all the Winds, a hundred Winters knew,
Stoutly maintaind, on a ſmal riſing grew,
Under whoſe ſhadow whilſt *Argalia* lies,
This Object tempts his Soul into his Eyes.
A pair of Virgins fairer then the Spring,
Freſher then Dews, that ere the glad Birds ſing.

The

The Mornings Carrols drop, with ſuch a pace, Book. I.
As in each act ſhewd an unſtudied grace,
Treſſing the Neighbouring Plain, were, now ſo near
Argalia drew, that what did firſt appear
But the neglected Object of his Ey,
More ſtrictly viewd, cals Fanſie to comply,
With ſo much love, that though no wilder fire
Ere ſcortcht his breaſt, he here learnt to admire
Loves firſt of ſymptomes. To a ſhady ſeat,
Near that which he had made his cool retreat;
Being come beneath a ſpreading Hawthorn they,
Seating themſelves, the ſliding hours betray,
From their ſhort lives by ſuch diſcourſe as might
Have made even time (if young) lament his flight.
Retir'd *Argalia*, at the ſight of theſe,
Though no obſceaner vanity did pleaſe
His Eyes, then Anch'rites are poſſeſt with, when
Numbring their Beads, or from a ſacred Pen
Diſtilling Heavens bleſt Oracles, yet he
Wondring to find ſuch ſweet Civility
Mixt with that places rudeneſs, long beholds
That lovely pair, whoſe every act unfolds
Such linkt affections, as wiſe nature weaves
In deareſt Siſters, but their form bereaves
That thought ere featherd with belief, although
To admiration, beauty did beſtow
Her gifts on both, ſhe had thoſe darlings dreſt,
In various colours, what could be expreſt
By Objects fair, as new created light,
By Roſeall mixtures, with immaculate white,
By Eyes that emblemd Heavens pure Azure, in
The youngeſt Nymph, *Florenza*, there was ſeen;

Book I. To which she adds Behaviour far more free,
Although restraind to strictest modesty,
Then the more sad *Carina*, who, if there
Were different years in that else equal Paire,
Something the Elder seemd, her beauty such,
As *Jove*-lov'd *Leda's* was not prais'd so much,
For Rose or Lillies residence, though they
Did both dwel there, as to behold the day
Lose its Antipathy to Night, such clear
And conquering Beams so full of light t' appear
Thorough her Eyes, shewd like a Diamond set,
To mend its Lustre in a foil of Jet.
Nor doth their dress of Nature differ more
In colour, then the Habits which they wore;
Though fashiond both alike, *Florenza's* green,
As the fresh Spring when her first Buds are seen,
To cloath the naked Boughs: *Carinas* white
As Innocence, before she takes a slight,
In thought from cold Virginity. Their Hair
Wreath'd in contracting Curls, beneath a fair
But often parting Vail, attempts to hide
The naked Ivory of their Necks, that pride
Of Beauties Frontispiece. On their heads sate
Lovely, as if unto a Throne of State;
From their first Earth advanc'd, two flowry Wreaths,
From whose choice mixture in close Concord breaths
The fragrant Odour of the Fields, plac'd by
Them in such order, as Antiquity
Mysterious held: Being sate, to pass away
Th' unactive heat of the exalted day,
They either tell old harmles Tales, or read
Some story where forsaken Lovers plead

Unpitied

Unpittied Cauſes, then betwixt a ſmile
And Tear bewail Paſſion ſhould ere beguile
Poor Reaſon ſo, at length, as if they meant
To charm him who far from each ill intent
So near them lay, melting the various throng
Of their Diſcourſe, into a well-tun'd Song;
Whoſe ſwift diviſion moulds the Aire into
Such Notes, as did the Sphears firſt tunes out-do.
Argalia in this Lab'rinth of delight,
To Action loſt, had drawn the vail of Night,
In quiet ſlumbers, o're his heavy Eyes,
Lockt in whoſe Armes, whilſt he ſecurely lyes
Leaſt the miſtakes of vain Mortality,
The brittle Glaſs of Earth ſhould take to be
Perfections laſting Addamant, this ſad
Chance did unravel all their mirth; There had
Some of the Princes nobleſt Followers, in
That Mornings nonage led by Pleaſure been,
Far from their Sphear, the Court, and now to ſhun
Th' unhealthy Beams of the reſlected Sun,
Whilſt it its ſhorteſt ſhadows made, were to
The cool protection of the Woods withdrew:
In which retreat, as if conducted by
Their evil Genius (all his Company
An awfull diſtance keeping) none but proud
Almanzor in thoſe guilty Groves, which ſhrowd
The hapleſs Virgins enters, who ſo near
Him ſitting, that, ſoon his informing Eare
Thither directs his Eye, unto his view
Ere ſcarce thought obvious ſwiftly they withdrew
But with untimely haſt, his Soul that nurſt
Continuall flames within it, at the firſt

Book I. Sight kindles them, ere he discovers more,
Then difference in the Sex, such untried ore,
Hot, heedless lust, when made by practice bold,
Ith' flame of passion ventures on for Gold.
But when drawn nearer to the place he saw
Such beauties whose magnetick form might draw
Souls steeld with Vertue, castome having made
His impious Rhetorick ready to invade,
He towards them hast, with such a pace as might
Excuse their judgments, though, in open flight,
They strove to shun him, but in vain, so near
Them now he's drawn, that the effects of fear
Obscuring reason, as if safety lay
In sepera ion, each a several way
From danger flies, but since both could not be,
By that secure, whilst her bleſt stars do free
The glad Carina, from his reach the other
He swiftly seizes on; hot kisses smother
Her out-cries in the Embrio, and to death
Near crusht Virginity, ere from lost breath
She could a stock of strength enough recover,
To spend in prayers; the tempting of a Lover,
Mixt with the force of an Adult'rer, did
At once assail, and with joynd powers forbid
All hopes of safety; onely, whilst dispair
Lookt big in apprehension, whilst the Aire
Breath'd nought but threatnings, promising him to pay
For't in her answers, she doth lust betray
Of some few minutes, which with all the power
Of prayer she seeks to lengthen, sheds a shower
Of tears, to quench those flames, but sooner might
Hels sooty Lamp extinguisht be, the light

C

Of such a fair, but pitiful aspect, Book I.
When Lust assails, wants power to protect.
By this hot parly, whilst she strove to shun
His loathd embraces, the throngd Spirits run
To fortifie her Heart, but vainly seek
For entrance there, being back into her Cheek
Sent in disdainful blushes; now she did
Intreat Civility, then sharply chid
His blushless impudence; but he whose skil
In Rhetorick was pregnant to all ill,
Though barren else, summons up all the choice
Of Eloquence, that might produce a Voice
To win fair Vertues Fortress, though her chast
Soul armd against those battering Engines past
That Conflict without danger, when inrag'd,
By being denied, with passion that presag'd
A dangerous Cons'quence, his fierce eyes fixt
On hers, that melting with pale terror mixt
Floods with their former flames, her souls sad doubt
He thus resolves. Unworthy Whore, that out
Of hate to Vertue dost deny me what
Thou freely grantst to every rude Swain that
But courts thee in a Dance. Think not these tears
Shall make me wave a pleasure, that appears
Worth the receiving. Can your sordid Earth
Be honourd more then in the noble Birth
Of such a Son as, wouldst thou yield to love,
Might call thee Mother, and hereafter prove,
The glory of your Family, from *Jove*,
The noblest Mortals heretofore that strove
To fetch their Pedigree, thought it no stain,
So to be illegitimate, as vain

Book I. Is this in thee, there being as great an Ods
'Twixit you and ur, as betwixt us and Gods?
Trembling *Florenza*, on her bended knees
Thus answers him; That dreadfull power that sees
All our disvellop'd thoughts, my witness be
You wrong my Innocence: I yet am free
From every thought of Lust. I do confess
Th' unfathomd distance 'twixt our Births, but less
That will not make my sin, it may my shame
The more, when my contaminated Name
Shall in those ugly Characters be shown,
To the Worlds publick view, that now is known
By th' blush of honesty, whose stile, though pore,
Exceeds the Titles of a glorious Whore;
Attended whilst Youth doth unwitherd last,
With envied greatness, but frail beauty past
Into a swift decay, assaulted by
Rotteness within, and black mouth'd Callumny,
Without, cast off, blushing for guilt, the scorn
Of all my Sex. My Mother would unborn
Wish her degenerate Issue, my Father curse
The hour he got me. As Infection worse
Then mortall Plagues, each Virgin that hath nought
To glory in, but what she with her brought
Into the World, an unstaind Soul, would fly
The Aire I breath; cast Whores being Company
For none but Devils, when corrupted vice
A Wilderness makes Beauties Paradice.
To this much ill, dim eyed Mortality
A prospect lends; but what, oh what should be
When we must summ up all our time in one
Eternall day, since to our thoughts unknown,

Is only feard. But if our hallowed Laws
Are more then Fables, th' everlasting Cause
'Twill of our torment be. If all this breath
Formd into Prayers, no entrance finds, my death
Shall buy my Virgin-freedome, ere I will
Consent to that, which being performd will kill
My honour to preserve my life, and turn
Th' unworthy beauty which now makes you burn
In these unhallowed flames into a Cell,
Which none but th' black Inhabitants of Hell
Will ere possess. Those private thoughts which give
If we continue vertuous, whilst we live
On Earth, our Souls commerce with Angels, shall
Be turnd to Furies, if we yield to fall
Beneath our Vices thus, O then take heed
Do not defile a Temple, such a deed
Will, when in labour with your latest breath,
With horror Curtain the black Bed of death.
Though Prayers in vain strove to divert that Crime,
He prosecutes, yet to protract the time,
She more had sayed, had not all Language been
Lost in a storm of 's Lust, which raging in
His fury gives a fresh assault unto
Weak Innocence, for Mercy now to sue
To hope seems vain, robustious strength did bar
The use of Language, which defensive War
Continuing till the breathless Maid was wrought
Almost beneath resistance, just Heaven brought
This unexpected Aide. A lovely Swain
Whose large Possessions in the neighbouring Plain,
Had stil'd him rich, that powerful, which t' improve,
To that fair stock his vertue, added love,

Which

Book I. Which to flattery, since it loſt its eyes,
The world but ſeldome ſees without diſguiſe.
This ſprightly Youth led by the parallels
Of Birth, and Fortune, what ere elſe excels
Thoſe fading bleſſings, to *Florenza* in
His Youths freſh *April*, had devoted been
With ſo much zeal, that what that heedleſs age
But dallied with, like Cuſtomes which engage
Themſelves to habits, ere its growth be knew,
Love equal with his active manhood grew,
Which noble Plant though in the torrid Zone
Of her diſdain, 't had nere diſtemper known,
Yet oft thoſe had viciſſitudes doth find,
For which none truly lov'd, that nere had pin'd,
Which pleaſing paſſion, though his judgment knew
How to divert, ere reaſon it out-grew,
It often from important action brought
Him to thoſe ſhades, where Contemplation ſought
Calm ſollitude, in whoſe ſoft raptures, Love
Refining Fancy, lifts his thoughts above
Thoſe joyes, which when by trial brought to th' teſt,
Proves thoughts bright Heaven, dul Earth when once poſ-
Whilſt ſeated here, his eyes did celebrate, (ſeſt
(As to thoſe ſhades) *Florenza* oft had ſate
Beneath kind looks, to raviſh that delight,
The tir'd *Carina* in her breathleſs flight,
Come neer the place, aſſaults his wonder in
That dreadful ſound, which tels him what had bin
Her cauſe of fear, which doleful ſtories end,
Arriv'd to th' danger of his deareſt Friend,
Leaves him no time for language, ere wingd by
Anger, and Love, his haſt ſtrives to out-fly

His

His eager thoughts. Being now arriv'd ſo near
Unto the place, that his informing Ear,
Thither directs his ſteps, with ſuch a haſt,
As nimble ſouls when they are firſt uncas'd,
From bodies flie, he thither ſpeeds, and now
Being come, where he beheld with horror how
His better Angel injur'd was, diſputes
Neither with fear nor policy (they'r Mutes
When Angers thunder roars) but ſwiftly draws
His Faulchion, and the juſtice of his Cauſe,
Argues with eager ſtroaks, but ſpent in vain,
'Gainſt that unequal ſtrength, which did maintain
The more unlawful, all his power could do,
Is but to ſhew the effects of Love unto
Her he ador'd, few ſtroaks being ſpent before
His feeble Arme, of power to do no more,
Faints with the loſs of blood, and letting fall
Th' ill-manag'd VVeapon, for his death doth call
By the contempt of mercy, ſo to prove
A Sacrifice, ſlain to *Florenza's* Love.
The curſed ſteel by the robuſtious hand
Of fierce *Almanzor* guided, now did ſtand
Fixt in his breaſt, whilſt with a purple flood,
His life ſoſs forth ith' Channel of his blood.
This Remora remov'd, the impious deed
No ſooner was performd, but ere the ſpeed
Florenza made (though to her eager flight,
Fear added wings) conveyd her from his ſight:
His rude hand on her ſeiſes. Now in vain
She laviſht Prayers, the groans in which her ſlain
Friend breaths his ſoul forth, with her ſhrieks did fill
The ambient Aire, ſtruck lately with the ſtill

Voice

Book I. Voice of harmonious Muſick; But the Eare
Of penetrated Heaven not long could beare
Prayers breath'd from ſo much innocence, yet ſend
Them back deni'd, while Mercy did attend
Her ſwift deliv'ry, when obſtructing fear
Through Reaſon let no Ray of hope appear.
Start'l'd *Argalia*, who was courted by
Her pleaſing Voices milder Harmony,
Into reſtrictive ſlumbers, wakend at
Their Alter'd Tone, haſt to diſcover what
Had cauſd that change, and ſoon the place attains.
Where in th' exhauſted treaſuce of his Vains
Andremon wallows, and *Florenza* lies,
Bath'd in her tears, ready to ſacrifice
Her Life with her Virginity, which ſight
Provok'e a haſt, ſuch as his preſence might
Protect the trembling Virgin, which perceiv'd,
By curſt *Almanzor* made to be bereav'd
Oth' Spoils of ſuch a wicked Victory,
As Luſt had then near conquerd, fiercely he
Aſſails the noble ſtranger, who deteſting,
An Act ſo full of Villany, and reſting
On the firm juſt ce of his Cauſe, had made
His guiltleſs Sword as ready to invade,
As was the others that had ſurfeited,
In blood before. Here equal Valour bred
In both a doubtfull hope, *Almanzors* Luſt
Had fierd his Courage, which *Argalias* juſt
Attempts did ſtrive to quench. The thirſty ſteel
Had drunk ſome blood from both, ere Fortunes Wheel
Turnd to the righteous Cauſe; that Vigor which
Through rivolets of Veins ſpread the ſalt Itch

Of

Of feaverish Lust before, was turnd into
A flame of anger: whilst his hands did do,
What Rage doth dictate, Fury doth assist,
With flaming Paroxismes, and each Nerve twist,
Into a double strength: yet not that flood
Which in this ebullition of his blood
Did through the Channels boyl, till they run o're,
With flaming spirits, could depress that store
Of manly worth, which in *Argalias* breast
Did with a quiet even Valor rest;
Moving as in its naturall Orb, unstraind
By any violent motion, nor yet chaind
By lazy damps of faint mistrust, but in
Dangers extream, still confident to win
A noble Victory, or lch' loss of breath,
If his Fate frownd to find an honourd death.
Fil'd with these brave Resolves, until the heat
Of their warm Fury, had Alarmes beat.
To th' neighbouring fields they fought, which tumult by
Each of *Almanzors* Followers, as were nigh
The Grove repos'd, with an astonishment,
That rouzd them heard, they hasten to prevent,
The sad effects that might this Cause ensue.
Ere more of danger then their fear they knew;
Arriv'd even with that fatal Minute, he
Who against Justice strove for Victory,
With such faint stroaks, that their descent did give
Nought but assurance that his Foe must live,
A happy Conquerour, they usurp the power
Of Heaven (revenge) and in a dreadfull shower
Of danger with their Furies torrent strive,
To overwhelm the Victor; but the foremost drive

Book. I.

Their

Book. 1. Their own deſtruction on, and fall beneath
His conquering Sword, ere he takes time to breath
Thoſe ſpirits which, when neer with Action tir'd,
Valor breathd freſh, faſt as the ſpent expir'd.
Here raſh *Araſpes*, and bold *Lenine*,
Two, whoſe deſcent ith' nearſt collateral Line,
Unto *Almanzors* ſtood, beholding how
His ſtrength decayd, muſt unto Conqueſt bow,
In ſpight of Valor, to revenge his fate,
VVith ſo much haſt attempt, as if too late
Theyd come to reſcue, and would now to ſhun
Tis juſt reproof, by raſhneſs ſtrive to run
To death before him, finding from that Sword
Their Lifes diſcharge, which did to him afford
Only thoſe wounds, whoſe ſcars muſt live to be
The badges of eternal Infamy.
But here ore-whelmd by an unequal ſtrength,
The noble Victor ſoon to th' utmoſt length,
Had lifes ſmal thread extended, if not in
The dawn of hope, ſome troops whoſe charge had bin,
VVhilſt th' active Gentry did attend the Court,
To free the Country from the feard Reſort
Of wild Bandeets, theſe being directed by
Such frighted Rurals, as imployment nigh
The Grove had led, arriving at that time,
VVhen his ſlain Foes made the miſtaken Crime
Appear *Argalias*, ſoon by power allay
That fatal ſtorm, which done, a full ſurvay
Of them that death freed from diſtreſs being took,
Them through whoſe wounds life had not yet forſook,
Her Throne they view, 'mongſt whom through the diſguiſe
Of 's blood *Almanzor*, whoſe high power they priſe

More

More then discover'd Innocence, being found, Book. I.
As Justice had by close decree been bound,
T' espouse his quarrels, whilst his friends convay
Him safely thence, those ponderous Crimes they lay
Unto *Agalias* Charge, whose just defence,
Pleads but in vain, for injur'd innocence.
Now neer departing, whilst his helpfull friends,
Bore off *Almanzor*, where he long attends
The cure of's wounds, though they less torment bred,
Then to behold how his lost honour bled;
The sad *Florenza* comes to take her last
Leave of her lost *Andremon*, ere she past
That sad stage ore, to his cold clammy Lips
Joyning her balmy Twins, she from them sips,
So much of deaths oppressing Dews, that by
That touch reviv'd his soul, though wing'd to flie
Her ruin'd fear, takes time enough to breath
These sad notes forth; farewell my Dear, beneath
The ponderous burthen of mortality,
My fainting spirits sink. Oh mayst thou be,
Blest in a happier Love; all that I crave,
Is that my now departing soul may have
Thy Virgin prayers for her Companions through
Those gloomy Vaults, which she must pass unto
Eternall shades; had Fate assign'd my stay,
Till we'd together gone, the horrid way
Had then been made delightfull, but I must
Depart without thee, and convert to dust,
While thou art flesh and blood; I in a cold
Dark Urne must lie, whilst a warm Groom doth hold
Thee in thy Nuptial bed, yet there I shall,
If fled souls know what doth on earth befall,

Mourn

Book. 1. Mourn for thy loſs, and to eternity
Wander alone; the various World ſhall be
Refin'd in flames, time ſhall afford no place
For Vanity, ere I again embrace
Society with fleſh, which ere that muſt
Change to a thouſand forms her varied duſt.
What we ſhall be, or whither we ſhall go,
When gone from hence, wheth'r unto flames below,
Or joyes above, or whether in death we may
Know our departed friends, or tell which way
They went before us, theſe, oh theſe are things
That pauze our Divinity; Scepterd Kings,
And Subjects die alike, nor can we tell,
Which doth enjoy, or which in torments dwell.
Oh ſad, ſad ignorance, Heaven guide me right,
Or I ſhall wander in eternal Night;
To whoſe dark ſhades my dim eyes ſink apace:
Farewel *Flowera*, when both time and place,
My ſeparated Soul hath left to be
A ſtranger maſkt in Immortality.
Think on thy murthered friend, we now muſt part
Eternaly, the Cordage of my heart
That laſt ſigh broke, with that the breath that long
Had hoverd in his Breaſt, flew with a ſtrong
Groan from that mortal Manſion, which beheld
By ſuch of's friends, whom Courteſie compel'd
To that ſad Charge, the bloodleſs body they
With ſad ſlow ſteps to's Fathers home convey.

The end of the ſecond Canto.

PHARONNIDA.

The first Book.

CANTO THE THIRD.

The Argument.

V.

The brave Argalia, *who disdg'd to raise*
Through all approaching ills his weighty Fate,
In smooth Compliance that harsh Guard obeys
who vow'd his death did prosecute their hate:

VI.

To death, which here unluckily had stained,
Maugre his friends, the ill directed Sword
Of Justice, had not secret love obtaind
More mercy then the strict Laws dare afford.

LOw in a fruitful Pasture, where his Flocks
Cloud with their breath those Plains, whose leavy locks
Could hardly shadow them, though Meadows need
No shearing, where in untold Droves did feed

Book I. His bellowing Heards, of which enough did come,
Each day to's Yoak to serve a Hecatombe;
Lay old *Andenons* Country Farm, in which
(Happy, till now) being made by Fortune rich,
And Goodness honest, from domestick strife,
Stil calm and free, the upper Robes of Life;
Til withered he had worn, to ease whose sad
And sullen Cares, less bounteous Nature had
Lent him no numerous Issue, all he'd won
By prayer confin'd unto this murthered Son:
The blasted Blossome of whose tender age,
When blooming first, taught Hope how to presage
Those future Vertues, which interpreted
By Action had such fruitful Branches spread,
That all indulgent Parents wisht to be
Immortaliz'd in blest Posterity,
Had seen in him, whose innocently good,
Stil let his Heart by's Tongue be understood,
In such a sacred Dialect, that all
Which verg'd within deliberate thought did fall,
Towards Heaven was grac'd, and in descent did prove
To's Parents Duty, and to's Neigbours Love.
This hopeful Youth, their Ages chief support,
Whose absence though by's own desires made short;
Their Love thought tedious, having now expir'd
His usual hours, the aged Couple tir'd
With expectation, to anticipate
His slow appearance to their Mansions Gate;
Where softly walk'd, where cooly shadowed by
An Elm, which planted at his Birth did vie
Age with his Lord, whilst their desires pursue
Its first design, they with some pleasure view

Their

Their buſie Servants, whoſe induſtrious pain Book. I.
Sweats out Diſeaſes in purſuit of gain.
All which, although the chiefeſt pleaſure that
Their thoughts contain, whoſe beſt are buſied at
The Mart oth' World, ſuch ſmall diverſion lent
The aged pair, that his kind Mother ſpent,
With a too long protracted hope had let
Even that expire, had not his Father ſet
Props to that weakneſs, and that mutuall fear,
Which fil'd their breaſts, let his ſound Judgment clear
By the propoſing Accidents that might
Untouchd detaine their Darling from their ſight.
But many Minutes had not left their ſeals,
On the Records of Time, ere truth reveals
Her horrid ſecrets. A confuſed noiſe
Firſt ſtrikes their Ears, which ſuddenly deſtroys
Its own imperfect Embrioes, to transfer
Its Object to that nearer Meſſenger
Oth' Soul, the Eyes whoſe beamy Scouts convey
A trembling fear into their Souls, whilſt they
That bore their murtherd Son, arriv'd to tel
Their doleful Meſſage, which ſo fierce ſtorm fel
Not long in thoſe remoter drops, before
Swel'd to a Deluge, the ſwift Torrent bore
The bays of Reaſon down, and in one flood
Drownd all their hopes, when purpl'd in his blood
Yet pale with death, untimely Death, the ſaw
Her hopeful Son, grief violates the Law
Of ſlower Nature, and his Mothers tears
In death congeals to Marble, her ſwoln fears,
Grown for her Sex a burthen far too great
Had only left death for her dark retreat.

Book I. Although from griefs so violent effects,
Reason conjoynd with manly strength protects
His wretched Father, at that stroke his Limbs
Slack their unweildy Nerves, faint sorrow dims
His Eyes more then his Age, his hands bereft
His hoary head of all that time had left
Unpluckt before, nor had th' expecting Grave,
Gap'd longer for him, if they then had gave
His passion freedome, his own guilty hand
Had broke the Glass, and shook that little Sand
That yet remaind, into thin Aire, that so
Unclog'd with earth, his tortur'd Ghost might go
Beyond that Orb of Attomes that attend
Mortality, and at that Iournies end,
Meet theirs soon, as swift Destiny inrouls
Those new-come Guests within the sphear of Souls.
By these sad symptomes of infectious grief,
Those best of friends that came for the relief
Of sorrows Captives, being by that surprizd
They hop'd to conquer, sadly sympathizd
With him in wo, till th' epedemick Ill,
Stifling each Voice, dresst sorrow in a still
And dismal silence, in which sad aspect,
None needing Robes, or Cypress to detect
A Funeral March, each dolefully attends
To deaths dark Mansion, their lamented friends,
Where having now the earthy Curtain drawn
O're their cold Bed, till Doomsdaies fatal dawn,
Rally their dust they, leave them, and retire
To sorrow, which can ne're hope to expire
In just revenge, since kept by fear in aw
Where power offends, the poor scarce hope for Law;

By

By sad example to confirm this truth, Book I.
From innocent and early hopes of youth;
Led tow'rd destruction, let's return to see
That noble stranger, whose captivity,
Like an unlucky Accident depends
On this sad subject. By the angry friends
Of those accus'd, which in that fatal strife,
To death resign'd the Charter of their life,
He's brought unto the Princes Pallace, where
That age, whose Customes knew not how to bear
Such Sails, as these have fil'd with pride, was plac'd
The seat of Justice, whose stern Sword defac'd
Not pleasures smoothest Front, since now twas by
Her fair hand guided, whose commanding eye,
If arm'd with Anger, seemd more dreadful then
The hardest Law ere made by wrathful men.
Here strictly guarded, til th' important Crime
Which urg'd her to anticipate the time,
By Customs known, had cal'd her forth to that
Unwilling Office: still unstartled at
The frowns of danger, did *Argalia* lie
An injur'd Captive, til commanded by
The stern Reformers of offended Law,
He hasts to th' Bar, where come, though death nere saw
A Brow more calm, or Breast more confident,
To meet his Darts: yet since the innocent
Are staind with guilt, when in contempt of Fate,
They silent fal, he means to meet their hate,
With all that rash Beholder could expect,
From dying Valor, when 't had to protect
An envied stranger left no more defence,
But what their hate obscures, his Innocence,

Book I. The clamorous friends of *Aphron*, backt by thoſe
Which knew his death the only mean to cloſe
Almanzors bleeding honour, to the fair
And pitiful *Pharonnida* repair,
With cries of Vengeance, whoſe unwelcome ſound
She by her Fathers ſtrickt command was bound
To hear, ſince that thoſe rivolets of Law,
Which from the Sea of regal power did draw
Their ſeveral ſtreams, all flowd to her, and in
That chryſtal Fountain pure as they had bin
From Heaven diſpens'd, ere juſt *Aſtrea* fled
The Earth remaind, yet ſuch averſion bred
In her ſoft ſoul, that to theſe Cauſes where
The Law ſought blood, ſlowly as thoſe that bear
The weight of Guilt, ſhe came, whoſe dark Text ſhe
Stil Comments on with noble Charitie.
High mounted on an Ebbon Throne, in which,
Th' imbelliſht Silver ſhewd ſo ſadly rich,
As if its varied form ſtrove to delight
Thoſe ſolemn ſouls, which Deaths pale fear did fright;
In Tyrian Purple clad, the Princeſs ſate,
Between two ſterner Miniſters of Fate,
Impartial Judges, whoſe diſtinguiſht tasks
Their varied habits to the view unmasks,
One, in whoſe looks, as pity ſtrove to draw
Compaſſion in the Tablets of the Law,
Some ſoftneſs dwelt in a mageſtick Veſt
Of ſtate-like red was cloathd, the other dreſt
In diſmall black, whoſe terrible Aſpect,
Declard his Office, ſerv'd but to detect
Her ſlow conſent, if when the firſt forſook
The Cauſe, the Law ſo far as death did look.

Silence

Silence proclaimd, a harsh Command cals forth
Th' undaunted Prisoner, whose excelling wroth,
In this low ebb of Fortune did appear,
Such as we fancy, Vertues that come neat
The excellence of Angels; fear had not
Rifl'd one drop of blood, nor rage begot
More colour in his Cheeks, his soul in state,
Thron'd in the Medium, constant Vertue sate
Not sleighting with the impious Atheists, that
Loud storm of danger, but safe anchord at
Religious hope, being firmly confident,
Heaven would relieve, whom Earth knew innocent.
All thus prepard, he bears his wrongfull Charge,
(Envie disguizing injur'd Truth) at large,
Before the people, in such Language read,
As checkt their hopes, in whom his worth had bred
Some seeds of pity, and to those whose hate
Pursu'd him to this Precipice of Fate,
(Dead *Aphrons* friends) such an advantage gave,
That Providence appeared too weak to save,
One so assaulted; yet, though now depresst,
Even in opinion, which oft proves the best
Support to those, whose publick Vertues we
Adore, before their private guilt we see.
His noble Soul stil wings it self above
Passions dark Fogs, and like that prosperous Dove,
The Worlds first Pilot, for discovery sent,
When all the floods that bound the Firmament,
Ore-whelmd the Earth, Conscience calm joys t' encrease,
Returns fraight with the Olive Branch of Peace.
Thus fortifi'd from all, that tyrant fear
E're awed the Guilty with, he doth appear,

BOOK I. The Courts juſt wonder in the brave defence
Of what, though power, armd with the ſtrong preſence
Of right oppoſd, ſo prevalent had been,
T' have cleard him, if, when neer triumphing in
Victorious truth to cloud that glorious Sun,
Some faithleſs Swains, by large Rewards being won
To ſpot their ſouls, had not corrupted by
His Foes been brought, falſly to juſtifie,
Their Accuſations, which beheld by him
Whoſe knowledge now did hopes clear Opticks dim;
He ceas'd to plead, juſtly deſpairing then,
That Innocence 'mongſt Mortals reſted, when
Baniſht her owne Abode; ſo thinks it vain
To let truths naked Armes ſtrive to maintain
The Field 'gainſt his more powerful Foes; not all
His Vertues now protect him, he muſt fall;
A guiltleſs Sacrifice, to expiate
No other Crime, but their invenomd hate.
An ominous ſilence, ſuch as oft precedes
The fatal ſentence, whilſt th' Accuſer reades
His Charge, poſſeſt the pitying Court, in which
Prelaging Calm, *Pharonnida* too rich
In mercy (Heavens ſupream Prerogative)
To ſtifle tears did with her paſſion ſtrive
So long, til what at firſt aſſaulted in
Sorrows black Armor had ſo often bin
For pity cherißt, that at length her eyes
Found there thoſe Spirits that did ſympathize
With thoſe that warmd her blood, and unſeen move
That Engine of the World, myſterious Love,
The way that Fate predeſtinated, when
Twas firſt infus'd ith' Embrio, it being then

That

That which espoused the active forme unto Book 1.
Matter, and from that passive being drew
Divine *Ideas*, which subsisting in
Harmonious Natures highest sphear, do win
In the perfection of our Age, a more
Expansive power, and Natures common store
Stil to preserve, unites Affections by
The mingled Atomes of the serious eye.
Whilst Natures Priest, the cause of each effect,
Misseal'd Disease endeavours to detect
Its unacquainted operations in
The beauteous Princess, whose free soul had bin
Yet guarded in her Virgin Ice, and now
A stranger is, to what she doth allow
Such easie entrance, by those Rays that fall
From eithers eyes, to make reciprocal
Their yeilding passions, brave *Argalia* felt
(Even in the grasp of death) his Functions melt
To flames, which on his heart an on-set make,
For sadness such as weaker Morcals take
Eternal farewels in, yet in this high
Tyde of his blood, in a soft calm to die;
His yielding Spirits, now prepare to meet
Death, cloathd in thoughts, white as his winding sheet.
That fatal doom, which unto Heaven affords
The sole Appeal, one of th' afflicting Lords
Had now pronounc'd, whose horrid thunder could
Not strike his Laureld Brow, that Voice which would
Have putrified, a timerous Soul he hears
With calm attention, no disorderd fears
Rufflid his Fancy, nor domestick War
Rag'd in his breast, his every look so far

From

Book I. From vulgar passions, that, unless amazd
At Beauties Majesty he sometimes gazd
Wildly on that, as Emblems of more great
Glories then earth afforded, from the seat
Of resolution, his fixt soul had not
Been stird to passion, which had now begot
Wonder, not fear within him. No harsh frown
Contracts his Brow, nor did his thoughts pull down
One fainting spirit, wrapt in smootherd groans,
To clog his heart. From her most eminent Thrones
Of Sense, the Eyes, the lightning of his Soul
Flew with such vigour, forth it did controul
All weaker passions, and at once include,
With Roman Valour, Christian Fortitude.
Pharonnida, from whom the rigid Law
Extorts his Fate, being now inforc'd to draw
The longest Line she ere could hope to move
Over his Face, that beauteous sphear of Love,
Unto its great'st obliquity, she leaves
Him in his winter solstice, and bereaves
Loves Hemisphear of light, not hear, yet oft
Retreating wisht those Stars Fate plac'd aloft
In the first Magnitude of Honour might
Prove retrograde, so their contracted light
Might unto him part of their Influence
In Life bestow, Passion would fain dispence
So far with Reason, to recall again
The sentence she had past, but hop'd in vain,
Those false suggestions moves, his Jaylers are
Th' undaunted Prisoner hurrying from the Bar;
His fair Judge rising, the corrupted Court
Upon removing, all the ruder sort

Of

Of Hearers rushing out, when through the throng, Book I.
Kind *Ariamnes* (being detaind so long
By strict Imployment comes) at whose request,
The Court their Seats resuming, he adrest
Himself to th' Princess, in a Language that
Whilst all *Argaliaes* Foes were storming at,
Even on her Justice so prevails, that he
Reprievd, til all, hope could produce to free
Her Loves new care might be examind by
His active Friend, who now being seated nigh
Pharonnida, whilst all attentive sate;
The strangers story doth at large relate.
Pleas'd at this full relation, nere as much
As griev'd to see those Jewels plac'd in such
A course cheap Mettal, which could never hold
The least proportion with her regal Gold.
Pharonnida had now remov'd, if not
Thus once more layed, the Rumor first begot;
From this sad truth, had with the common hast,
Of Ill arriv'd, where his Disease had plac'd
Aphron, whose Ears assaulted now with words
Of more infection then that Plague affords
Room for the stronger Passion: though offended,
To leave a hold it had, at first intended
To keep til ruin'd, the imprisond blood,
And spirits are unfetterd, by that flood
To wash usurping grief from off that part
Where most she reign'd, but they drawn near the heart,
And finding Enemies too strong to be,
Incounter'd mix in their society;
Which thus supplyed with Auxiliaries in
Contempt of weakness, when he long had been

Languishing

Book I. Languishing underneath a tedious Load
Of sickness, sends him from his safe Abod;
'Mongst dangers which in deaths black shapes attend
His bold design, to seek his honourd Friend.
Come on the spur of passion to the Court,
A flux of Spirits from all parts resort,
To prompt his anger, which abruptly broke
Forth in this Language. Do not Sirs, provoke
A forrein power thus far (I speak to you,
That have condemnd this stranger) as to do
An Act so opposite to all the Law,
Of Nations, here within your Realm to draw
Blood that's so neer allied unto the best
Of an adjacent State. If this request
Of mine, too full of insolence appear,
We are Spirits nobly born, and neer
Enough to hav't, whatever Crime's the Cause
Of this harsh sentence, tri'd by our own Laws.
This bold Opposer of stern Justice, here
Pausing to see what Clouds there did appear
In that fair Heaven, whose influence only now
Could light to's friends declining Stars allow,
To free the troubl'd Court, which struggl'd in
A strange *Delemma* had commanded him,
To a more large discovery, if not by
His pitying Friend, discharg'd in a reply,
Doubting how far irregular boldness had
Provok'd just wrath, *Argalia* thus unclad
Am'zements dark disguise. To you that now
This Court (with that kneels to *Pharonnide*)
I now for Mercy flee, that scorn to run
From my own doom, so I might have begun

The

The doubtful task alone, but here to leave
My Friend from whom your Justice did receive
This bold Afront in danger, is a Crime
That not approaching death, which all my time
Too little for repentance cals, can be
A just excuse for, let me then set free
His person with your doubts, and joynd to those
What both their varied stories may compose.
For what this noble Lord, whose goodness we,
First found in needful hospitality,
From him hath differd him, impute it not
To eithers error, both Reports begot
From such mistakes, as Nature made to be
The careful Issues of Necessity;
That fatal difference, whose *Vestigia* flood
Where we *Epicia* left fresh sil'd with blood;
By league so lately with *Calabria* made,
Being compos'd, that Fame did not invade
Our Ears with the report, til we had been
By a disguise secur'd, which shaded in
Whilst fearing danger we here thought to leave,
Til safe at home; Thus what did first deceive
Kind *Aminander* you have heard, and now
Without the stein of boasting must allow
Me leave to tel you, that we there have Friends,
On whom the burthen of a State depends,
When to the Court just wonder, thus far he,
With such unshaken confidence as we
Pray on th' expanded wings of Faith, displayed
His Souls integrity, the Royal Maid,
Whom a repented destiny had made
His pitying Judge, endeavouring to evade

That

Book. 1. That dooms harsh rigour, grants him a reprieve,
Till thrice the Sun returning to relieve
Nights drooping Sentinels had circl'd in
So many days, in which short time to win
The fair advantage of discovering truth,
Old *Aminander*, active as fresh Youth
In all Attempts of Charity, to know,
From what black Spring those troubled streams did flow:
Hasts toward *Andremon*, whilst *Pharonnida*
Active as he, toward all, whence she might draw
A consequence of hope, layes speedy hold
On this design, Commission'd to unfold
Their Masters Love toward her, there long had been
Embassadours from the Epicote in
Her Fathers Court, whose Message though it might
Wear Loves pure Robes, yet in her Reasons light,
Seems so much staind with pollicy, that all
Those blessings which the wise foresaw to fall,
As Influence from that Conjunction, she
Opposes as her stars malignity.
Proud of this new Command, with such a hast,
As those that fear more slow delays may wast
Their pretious time, th' Ambassadours attain
The Princess Court, where come, though hope in vain,
Only expect a speedy Audience, they
That frustrated, are soon taught to betray
More powerful passions; the first glance oth' eye
They on the Prisoners cast, kind sympathy,
Proclaim'd Love gave no leave for time to rust
Their Memories, both the old Lords durst trust
Eyes dim'd with tears, whilst their embraces give
A sad assurance there did only live

Their

Their last and best of Comforts, which beheld,
By those from whom kind pity had expeld
All thoughts of the vindictive Law, they strive
By all the power of Rhetorick to drive
Those sad storms over, which good Office done,
They each inform the Prince, which was the Son
Of Nature, which Adoption, withall tel how
By their perswasions mov'd, they did allow
Them time to travel, which Disasters had
So long protracted, for some years with sad
And doubtfull hopes, they had in vain expected
Their wisht return, but that their stars directed
Their course so ill, as now near home to be
Ore-taken with so sad a destiny;
Since such a sorrow could be cur'd by none,
They sadly crave the time to mourn alone.

The end of the third Canto.

PHARONNIDA.

The first Book.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

The ARGUMENT.

VII.

At length the Vail from the deluded Law
with active Care by Aminander *took;*
The start'l Court in their own error saw
How lovely truth did in Argalia *look.*

VIII.

The story of our Youth discover'd, he
His Merits yet in higher pitch to raise
Moræ's Prince doth from a danger free,
Which unto death his noblest Lords betray.

THat last sad Night, the rigid Law did give
The late repriev'd *Argalia* leave to live;
Was now wrapt in her own obscurity,
Stoln from the Siege of Time, when light got free

From

From his Nocturnall Prison summons all
Almanzors Friends, to see the long'd for fall
Oth' envied stranger, whose last hour was now
So neer arriv'd, faint hope could not allow
So much of comfort to his powerfulst friend,
As told her fears, she longer might suspend
His fatall doom. Mournful Attendants on
That serene Sufferer, all his friends are gon
Unto the sable Scaffold that's ordain'd
By the decree of Justice to be stain'd
With guiltless blood, all sunk in grief, but she
Whom by inevitable destiny,
Doom'd him to death, most deep. Dul sorrow raigns
In her triumphant, sad and alone remains
She in a Room, whose Windows prospect led
Her Eye to th' Scaffold, whither from the Bed
Where sorrow first had cast her, she did oft
Repair to see him, but her passions soft
Temper soon melting into Tears, denies
Her Soul a passage through o're-flowing Eyes.
Often she would in vain expostulate
With those (two subtile) Sophisters that Sate
Cloath'd in the Robes of Fancy, but they still
Out-threw her weaker Arguments, and fill
Her Breast with Love and Wonder, passion gave
Such fierce Assaults, no Virgin Vow could save
Her Hearts surrender, she must love, and loose
In one sad hour, thus grief doth oft infuse
Those bitter Pills, where hidden poyson dwell,
In the smooth pleasures of sweet Oximel.
Argalias friends that did this minute use,
As if the last of mortal enterviews

Book I. Had now reverst their eyes, expecting nought
But that strooks fall, whose fatall speed had brought
Him to eternal rest; when by a loud
And busie tumult, as if death grown proud
Expected triumphs, to divert their sight,
They from the Scaffolds lofty station might
Within the reach of an exalted Voice,
Behold a Troop, who as the Leaders choice
Confin'd to straight necessity, had there
Inrold all Commers, if of strength to bear
Offensive Armes, did first appear to be
Some tumult drest in the variety
Of suddain rage, for here come headlong in
A heard of Clowns, armd as they then had been
From labour cal'd, near them (wel orderd rise)
(As greatness strove no longer to divide
Societies, (some Youths, brave as they had
Been in the spoils of conquerd Nations clad.
This sudden Object, first obstructing all
Their Courts proceedings, prompts their doubts to call
Their absent Prince, who being too wise for fears
Uncertain fixions, with such speed appears,
As checks the tumult, when, to tel them who
Had from their homes the frighted people drew,
Ith' Van of a wel-orderd Troop rides forth
Luv'd *Aminander*, whose unquestiond worth,
That strong Attractive of the peoples love,
Exspung'd suspition; whilst his Troops did move
With a commanded slowness to inform,
Th' expecting Prince, from whence this suddain storm
Contracted Clouds, he to his view presents
Andremons Friends, whose looks the sad contents

Of

Of ſorrow, with a ſilent Oratory, Book. I.
Begs pity; whilſt, he thus relates their ſtory.
That we (great Prince) we, whom a loyal fear
To ſtrict obedience prompts, dare thus appear
Before your ſacred Perſon, were a ſin
Mercy would bluſh to own, had we not been
Forc'd to offenſive Armes, by ſuch a Cauſe
As tore the Scepter, regulated Laws,
Forth of your royal hand, to vindicate
This ſuffering ſtranger, whom a ſubtle hate,
Not ſolemn Law, purſu'd. I here have brought
Such Witneſſes as have their knowledge bought,
At the expence of all their joy, whom I
Found ſo confin'd, as if their miſery
Were in their houſes ſepulcherd, a ſad
And general ſorrow in one Dreſs had clad
So many, that their only fight did prove
Leſt Vertue caus'd ſuch univerſal love
To free this noble Youth, whoſe Valour lent
A late protection to this Innocent,
But injur'd, Maid, they (unconſtraind) had here
Implor'd your Aide, had not too juſt a fear
Caus'd from ſome Troops, raiſd by a wrong'd pretence
Of your Commands check: their intelligence,
With ſuch illegal violence, that I
Had ſhar'd their ſufferings, if not reſcu'd by
Theſe following Friends, whoſe rude Conjunction ſhews
It was no ſtudied plot did firſt compoſe
So looſe a body; but, leaſt it appear
In me like envy, ſhould I ſtrive to clear
This doubtful ſtory, here are thoſe (with that)
Cals forth *Andremons* Friends, inſtructed at

Book I. The dearest price, which by discovering truth,
Will not alone rescue this noble Youth,
From falling ruine; but least he retreat
Into rebellion, force before this seat,
A man whose power, the people thought had bin
To punish Vice, not propagate a sin.
Having thus far past toward discovery, here
The grave Lord ceast, and that truth might appear,
From its first fair Original, to her
(Whose Vertue Heavens affected Messenger)
Commands Attention, the more horrid part
Of his relation leaves: And here vain Art
Took on, and envy, to behold how far
Thy stricter Rules (which our Youths Afflictions are)
Nature transcends, in a Discourse which she,
With all the Flowers of Virgin modesty,
Not Weeds of Rhetorick strew'd; to hear her miss,
Or put a blush for a Parenthesis,
In the relating that uncivil strife,
Which her sad Subject was, so near the life,
Limn'd lovely Vertue, that that Copy whence,
Art took those Graces, she doth since dispence
To th' best of women, fair *Pharonnida*,
Taught by that sympathy, which first did draw
Those lovely Transcripts of her self, although
Varied as much as humble Flowers that grow,
Dispers'd in shady Desarts, are from those
That nice Art in enameld Gardens shews,
Yet like bright Planets, which communicate
To Earth their Influence, from exalted state,
She now descends, to cherish Vertue in
Those lovely Nimphs, whose Beauties though they'd bin
Yet

Yet in the Country clouded from Report, Book I.
Soon grow the praise, or envy of the Court.
Imboldned by that gracious favour shewn
To these fair Nymphs, to prosecute their own
Most just Complaints, *Andremons* wretched friends,
With prayers perceive that Mercy which descends
O're all their sufferings, on th' expanded Wings
Of noble pitty, whose fair hand first brings
Argalia from the sable Scaffold, to
Meet those Rewards to his high Merits due,
Not only in what deaths dark progress staies,
But Life's best joy, an universal praise
Aquir'd from just desert: Next she applies
Her self to those poor burthend Souls, whose Eyes
Look (even on Comforts) through their tears, the dead
Andremons Mourners, whose lost Joy though fled
For ever from those wintring Regions, yet
As much receiv'd as sorrow would permit,
Souls so oppress, the splendid Court they leave,
With thankful prayers; And now, cal'd to receive
His sins reward *Almanzor* is, whose shame
Its black Attendant, when by his hated Name
He'd oft been summond, prompts him to deny
That legal Call, which being an Act too high
For a depending power to patroniz,
To shun feard Justice publick doom, he flies
His Princes Mandates, an affront that sent
Him to's desert, perpetual banishment.
This Comet lost in clouds of Infamy,
The Court which had too long been burthend by
His injur'd power, with praises entertain
Impartial Justice, whilst to call again

Book I. Thoſe pleaſures which had in this interval
Of Law been loſt, the Prince convening all,
That ſhar'd thoſe ſufferings, as the Center whence
Joy ſpread it ſelf, to th' Courts circumference,
Crowns all their wiſhes, which by that bright Star
In Honours Sphear, th' auſpitious Princes are
Exalted to their higheſt Orbs; her Love
Unto *Argalia*, though it yet muſt move,
As an unnoted Conſtellation, here
Begins its Race, which that might appear
Without ſuſpition, ſhe diſguiſes in
The publick joy, which 'mongſt thoſe that had bin
His ſerious Mourners to participate
That kind Epicote, who firſt taught his Fate,
The way to Glory comes, to whom he now
Was on thoſe Knees Merit had taught to bow,
With as much humble reverence, as if all
The Waights of Nature made thoſe burthens fall
A Sacrifice to Love, fixt to implore
Its conſtant Progreſs, but he needs no more
For confirmation, ſince his Friend could move
But the like joy, where Nature taught to love.
Paſſions encounter, which too high to laſt,
Into a calm of thankful prayers being paſt
The Prince from the *Calabrian* ſeeks to know
By what collateral ſtreams he came to owe
Such love unto a ſtranger, one that ſtood
Remov'd from him ith' Magnetiſme of blood;
Whom thus the Lord reſolves, When blooming in
The pride of Youth, whoſe varied Sceans did win
Time on the Morning of my dayes, a while
To taſt the pleaſures of a Summers Smile,

I left

I left the Courts tumultuous noiſe, and ſpent Book I.
Some happy time, bleſt with retir'd content,
In the calm Country, where Arts curious hand,
As Center to a ſpatious Round of Land,
Had plac'd a Palace, in whoſe lovely Dreſs,
The City might admire the Wilderneſs,
Yet though that ill Civility was in
Her marble Circle; Natures hand had bin
As liberall to the neighbouring Fields, and deckt
Each rural Nimph as gaudy, til neglect,
Or ſlovenly Neceſſity had drawn
Her Canvaſs Furroughs o're their Vails of Lawn:
Near this fair Seat, fring'd with an ancient Wood,
A fertile Valley lay, where ſcatter'd ſtood
Some homely Cottages, the happy Seats
Of labouring Swains, whoſe careful Toil compleats
Their wiſhes in obtaining ſo much Wealth,
To conquer dire Neceſſi y; firm health,
Calm thoughts, ſound ſleeps, unſtarted innocence,
Softn'd their Beds, and when rouz'd up from thence,
Suppl'd their Limbs for Labour; amongſt theſe,
My lov'd *Argalia*, for till Fate ſhall pleaſe,
His dim Stars to uncurtain, and ſalute
His better Fortune, with each Attribute,
Due to a nobler Birth, his Name muſt be
Contracted unto that Stenography,
Life's Sceans began, amongſt his Fellows that
There firſt drew breath, being true Heirs to what
Whilſt all his Stars were retrograde, and dim,
Unlucky Fortune, but adopted him;
Whilſt there reſiding, I had oft beheld
The active Boy, whoſe Childhoods Bud exceld

Book I. More ful blown Youths, gleaning the scatterd Locks
Of new-shorn Fields, amongst the half-clad Flocks,
Of their unripe, but healthful Issue, by
Which Labour tit'd, sometimes I see them try
The strength of their scarce twisted Limbs, and run
A short breathd Course, whose swift contention done,
And he (as in each other active sport)
With Vict'ry crownd, they make their next resort
To th' Springs cheap Bounties; but, what did of all
His first Attempts, did give the powerful call,
Both to my Love and Wonder was, what chanc'd
From one rare Act: the Morning had advanc'd
Her tempting Beauties to assure success
To these young Huntsmen, who with Labour less
Made by the pleasure of their Journey had
The Forest reacht, where with their Limbs unclad
For the pursuit, they follow Beasts that might
Abroad be recreation, and when Night
Summond them home, the welcomest supply
Both to their own, and Parents quality.
An angry Boar, chaft with a Mornings chase,
And now near spent, was come so neer the place,
Where (though secur'd) on the stupendious height
Of a vast Rock they stood, that now no slight
Could promise safety, that wild rage which sent
Him from the Dogs, his following Foes, is spent
In the pursuit of them, which (to my grief,
Had sufferd ere we could have lent relief,
Had not *Argalia*, even when danger drew
So near as death, turnd on the Beast, and threw
His happy Javelin, whose wel guided aime,
Although success it knew not how to claime,

From

From ſtrength, yet is ſo much aſſiſted by
Fortune, that what before had ſcornd to dy,
By all our power, when contending in
Nice Art, the honour of that day to win
To him alone, fals by that feeble ſtroke,
From all his ſpeed; which ſeen, he, to provoke
His haſtier death, ſeconds thoſe wounds, which in
Their ſafety are, by thoſe with terrour ſeen,
That had eſcapt the danger, and even by
Us that purſu'd with ſuch amaze, that I
Who had before obſerv'd thoſe Rays of worth,
Obſcur'd in clouds, here let my love break forth
In uſeful Action, ſuch, as from that low
Condition brought him, where I might beſtow
On him what Art requir'd, to perfect that
Rare piece of Nature, which we wonderd at,
From thoſe whom I ('mongſt others) thought to be
Such whoſe Affection, the proximity
Of Nature claimd, with a regret that ſhewd,
Their poverty unwillingly beſtowd
So lov'd a Jewel, had procur'd the Youth,
His Foſter Father, loath to wave a truth,
That in the progreſs of his Fate might be
Of high account, diſcovers unto me
The worlds miſtake concerning him, and thus
Relate his ſtory, He was brought to us,
(Quoth the good man) ſome ten years ſince, by two
VVho (could men be diſcoverd to the view
Of knowledge by their Habits) ſeemd but ſuch
As Fortunes narrow hand had gave not much
More then Neceſſity requires to be,
Injoyd of every man, whom Life makes free

Of

Book I. Of Natures City; though their bounty shewed,
To our dim judgments, that they only owed
Mischance for those course Habits, which disguiz'd,
What once the World at higher rates had priz'd,
Ith' worst extream of time, about the birth
Oth' sluggish Morning, when the crusted earth
Was tinsel'd o're with Frost, and each Sprig clad
With Winters Wool, I whom cross Fortune had
Destin'd to early Labours, being abroad,
Met two benighted men, far from the Road,
Wandring alone, no skilful Guide their way
Directing in that Infancy of day;
But the faint beams of glimmering Candles, that
Shon from our lovely Cottage-Windows, at
Which Marks they steerd their Course; one of them bore
This Boy, an Infant then, which knew no more
Then Natures untrod pathes. These having spi'd
Me through the Mornings Mists, glad of a Guide,
Though to a place, whose superficial view,
Lent smal hopes of relief, went with me to
Mine own poor home, where with such course cheap Fare,
As must content us, that but eat to bear
The burthens of a Life refresht, they take
A short repose, then being to forsake
Their new-found Hoast, desire with us to leave
The Child, til time should some few daies bereave
Of the Habiliments of Light. We stood
Not long to parl, but willing to do good
To strangers so distrest, were never by
Our poverty once tempted to deny.
My wife (being then a Nurse) upon her takes
The pretty Charge, and with our own Son makes
Him

Him Fellow-commoner at the ful Breſt, Book I.
And Partner of the Cradles quiet reſt.
Now to depart, one that did ſeem to have
The nearſt relation to the Infant, gave
Him firſt this Jewel (at which word they ſhewed
One which upon *Argalia* was beſtowed
By thoſe that left him) then that we might be
Not ſtraightned by our former poverty;
Leave us ſome Gold, by which we ſince have bin
Enabl'd to maintain him, though not in
That Equipage, which we preſume unto
His birth (although to us unknown) is due.
This done, with Eyes that loſt their light in Tears,
They take their leaves, ſince when, thoſe daies to years
Are grown, in which we did again expect
They ſhould return; but whether be neglect
Or elſe impoſſibility detain
Them from his ſight, our care hath ſought in vain.
Having thus plainly heard as much as Fate
Had yet of him diſcoverd, I, that late
Deſir'd him for his own, now for the ſake
Of's Friends (what ere they were) reſolv'd to take
Him from that barren rudeneſs, and tranſplant
So choice a Slip, where he might know no want
Of Education; with ſome labour, I
Having obtaind him, til virility,
Rendred him fit for nobler Action, ſtayed
Him alwaies with me, when, my Love obayed
His Reaſon, and, then in the queſt of what
Confin'd Domeſticks do but ſtumble at
Exotick knowledge, with this noble Youth,
To whom his Love grew linckt, like ſpotleſs truth,

To

Book I. To perfect Vertue, sent him to pursue
His wisht design, from whence this interview,
First took its fatal Rise, and here the Lord
That a more ful discov'ry might afford
Them yet more wonder, shews the Jewel to
Sparta's pleas'd Prince, at whoes most serious view,
The skilfulst Lapidaries judging it,
Both for its worth and beauty only fit
To sparkle in the glorious Cabinet
Of some great Queen, such value on it set,
That all conclude the honour on't must be,
Some falling Star ith' Night of Royaltie,
From Honours sphear, the Glories of a Crown,
To vaunt (the center of our Fears) dropt down.
And now the Court, whose brightest splendor in
These fatal Changes, long eclips'd had been,
Resumes its luster, wich to elevate,
With all the pleasures of a prosperous state,
For that contracted span of time design'd,
For th' Princes stay, Fancies are wrackt to find
New forms of Mirth, such, whose Invention might
Inform the Ear, whilst they the Eye delight.
All which, whilst to the less concernd they lent
A flux of joy, yet lost their first intent,
To please the Princess, who from mirth did move
Excentrical, since first inflam'd with Love,
Which did soon from Fancies Embrion grow,
A large limbd Tyrant, when prepard to go,
She sees *Argalia*, who engag'd t' attend
Th' Embassadors, here soon had put an end
To what, even from, those unto Love unkind,
Must now force tears ere it a period find,

That

That time expir'd, ordaind to terminate
Her Fathers ſtay, and ſo that ſplendid ſtate,
That yet adornd the Princeſs Court, to ſhew,
How much he did for's Frontiers ſafety ow,
Unto thoſe moving Cittadels, a Fleet
His Mandates cals each Squadron for to meet
Within *Lepanto*, in whoſe harborous Lay,
Thoſe Ships that were ordaind for a Convay
To the *Calabrians* Meſſengers, who now
With all that Love, or Honour could allow
To noble ſtrangers, being attended by
The brighteſt Glorys of two Courts, draw nigh
A royal Fleet, whoſe glittering ſtreamers lent
Dul Waves the beauties of a Firmament:
Amongſt which numbers, one, too ſtately far
For rough Encounters of defacing War,
VVhoſe gilded Maſts their crimſon ſails had ſpread
In ſilken Flakes, advanc'd her ſtately head,
High as where Clouds condenſe, where a Light ſtands,
Took for a Comet by far diſtant Lands,
For Cabbins where th' impriſond Paſſenger
VVants Aire to breath, ſhe's ſtor'd with Rooms that were
So fair without, and yet ſo large within,
A Perſian Sophy might have reveld in
Their ſpatious bulks. To this *Molarchus*, he
VVhom greatneſs joynd to known Ability,
Had made *Sicilia's* Admiral, invights
The Royal Train, where with what ere delights,
(Although Invention all her ſtock had ſpent)
Could be upon that liquid Element,
Prepard their welcome, whilſt at every Bowl
A Health inters, the ful-mouthd Cannons trowl

A peal

Book. I.

Book. 1. A Peal of Thunder, which in white Waves drownd
The ſofter Trumpets do their Dirges ſound.
Now in the ful Carier of Mirth, whilſt all
Their thoughts in Perpendiculars did fall
From Honours Zenith; none incurvared
With common Cares, Parents that might have bred
A ſly ſuſpition, whilſt neglective Mirth
Keeps all within from their deep bed of Earth:
Molarchus hoiſt his Anchors, whilſt that all
The reſt lay ſtil, expecting when his call
Commands their Service, but when they beheld,
His ſpread Sails with a nimble Gale were ſweld:
An oppreſt Slave, which lay at reſt before,
Was with ſtretcht Limbs tugging his Finny ore;
Conceiving it but done, to ſhew the Prince
That Gallies ſwiftneſs, let that thought convince
Fears weak ſuggeſtions, and invited by
Their tempting Mirth, ſtil ſafe at Anchor ly.
But now, when they not only ſaw the Night
Draw ſadly on, but what did more affright
Their loyal Souls, the diſtant Veſſel by
Doubling a Cape loſt to the ſharpeſt Ey,
For hateful treaſon, taxing their miſtake,
With Anchors cut, and Sails ſpread wide they make
The laſht Waves roar, whilſt thoſe inclos'd within
The Gally, by her unkown ſpeed had bin
Far more deceived, being ſo far conveyed,
Ere care arrives to tel them they'r betrayed
Through Mirths neglective Guards, who now in haſt
With anger rais'd, in vain thoſe flames did waſt
In wild Attempts, to force a paſſage to
The open Decks, whither, before withdrew

Molarchus

Molarchus was, who now prepar'd to give
That treason birth, whose hated Name must live
In bloody Lines of Infamy, before
They could expect it, opening wide the door
That led them forth, the noble Captives fly
To seek revenge, but being encounterd by
An Armed Crew, so fierce a fight begin,
That Nights black Mantle nere was lin'd within
With ought more horrid; in which bloody Fray,
The subtle Traytor valiant to betray,
Though Abject else unnoted, seising on
Th' unguarded Princess from their rage is gone,
Through Nights black Mask, with that rich Prize into
A Boat that plac'd, for that design was drew
Near to the Gally, whose best Wealth being now
Thus made their own, no more they study how
To save the rest, all which for death design'd,
The conquer'd Rebels soon their safety find,
From other Boats, but first, that all but she,
Oth' royal train secur'd by death might be,
So large a Leak in the brave Vessel make,
That thence her Womb soon too much waight did take
For her vast bulk to weild, which sinking now,
No safety to her royal Guests allow.

The Ship thus lost, and now no Throne but Waves,
Left the *Sicilian* Prince, just Heaven thus saves
His sacred Person, amongst those that sought
For timely safety, nimble strength had brought
Argalia, and his following Friend so near,
One of the Boats, in which (secur'd from fear)
The Rebels saild, that now they both had took
A Hold so sure, that though their Foes forsook

Their

Book. 1. Their Oars to hinder't, ſpite of all their force,
Argalia enters, which a ſad divorce
From Life, as he by ſtrength attempts to riſe,
From falling wounds, unhappily denies
The valiant *Aphron*, who by death betrayd
From time, and ſtrength, had now left none to ayd
His Friend, but thoſe attending Vertues, that
Ne're more then now, for th' world to wonder at,
Brave Trophies built; with ſuch a ſuddain rage,
As all his Foes did to defence engage,
Thoſe bolder Souls that durſt reſiſt, he had
From their diſorderd Robes of fleſh unclad,
VVhich horrid ſight froc'd the more feareful to
Such ſwift ſubmiſſion, that ere fear out-grew
His hope, aſſiſted by that ſtrength which bought
Their Lives reprieve, their Oars reverſt had brought
Him back to th' place, in which the guilty flood,
VVas ſtaind with fair *Sicillias* nobleſt blood.
Aſſiſted by thoſe ſilver ſtreams of Light,
The ful fac'd Moon ſhot through the ſwarthy Night,
On the ſmooth Sea, he firſt his courſe directs,
Toward one, whoſe Robes ſtudded with Jems, reflects
Thoſe feeble Rays, like new faln Stars, he there
Finds *Sparta's* Prince, then ſinking from the ſphear
Of mortall greatneſs in the boundleſs deep,
To calm Lifes cares in an eternall ſleep,
From unexpected death, the Graves moſt grim
And ghaſtly Tyrant, having reſcued him
With as much ſpeed, as griefs diſtractions joynd
To Nights confuſion, could give leave to find
More Friends before that all were ſwallowd by
The Sea he haſts, when being by chance brought nigh

Dead

Dead *Aphrons* Father, to be Partner in
Their carer, who as they only sav'd had bin
To mourn the rest, he from the rude Sea saves
Him, to be drownd in sorrows sable Waves.
Now in the Quest of that deserving Lord,
Whose goodness did to's Infancy afford,
Life best of Comforts, Education, he
To baulk that needless diligence might see,
At one large draught the wide Waves swallow all,
Who vainly did till that sad minute call
To Heaven for help, which dismal sight beheld
By those that sav'd by accident, expeld
Their own just fears, for them to entertain,
As just a grief, their needful time in vain
They spend, no longer in their search, but though
Unweildy grief, yet made their motion slow,
Hast from that horrid place, where each must leave
Such valued friends; numbers that did receive
Their blood descended to Nobility,
From th' royal Spring, here the griev'd Prince might see
Interd ith' Ocean the Epirote Lord,
His late found Son, whom Love could scarce afford
A minutes absence; nor's *Argalia* less
Ingag'd to grief to leave, whom the distress
Of 's Youth reliev'd, but what from each of these
Borrowed some streams of sorrow to apease,
A grief which since so many Floods hath cost,
The noble *Aminander* here was lost.
Rowed with such speed, as their desire joynd to
That fear which from the conquerd Rebels drew
A swift obedience, being conducted by
A friendly Light, their Boat is now drawn nigh

Book I. A rocky Island, in whose Harbour they
Found where the Boat that had our-sayld them lay,
Drawn neer the shoar, but all the Passengers
Being gone, the sight of that alone confers
No other comfort, then t' inform them that
The ravisht Princess had been landed at
That Port, which by their Saylers they are told
Belongs unto a Castle, kept to hold
That Island, though but one unnoted Town,
To th' scarce known Laws of the *Sicillian* Crown.
This heard by th' Prince, who formerly had known
That Castles strength being vext (although his own)
That now 'twas such, leaving the Vessel they
Protected by Nights heaviest shades, convey
Themselves into a neighbouring Cottage, where
The Prince, who now externally did bear
No forms of greatness, left to his repose,
Argalia whilst Nights shadows yet did close
Discovering Eyes, hast back to th' Harbour, whence
To give the royal Fleet Intelligence,
Oth' Kings distress, he sends forth all but One,
Whose stoutness had best made his Valour known,
Of those which conquerd by his *Sword*, are now
By bounty made too much his own, t' allow
Even slight suspition room; This being done,
That Valour though with Love 'twere wingd, might run
On no rash Precipice, assisted by
That skilful Sea-man, from some Ships that ly
Neglected, 'cause by time decayed, he takes
So much oth' Tackling, as of that he makes
Ladders of length, sufficient to ascend
The Castle Wals, which having to defend

Them

Them nought but slave security, is done
With so much ease, that what's so wel begun,
They boldly second, and first entering in
A Tower, which had by th' prudent Founder bin
Built to command the Havens Mouth, which lay
Too low for th' Castle, where when come, all they
Found to resist, is one poor Centry bound,
In sleep, which soon by death is made more sound.
To lodge the Prince in that safe place, before
His active valour yet attempted more:
The Gates secur'd that led to th' Castle, he
Protected by that Nights obscuritie,
By a conceald smal Salliport is to
Its strength soon brought; when now prepard to view
More dreadful dangers, in such habit clad,
As by the out-Guards easie Error had
Soon as a Soldier gave him entrance, come
To th' Hall he is, there being informd by some,
Oth' drousie Guards, where his pretended speed
Might find *Molarchus*, to perform a deed,
That future Ages, if that Honours fire
Lose not its light, shal worthily admire
His Valours hast; within a room whose pride,
Of Art (though great) was far more glorifi'd,
By that bright Luster, the Spectators saw
Through Sorrows Clouds in fair *Pharonnida*,
He finds the impious Villain heightend in
His late success, to such rude acts of sin,
That servile baseness, the low distance whence
He us'd to look, grew sawcy Impudence.
Inflam'd *Argalio*, who at once beholds
Objects to which the Sould inlarg'd, unfolds

Book 1. Its passions in the various Characters
Of Love and Anger, now no more defers
The execution of his rage, but in
So swift a death, as if his hand had been
Guided by Lightning, to *Molarchus* sent
His Lifes discharge, which with astonishment,
Great, as if by their evil Angels, all
Their sins had been displayed, did wildly fall
Upon his Followers, whom ere hast could save,
Or strength resist, *Argalia's* Sword had gave
Such sudden deaths, that whilst Amazements reignd,
Ere all he from the heedless tumult gaind,
That glorious Prize, the royal Lady, who
In all assaults of fears, not lost unto
Her own clear Judgment, as a blessing sent
From Heaven, whilst her base Foes Confusion lent
That Action safety, follows that brave Friend,
Whose Sword redeemd her, till her Journeys end
Through threatning dangers, brought her to that place,
Where with such passion, as kind Wives embrace
Husbands returnd from bondage, she is by
Her Father welcom'd into liberty.
Thus rescu'd, whilst exalted tumours swell'd
To such Confusion, as from sense expeld
Reasons safe Conduct, whilst each Soldier leaves
His former Charge, fears pale disease receives
This Paroxisme; the Fleet, which yet had in
A doubtful Quest of their surpriz'd Prince bin
Directed hither with the new-born day,
Their streamers round the Cittadel display,
Which seen by them, that being deluded by
The dead *Molarchus*, to his treachery,

Had

Had joynd their ſtrength, guilt, the Original Book I.
Of ſhame, did to defend the plat-form Call
Their bold endeavour, but, when finding it
Too ſtrongly man'd for undermining wit,
Or open ſtrength to force, diſpairing to
Be long ſecure, prompted by fear they threw
Themſelves on Mercy, which calm Grace among
Heavens other bleſſings, whilſt it leads along,
The Prince toward Victory made his Conqueſt ſeen,
Such as came not to puniſh, but redeem.

The end of the fourth Canto.

PHARONNIDA.

The first Book.

CANTO THE FIFTH.

The ARGUMENT.

IX.

The grateſull Prince, to ſhew how much he lov'd
This noble Youth, whoes Merits juſt reward,
Too great for leſs Abilities had prov'd,
Makes him Commander of his Daughters Guard.

X.

Where ſeated in the moſt benign Aſpect,
Kind Love could grant to fair Pharonnida,
A ſacred Viſion doth her hopes detect,
whoſe waking joyes his abſence doth withdraw.

FReed from thoſe dangers, which this bold attempt
Made juſtly feard, whilſt joy did yet exempt
Thoſe cares, which when by time concocted ſhall,
His Kingdome to a general Mourning call,

Sparta

Sparta's pleas'd Prince, with all the Attributes Book I.
Ere Gratitude learnd from Desert, salutes
That noble Youth, which even when hope was spent,
Kind Heaven had made his safeties Instrument,
By acts of such heroick Vertue, that
Whilst all the less concernd are wondring at
The grateful Prince, in all the noble waies
Of honour lasting, as his life repaies,
By whose example the fair Princess taught
To shadow Love (her Souls most perfect draught)
In friendships Vail, so free a welcome gave
The worthy stranger, that al, prayer durst crave,
Though sacrific'd in Zeals most perfect fire,
Seemd now from Heaven drope on his pleas'd desire.
Some daies spent here, whilst Justice vainly sought,
That Treasons root, whose base production brought,
Unto an unexpected Period in
Molarchus death with him had buried bin,
To future knowledge, all confessions, though
In torments they extracted were, bestow
Upon their knowledge, being th' imperfect shade
Of supposition, which too weak t' invade
Even those, whose doubtful Loyalty lookt dim,
The prudent Prince, burying mistrust with him,
Leaving the Island, with's triumphant Fleet,
On the *Sicilian* shoar, prepars to meet
That Joy in triumph which a blessing brought,
His loyal Subjects with their prayers had sought,
To cure those hot distemperatures, which in
His absence had the Courts Quotidian bin,
The Princess guard (as being an honour due,
To noble Valour) having left unto

Book I. That worthy ſtranger, whoſe victorious hand
Declar'd a Soul created for command,
The Prince departs from his loud Daughters Court,
To joyful *Corinth*, where, though the reſort
Of ſuch as by their ſervice ſtrove t' expreſs,
An uncorrupted Loyalty, made leſs,
That Mourning, which the Kingdomes general Loſs,
Claim'd from all hearts, yet like a ſable Croſs,
Which amongſt Trophy's noble Conquerors bear,
All did ſome ſigns oth' publick ſorrow wear.
But leaving theſe to rectifie that State,
This Feaver ſhook, return, to whom we late
Left gently calm'd, that happy pair, which in
Deſire (the ſhady Porch of Love) begin
That laſting progreſs, which ere ended ſhall,
So oft their Fate to ſtrong aſſiſtance call.
Some Months in happy free delights, before
Paſſion got ſtrength enough to dictate more,
Then Reaſon could, right fair they'd ſpent, in which
Slumber of Fancy, popular Love grown rich,
Soon becomes factious, and engages all
The powers of Nature to procure the fall,
Of the Souls lawful Soveraign; either in
Each Action of the others did begin
To place an Adoration, ſhe doth ſee
What ere he doth, as ſhining Majeſty
Beneath a Cloud, or Books, where Heaven tranſfers
Their Oracles in unknown Characters.
Like Gold yet unrefin'd, or th' Adamant,
Wrapt up in earth, he only ſeemd to want
Knowledge of Worth. Her Actions in his ſight
Appear like fires feign'd Element, with light,

But

But not destruction arm'd; like the fair Sun, Book I.
When through a chrystal Aqueduct he'th run,
His piercing Beams, until grown temperate by
That cooling Medium, through humility,
Shun her Majestick worth; in eithers Eyes,
The other seemd to wear such a disguise
As Poets cloathd their wandring Gods in, when
In forms disguiz'd they here converst with men.
But long this conflict of their Passions ere
Resisted lasts not, when disdaind to bear
Those leaden Fetters, the great Princesstries
To quench that fire ith' Embrio, ere it rise
To unresisted blazes, but in vain,
What her tears smoother are by sighs again,
Blown into flames, such as, since not to be
By ought extinguisht, her sweet modesty
Strives to conceal, nor did them more betray,
Then by such Fugitives as stole away,
Through her fair Eyes, those Salliports of Love
From her besieged heart, now like to prove,
Had not her Honour cal'd the Act unjust,
So feeble to betray her Souls best trust,
Her flames being not such, as each vulgar breast,
Feels in the fires of Fancy, when oppresst,
With gloomy discontents, her bright stars fate
Inthron'd so high, that like the Bays of Fate,
It stopt the Current of the stream, and to
The Sea of Honour, Loves fresh Rivers drew.
Thus whilst the royal Eagler doth ith' high
Sublimer Region of bright Majesty,
Upon Affections Wings, still hover, yet,
Loath to descend, on th' humble earth doth sit,

Her

Book I. Her worthy Lover, like that amorous Vine,
When crawling o're the Weeds, it ſtrives to twine
Embraces with the Elm, he ſtands, whilſt ſhe
Deſires to bend, but like that love-ſick Tree,
By greatneſs is deni'd; he that nere knew,
A ſwelling tumour of conceit, nor flew
Upon the waxen Wings of vain Ambition,
A thought above his own obſcure Condition,
Thinks that the Princeſs by her large reſpect,
Conferd on him, but kindly doth reflect
Her Fathers beams, and with a reverend zeal,
Sees thoſe deſcending Rays that did reveal
Loves Embaſſies tranſported on the quick
Wings of that heart-o're-coming Rhetorick,
Inſtructing that the weakneſs of his Eye,
Dazl'd with beams of ſhining Majeſty,
Might for too boldly gazing on a ſight,
So full of glory, be depriv'd of light,
Stifling his Fancy, till it turnd the Aire,
That fand his heart to flames, which pale diſpaire,
Chil'd into Ice ſoon; as he went about
With them to breath a ſtorm of paſſions out.
But vain are all theſe fears, his Eagle ſight,
Is born to gaze upon no leſſer Light,
Then that from whence, all other beauties in
The ſame ſphear borrow theirs, he elſe had bin,
Degenerate from that royal Airee, whence
He firſt did ſpring, although he fell from thence
Unfledg'd, the growing Pinnions of his Fame,
Wanting the purple tincture of his Name,
And Titles (both unknown) yet ſhall he fly,
On his own Merits ſtrength, a pitch as high

Though

Though not so boldly claimd, and such as shall Book I.
Inhance the blessing, when the dull mists fall
From truths benighted Eyes, whispering in
His Souls pleas'd Ear, her passion did begin,
Whilst all the Constellations of her Fate,
Fixt in the Zenith of bright honour sate,
Whilst his (depress by adverse Fortune) in
Their Nader lay (even to his hopes) unseen.
Whilst thus Enthean fire did lye conceald,
With different Curtains, least by being reveald,
Cross Fate, which could not quench it, should to death
Scorch all their hopes, burnd in the angry breath
Of her incensed Father, whilst the fair
Pharonnida was striving to repair
The wakeful ruines of the day, within
Her Bed, whose Down of late by Love had been
Converted into Thorns, she having payed
The restless tribute of her sorrow, stayed
To breath a while in broken slumbers, such
As with short blasts cool feverish brains, but much
More was in hers, a strong Prophetick dream,
Diverting by Enigmaes Natures stream,
Long hovering through the Portals of her mind,
On vain phantastick Wings, at length did find
The glimerings of obstructed reason, by
A brighter beam of pure divinity,
Led into supernatural light, whose Rayes,
As much transcended reasons, as the dayes
Dull mortal fires, faith apprehends to be
Beneath the glimerings of divinity.
Her unimprisond Soul distrob'd of all
Terrestial thoughts, like its Original,

In

Book I. In Heaven pure, and Immaculate, a fit
Companion did for thoſe bright Angels fit,
Which the Gods made their Meſſengers to bear
This ſacred truth: ſeeming tranſported where,
Fixt in the flaming Center of the world,
The heart oth' Mycrocoſme, 'bout which is hurld
The ſpangl'd Curtains of the Sky, within
Whoſe boundleſs Orbs, the circling Planets ſpin
Thoſe threads of time, upon whoſe ſtrength rely
The ponderous Burthens of mortality;
An Adamantine World ſhe ſees, more pure,
More glorious far then this, fram'd to endure
The ſhock of Doomſ-daies Darts, in which remains
The better Angels of what earth contains,
Plac'd there to govern all our Acts, and be
A Medium 'twixt us and Eternity.
Hence Nature from a Laberinth, half above,
Half underneath, that ſympathetick Love
Which warms the World, to Generation ſends,
On unſeen Atomes, each ſmall ſtar attends
Here for his Meſſage, which receiv'd is by
Their influence to the Aſtral Faculty,
That lurks on earth communicated; hence
Informing *Forms* ſends Intelligence,
To the material principles of earth,
Her upper Garments, Natures ſecond birth.
Upon each ſide of this large Frame, a Gate
Of different uſe was plac'd, at one there ſate
A ſprightly youth, whoſe Angels form delights,
Eyes dim'd with age, whoſe blandiſhments invights
Infants ith' Womb to court their wo, and be
By his falſe ſhape tempted to miſery.

Millions

Millions of thousands swarm about him, though
Diseases do each minute strive to throw
Them from his presence, since being tempted by
His flattering form, all court it, though they ly
On beds of thorns to look on't, saving some
More wretched Male-contents, that hither come,
With Souls so sullen, that whilst time invights
Them to his Joys, they shun those smooth delights.
This, the Worlds Favourite, had a younger Brother,
Of different hue, each more unlike the other,
Then opposite Aspects Antipathy
Within their breasts, though they were forc'd to be
Almost inseparable dwelt: this Fiend
A passage guarded, which at th' other end
Oth' spatious Structure stood, betwixt each Gate
Was plac'd a Laberinth, in whose Angles sate
The vanities of Life, attempting to
Stay deaths pale Harbengers, but that black Clew,
Times dusky Girdle, Fates Arithmetick,
Griefs slow pac'd Snail, Joyes more then Eagle quick,
That Chain whose Links compos'd of hours and daies,
Thither at length spight of delay conveys
The slow pac'd steps of time; there alwaies stood
Near him one of the triple Sisterhood,
Who with deformity in love, did send
Him troops of Servants, hourly to attend
Upon his harsh Commands, which he from all
Society of flesh, without the Wall,
Down a dark Hill conveyd, at whose foot stood
An ugly Lake, black as that horrid flood,
Gods made by men did feare, Myriads of Boats,
On the dark surface of the water floats,

Containing

Containing Passengers, whose different hue,
Tell them that from the Wals do trembling view
Their course, that there's no age of man to be
Exempted from that powerful tyrany.
A Tyde which nere shall know reflux, beyond
The baleful stream, unto a gloomy strond,
Circl'd with black obscurity, conveys
Each passenger, where their torn Chain of dates,
Is in Eternity peeckt up: between
These different Gates, the Princess having seen
Lifes various Sceans wrought to a method by
Disposing Angels, on a Rock more high
Then Natures common surface, she beholds
The Mansion house of Fate, which thus unfolds
Its sacred Mysteries, A trine within
A quadrate plac'd, both those incompast in
A perfect Circle was its form, but what
Its matter was, for us to wonder at,
Is undiscoverd left; a Tower there stands
At every Angle, where times fatal hands
Th' impartial *Parca* dwel, ith' first she sees
Clothe, the kindest of the Destinies,
From immaterial Essences to cull
The seeds of life, and of them frame the Wooll,
For *Lachesis* to spin, about her flie
Myriades of Souls, that yet want flesh to lie
Warmd with their Functions in, whose strength bestows
That power by which man ripe for misery grows.
Her next of Objects was that glorious Tower,
Where that swift fingerd Nymph that spares no houre
From mortals service, draws the various threds
Of life in several lengths; to weary beds

Of

Of age, extending ſome, whilſt others in Book. I.
Their Infancy are broke, ſome blackt in ſin,
Others (the Favourites of Heaven) from whence
Their Origen, candid with Innocence:
Some purpl'd in afflictions, others dy'd
In ſanguine pleaſures; ſome in glittering pride,
Spun to adorn the Earth, whilſt others wear
Rags of Deformity; but knots of care
No thread was wholly freed from. Next to this
Fair glorious Tower was plac'd that black Abbyſs
Of dreadful *Atropos*, the bale ful ſeat
Of death and horrour, in each room replear,
With lazy damps, loud groans, and the ſad ſight
Of pale, grim Ghoſts, thoſe Terrours of the Night:
To this (the laſt ſtage) that the winding Clew
Of life can lead mortality unto;
Fear was the dreadful Porter, which let in
All Gueſts ſent thither by deſtructive ſin.
As its firm Baſis, on all theſe depends
A lofty Piramid, to which each ſends
Some Gift from Natures treaſury to Fames
Uncertain hand, the hollow room with Names,
And empty ſounds was only fil'd, of thoſe,
For whom the Deſtinies daind to compoſe
Their faireſt threads; as if but born to die,
Here all Ephem'raes of report did flie,
On feeble Wings, till being like to fall
Some faintly ſtick upon the ſlimy Wall,
Till the obſervant Antiquary rents,
Them thence to live in paper Monuments,
In whoſe Records they are preſerv'd to be,
The various cenſures of poſterity.

Ith'

Book. 1. Ith' upper Room, as Favourites to Fate,
There only Poets (rich in Fancy) sate,
In that beneath, Historians, whose Records,
Do Theams unto those pregnant Wits afford;
Yet both preparing everlasting Bayes,
To crown their glorious dust, whose happy dayes
Were here spent well; beneath these cover'd o're
With dim oblivions shadows, Myriads more,
Till Doomsday shall the gaudy World undress,
Lay huddl'd up in dark forgetfulness:
All which (as Objects not of worth to cast
A fixt Eye on) the Princess Genius past,
In heedless hast, untill obstructed by
Visions, that thus fixt her Souls wandring Ey.
A Light as great, as if that Doomsdaies flame
Were for a Lamp hung in the Court of Fame:
Directs her, where on a bright Throne there sate
Sicillia's better Genius: her proud state,
(Courted by all Earths greatest Monarchs) by
Three valiant Knights supported was, whose high
Merits disdaining a Reward, less great,
With equal hopes aim'd at the royal Seat,
Which since all could not gain, betwixt her three
Fair Daughters both her Crown and Dignity
Is equally bestow'd, by giving one
To each of them; when the divided Throne,
Had on each Angle fixt a Diadem,
Her Vision thus proceeds; the royal Stem,
That bore her Fathers Crown, to view first brings
Its golden Fruit, a glorious Race of Kings,
Led by the Founder of their Fame, their Rear
Brought by her Father up: next those that bear,

Epirus

Epirus honourd Armes, the royal train
Concluding in *Zoranza* : this links Chain
Drawn to an end, the Princes that had swayed
Argalia's Scepter, fill the Scean till stayed
By the *Epirots* Sword, their conquerd Crown,
From aged *Gelons* hoary head dropt down,
At fierce *Zoranza's* feet; this she beholds
With admiration, whilst hid truth unfolds
It self in plainer objects, the disstreſt
Æolian Prince again appears, but dreſt
In a poor Pilgrims Weed, in's hand he leads
A lovely Boy, in whoſe sweet look she reads
Soft pitties Lectures, but whilst gazing on
This Act till lost in admiration,
By sudden Fate he seemd transformd, to what
She last beheld him, only offering at
Loves Shrine his heart to her Idea; there
Joy had bereav'd her slumbers, had not fear
Clouded the glorious Dream, a dreadful mist,
Black as the steams of Hell, seeming to twist
Its ugly vapours, into shades more thick
Then Night ingendring Damps, had with a quick
But horrid darkneſs vail'd the Room, t' augment
Whoſe terrour a Clouds sulphry boſome rent,
With dreadful thunder-claps, darting a bright
But fearful blaze through th' artificial Night,
Lent her so much uſe of her Eyes to see
Argalia groveling in his blood, which she
Had scarce beheld, ere the malignant flame
Vaniſht again she shrieks, and on his Name
Doth paſſionately call, but here's no sound
Startles her Ear, but hollow groans, which drownd

Book. I.

Book I. Her Soul in a cold ſweat of fears, which ended,
A ſecond blaze lends her its light, attended
With Objects, whoſe wild horrour did preſent
Her Fathers Ghoſt then ſeeming to lament,
Her injur'd Honour, in his Company,
The ſlain *Laconians* Spirit, which let free
From the dark Priſon of the cold Grave, where
In ruſty Chains he lay, was come to bear
Her to that ſad Abode, but as ſhe now
Appeard to ſink, a golden Cloud did bow
From Heavens fair Arch, in which *Argalia* ſeemd,
Clad in bright Armour fitting, who redeemd
Her from approaching danger, which being done,
The darkneſs vaniſh'd, and a glorious Sun
Of welcome Light diſplayd its beams, by which
A Throne the firſt reſembling, but more rich
In its united Glory to the eye,
Preſents its luſter, where in Majeſty
The Angels that attend their better Fate,
Plac'd her, and brave *Argalia*, in which ſtate
The un-bard portals of her Soul, let fly
The golden ſlumber, whoſe dear memory,
Shall live within her noble thoughts, until
Treading o're all obſtructions, Fate fulfil
Theſe dark predictions, whoſe obſcurity,
Muſt often firſt her Souls afflictions be.
When now the Mornings dews, that cool allay,
Which cures the Feavers of th' intemperate day,
Were rarifi'd to Aire, the Princeſs to
Improve her joy in private thoughts, withdrew
From burthenſome ſociety within
A ſilent Groves cool ſhadows, what had been

Her

Her Midnights joy to recollect, in which Book. I.
Delightful task, whilst Memory did enrich
The robes of Fancy, to divert the stream
Of thoughts, intentive only on her Dream.
Argalia enters with a speed, that shewed
He unto some supream Commander owed
That diligence, but when arriv'd so near
As to behold, stopt with a reverend fear,
Least this intrusion on her Privacies,
Might ruffle Passion, which now floating lies
In a calm stream of thoughts, he staies, till she
By her Commands gave fresh activity
To his desires, then with a lowly grace,
Yet such, to which Prides haughty Sons gave place,
For Native sweetness, he on's knee presents
A Packet from her Father, whose Contents,
If Love can groan beneath a greater Curse,
Then Desperation, made her sufferings worse
Then fear could represent them, 'twas expresst
In Language that not wholly did request,
Nor yet command consent; only declare,
His royal Will, and the paternal Care
He bore his Kingdomes safety, which could be
By nought confirm'd, more then Affinity,
With the *Laconian* Prince, whose big fame stood
Exalted in a spatious *Sea* of blood,
On Honours highest Pyramid; his hand
Had made the triple headed spot of Land,
One of her stately Promontories bow,
Beneath his Sword, and with his Scepter now,
He at the other reaches, which, if Love
But gently smile on's new-born hopes, and prove

Book I. Propitious as the God of War, his Fate
Climbs equal with his wishes, but too late,
That slow-pac'd Soldier bent his Forces to
Storm that fair Virgin *Cittadell*, which knew
Ere his pretences could a Parlee call,
Beneath what force that royal Fort must fall.
Inclos'd within this rough Lords Letters she
Receiv'd his Picture, which inform'd her he
Wanted dissimulation (that worst part
Of Courtship) to put Complements of Art
On his Effigies; his stern Brow far more
Glorying ith' Scars, then in the Crown he wore:
His active Youth made him Retainer to
The Court of *Mars*, something too long to sue
For entrance into Love's, like Mornings clad
In grieft'd Frosts, ere plump-cheek'd Autume had
Sworn the Glebs golden Locks, some silver hairs
Mixt with his black appeard; his Age dispairs
Not of a hopeful Heir, nor could his Youth
Promise much more, the venerable truth
Of glorious Victories, that stuck his Name
For Ornament ith' Frontispiece of Fame,
Together with his Native greatness were,
His Orators to plead for Love, but where
Youth, Beauty, Valor, and a Soul as brave,
Though not known great as his, before had gave
Loves pleasing wounds; Fortunes neglected gain,
In fresh assaults, but spends her strength in vain.
With as much ease as Souls, when ripen'd by
A well-spent life, hast to eternity.
She had sustaind this harsh encounter, though
Backt with her Fathers threats, did it not shew

More

More dreadful yet, in a command which muſt Book I.
Call her *Argalia*, from his glorious truſt,
Her Guardian to a ſeparation in
An Embaſſie to him, whoſe hopes had been
Her new created fears, which ſentence read
By the wiſe Lady, though her paſſions bred
A ſudden tumult, yet her reaſon ſtaies
The Torrent, till *Argelia* who obaies
The ſtricteſt limits of obſervance to
Her he adornd, being reverently withdrew,
Inlarg'd her ſorrow in ſo loud a tone,
That ere he's through the winding Laberynth gone,
So far, but that he could diſtinctly hear
Her ſad Complaints, they thus aſſault his Ear:
Unhappy Soul, born only to infuſe
Pearls of delight with Vinegar, and loſe
Content for Honour; it's a ſin to be
Born high, that robs me of my liberty:
Or is't the curſe of greatneſs to behold
Vertue through ſuch falſe Opticks as unfold
No ſplendor leſs, from equal Orbs they ſhine?
What Heaven made free, ambitious men confine,
In regular degrees: poor Love muſt dwel
Within no Climate, but what's paralle'd,
Unto our honour'd births; the envied Fate
Of Princes oft theſe burthens find from ſtate;
When lowly Swains knowing no Parents voice,
A Negative, make a free happy choice.
And here ſhe ſigh'd, then with ſome drops diſtild,
From Loves moſt ſoveraign Elixar fil'd
The chryſtal Fountains of her eyes, which ere
Dropt down, ſhe thus recals again; but here,

Book I. (Ne're my *Argalia*) shall these fears destroy
My hopes of thee, Heaven let me but enjoy
So much of all those blessings, which their Birth
Can take from frail Mortality, and Earth,
Contracting all her Curses cannot make
A storm of danger loud enough to shake
Me to a trembling Penitence, a Curse,
To make the horrour of my sufferings worse,
Sent in a Fathers Name, like Vengeance fell
From angry Heaven, upon my head may dwell,
In an eternal stain; my honourd Name
With pale disgrace may languish, busie Fame
My Reputation spot, Affection be
Term'd uncommanded Lust, sharp poverty,
That Weed which kils the gentle Flower of Love,
As the result of all these Ills may prove
My greatest misery, unless to find
My self unpitied, yet not so unkind,
Would I esteem this mercenary Band,
As those far more malignant powers that stand
Arm'd with diswasions to obstruct the way,
Fancy directs, but let those Souls obay
Their harsh Commands, that stand in fear to shead
Repentant tears: I am resolv'd to tread
These doubtful pathes, through all the shades of fear,
That now benights them. Love, with pity hear
Thy Suppliants Prayers, and when my clouded Eyes
Shall cease to weep, in Smiles I'le sacrifice
To thee such Offerings, that the utmost date
Of deaths rough hands shall never violate.
Whilst our fair Virgin-sufferer was in
This Agony, *Argalia* that had been

Attentive

Attentive, as an envied Tyrant to
Suſpected Counſels: from her Language drew
So much, that that pure eſſence which informs
His knowledge, ſhall in all the future ſtorms
Of Fate protect him, from a fear that did
Far more then death afflict, whilſt Love lay hid
In Honours upper Region, now whilſt ſhe
Calmly withdraws, to let her Comforts be
Hopes of 's return, his lateſt view forſook
His Souls beſt comfort, who hath now betook
Her ſelf to private thoughts, where with what reſt,
Love can admit, I leave her, and him bleſt
In a moſt proſperous Voyage, but happier far
In being directed by ſo bright a Star.

The end of the firſt Book.

PHARONNIDA.

The second Book.

CANTO THE FIRST.

The ARGUMENT.

I.

Still wakefull guilt, Almanzors *Rebel sin,*
Taking advantage of unguarded mirth,
Which now without mistrust did revell in,
The Princess Court gives thence new Treason birth.

II.

By treachery seiz'd, and through Nights shades conveyed
She had for ever in this storm been lost,
Had not its rage by such rude hands been stayed,
That safety neer as much as danger cost.

THese Hell-ingendred Embrioes, which had long
Lay hid within *Almanzors* breast, grown strong;
Now for delivery strives; *Clandestine* plots,
Ripen'd with Age and Lust, dissolve the knots,

Wherein

Book II. Wherein his fear had fetterd them, and fly
Beyond the Circle of his Loyalty.
Since his deserts made him a stranger to
His Princes Court, he'd liv'd like those that do
Fly that pursuing Vengeance, which attends
A Rebels Acts, seen only to such Friends,
Whose blemmisht Honour, suffering in his fall,
Assist his rising, though they venter all
By that unlawful Act, on parbes that may
Precipitate to ruine; the dark way
Had long been sought for, Consultations did
Whisper Rebellion in soft Aires, forbid
To live in louder Language, until like
Inevitable thunder it could strike,
As swift, as secret, and as sure as those,
Heavens anger hurls through all that durst oppose.
In all the progress of that dark design,
Whose unseen Engines strove to undermine
That power (which since Heaven doth in Kings infuse)
None but unhallowed Rebels durst abuse
Time (Treasons secret Midwife) did produce
No birth like this; such Friends as often use
Had taught him their Souls Characters he makes
Sharers of 's guilt; but whilst he (troubl'd) takes
A care to fit each smaller Wheel unto
This fatal Engine, those black powers that do
Assist such dark designs, a moving spirit,
Supplies it with, although *Almanzors* merit
Purchast few friends, yet had his tempting Gold
Corrupted some, 'mongst which it surest hold
Upon *Amphibia* took, a Lady who
Before *Florma's* sweeter vertues drew

Her

Her Favour to a better Object, ſwayed,
The Princeſs choice Affections ſhe betrayed
By glittering Charms, perſwades her thoughts no deed
For guilt is branded, whoſe attempts may feed
Ambitions malice, and at one blow give
Envie and Avarice a hope to live
Pleas'd with their ruine, whoſe fair merits dwell
High in thoſe thoughts, from whence ſhe juſtly fell.
To rack revenge unto as large extent,
As hate could wiſh, what Hell could here invent,
Without aſſiſtance of a female Wit,
Mans firſt Betrayer, all that ſeemd but fit
From Treaſons cloſe embrace to propogate
Revenge ſhe lights him, what (though cloſe as Fate,
When parling with the Deſtinies) is by
Her Counſel acted, ſwift as ſtories fly
From vulgar Tongues, her treachery makes known
To the bold Rebbel, whoſe intentions grown
Hence ripe for Action, when his ſecret guilt
A ſtrong retreat had for rebellion built,
By laying the foundation on't, in thoſe
Whom ſince by want, or envy made the Foes
To th' publick peace, are ſoon perſwaded by
Their Princeſs fall, to cure that malady.
This plat-form layd, ſome whoſe wiſe valour he
By practice knew, adornd with ſecreſie,
Amongſt the number of his guilty friends,
Seleſted in its firſt attempt, attends
Treaſons dark walks, which now more ſecret by
Nights diſmal ſhadows made, had brought them nigh
The Princeſs Palace, through the Hemiſphears
Dark Curtain, now the big bulkt roof appears,

And

Book II. And dapl'd Windows shewd their severall light,
Like rich Enamel in the Jet of Night;
All rockt in sweet security they found,
By Fate false smiles, triumphant mirth had crownd
The glorious Train, whose height of joy could cast,
No poyson of suspition, each embrac'd
His free delights, yet feard, no Snake should lye
Lurking within those Flowers: amidst which high
Divine flames of enthean joy, to her
That level'd had their way, a Messenger
Makes known their neer approach, for which before
She had prepar'd, and vaild the Pavement o're
In thin, but candid Innocence; accurst
By all that ere knew Vertue: oh, how durst
Thy Envie turn these commick Sceans into
So red a Tragedy as must ensue,
Thy guilts Stenography, which thus writes Fate
In Characters of blood: but now too late
'Tis to repent, when punishment wrought fair,
Shews thy foul Crimes, thou only mayst despair.
Leaving this Fiend to hatch her Vipers here,
Lets breath awhile, although in full carier,
Stay on the brow oth' precipice to view
The Courts full joyes, which being arriv'd unto
Their *Zenith* seemd to Fate-discerning Eyes,
Like Garlands were before a Sacrifice,
The *Cornu Copiæ* from the Tables now,
Remov'd by full fed Rurals, did allow
Time for discourse, as much as modest mirth
Durst stretch her wings; crownd Cups gave lusty birth
To active sports. The hearts warm bounties flame
From lofty Piles, and in their pride became

The

The luſter of the Roof; to glorifie
Which yet imperfect Feſtival, the eye
That lent to this large body light divine,
Pharonnida, at whoſe adored Shrine,
Theſe Sacrifices offerd were, appears
Within the Hall, and with her preſence clears
Each ſupercillious brow, if hopes to ſee
What's now enjoy'd, ſuffer'd ſuch there to be.
The Princeſs on her honourd Throne repos'd,
A Fancy tempting, Muſick firſt unclos'd
The winding Portals of the Soul, which done,
Four Swains, whoſe time directed knowledge won
Attention with Credulity, by turn
Sicilia's Annals ſung, and from the Urn
Of now almoſt forgotten truth did raiſe
Their Fame (thoſe branches of eternal Baies.)
Which ſober mirth, Preparatives unto
More active ſports continuing, whilſt the new
Modell of Treaſon was diſguizing in
A Mask ordaind to candie o're their ſin,
To gild thoſe Pills of poyſon with delight,
And ſtrew with Roſes, deadly Aconite,
Was now drawn neer an end, when from without
A murmuring noiſe of ſeveral ſounds about
The Palace Gates was heard, which ſuddenly,
Diſſolving to an antick harmony,
Proclaims their entrance, whoſe firſt ſolemn ſight,
In dreadful ſhapes mixt terrour with delight.
In the black front of that ſlow March appears,
A Train, whoſe difference both in Sex and years,
Had ſpoke confuſion, if agreement in
Their Acclamation had no Prologue been.

A Dance

Book. II. A Dance where method in disorder lay,
Where each seemd out, though all their rules obay,
Was first in different measures trod, which done
Twelve arm'd Viragoes, whose strange habit won
More admiration then their beauty led,
As many captive Satyrs, in the head
Oth' *Amazonian* troop, a Matron by,
To younger Nymphs supported, till come nigh
Pharonnida's bright Throne, presents the rest
Her Issue, who externally expresst,
So many fair soul'd Vertues, born to be
Protectors of their Mother Chastity,
Who wants their help, although supported by
Her weaker daughters Fear, and Modesty.
Those obscean vices, whose rude hands betray
Natures deformities forc'd to obay,
Their brave opposing Vertues did appear
Ith' captive Satyrs; who, being now brought near
A dreadful Musick's heard without, whose sound
Did gentler Aires in their first births confound;
VVhich being a signall to that act of blood,
That soon ensues, whilst all expecting stood,
Some happier change, the false viragoes drew
Their Swords, and with a speedy fury slew
The struggling Knights, who thus disguis'd had bin,
VVith the more horrour to be murthered in
Their royal Mistress sight, whose shrieks did tell,
VVhat trembling Guests within her breast did dwell.
Sudden and cruel was the Act, yet stands
Not Treason here, but whilst their purpl'd hands
Yet wreakt in blood, their guilty Souls to stain,
VVith blacker sins (her weak Defenders slain)

Rush

Ruſh toward the trembling Princeſs, who now lies Book. II.
Betrayed by the Souls Janitors, her Eyes
To Paſſions inſupportable, which grown
A burthen to her Spirits, all were flown
To th' Porch of death for reſt: if Souls new fled
From tainted bodies that have ſurfeited,
On ſtudied ſins, could be diſcernd when they
Unarmd with penitence, are hurld away,
By long armd Fiends, leſs pale, leſs horrid would
Their guilty looks appear, confuſion could
Not live in livelier emblem, each appears
To flie the danger, but about him bears
Its pale effects: ſo paſſengers forſake
A ſinking Ship, ſuch ſtrong Convulſions ſhake
Surprized Forts, ſo Doomſdays Trumpet ſhall
Startle the unprepared world, when all
Her Attomes in their then worn Robes ſhall be
Raviſht in flames to meet eternity.
Th' unguarded Princeſs being by all forſook,
But poor *Florema*, both from thence are took,
VVhilſt neither in that horrid Agony,
Beheld their danger, and tranſported by
Almanzor to his Coach, which near attended,
On his aſſur'd ſucceſs, who now befriended
VVith the protecting darkneſs hafts away,
Swift as deſire with the fair trembling prey.
Thoſe few oppoſing friends, whoſe will was more,
Then power to relieve her, over bore
By the victorious Rebbels, did in vain
Attempt her reſcue, which ſince fruitleſs, ſlain,
Her Martyrs fall, leaving their lives to be,
An evidence of dying Loyalty.

Suceeſs

Book. II. Success attends thus far, but Fortune now
Left off to smile on Villany, her brow
Contracted into frowns, she swiftly sent
This Countermand, her Followers having spent
Their own endeavours to no purpose raise,
In hast the neighbouring Villages, nor staies
The swift Alarm, till it had out-fled
The speed *Almanzor* made; rouz'd from his Bed,
And warm Embraces of his Wife, by those
Which had out-run the danger of their Foes:
The drousie Villager in trembling hast,
Snatches such Armes as former fear had plac'd,
Fit to defend, with which whilst Horopies call
In tones more frantick then a bacchinal:
They stumble to their Rendesvouz, which none
But only by the louder cries had knowne.
This giddy multitude, which no command
Knew, but what rage did dictate, hovering stand,
Like big swoln Clouds drove by a doubtful wind,
Uncertain where to fall: one cries behind
The greatest danger lies; some like his choice,
And speedily retreat, untill a voice
More powerful though from the like judgment sprung,
Perswades them on again; some madly rung
The jarring Bels, as far from harmony,
As their Opinions: all which disagree
About the place, whence the Alarum's come,
One cries the Princess Court, untill struck dumb,
By a more terrifying Fool that swears
The next Port is surpriz'd, tow'rd which he stares,
To see the Beacons blaze, but is from far,
Deceiv'd by th' light of an ascending star.

So

So many shapes bear their weak Fancies, that, Book. II.
All would do something, but there's none knows what.
In this strange Medly of Confusion, they
That could command, want such as would obey,
To exercise their power; each thinks his own
Opinion best, so must perform't alone:
Or else remain, as hitherto they had,
Busie in doing nothing: in which mad
Fit of distracted fury, like to fight,
For want of Foes amongst themselves, the Night
(Grown grey with age) fore-shewd her death, when each
Thinking that now he'd done enough to teach,
An active Soldier vigilance in spending
A Night abroad, which they will call 'defending
Their Prince and Country from a danger, but
What twas they know not, swearing 't shall be put
In the next Chronicle, they disunite,
Their nere wel-joynted Forces, and a flight
Rather then march, to th' several Hamlets take,
From whence at first, being scarce half awake,
Not so much clothd, their heedless hast had sent
Them, only noise and number to augment.
One troop of this disbanded Company,
Which, though but few, more then could wel agree
To march together, by mistake being cast
Into a narrow straight, met as they past
The Coach that bore the Princess, being by those
That stole her guarded, the mad Rowt t' oppose
Their farther passage, not because they thought
Them to be those their Ignorance had sought,
In their late meeting, the Antipathy
Twixt them and th' Gentry, is enough to be

Book II. That quarrels Parent, whose event shall make
Their Prince and Country blest in their mistake.
Startl'd from all his temperate joyes with this
Unlookt for *Remora* ith' Road of bliss,
Intag'd *Almanzor* rows to ford the Flood
Oth' present danger, or with his own blood,
Augment the stream, with that he flies among,
Those that are neerest of the numerous throng,
Who, when they found what difference was between
Their Clubs (blunt as their Valors) and the keen
Edge of his Sword would have fell back, but are
Forc'd on by those behind, who being far
From danger, fear it not. Thus some are forc'd
To fight, till their unwilling Souls divorc'd
From their cold Lodgings made their peace; but here
Whilst he a Conqu'ror reigns, ingenious fear,
Taught them that durst no neerer come, to do
Most mischief at a distance, climb'd unto
The Rocks inequitable Clifts: from thence
They shower down stones that equally dispense,
Danger 'mongst Friends and Foes; had she not been
Defended by her Coach, their Princess in
This storm had perisht: or had fear of death
Unfixt her thoughts, she'd spent that pretious breath,
Now sacrificing in her prayers to be
From their wild rage deliverd safe, but she
(Oppress with Lethargies of sorrow) lends
No eare to this rude fight, on which depends,
So much of Fate, danger appears to ly,
Not more in the disease, then remedy.
Whilst the oppos'd *Almanzor* now had neer
Hewd forth his way through all of them, appear

More

More company by their loud clamors drew, Book. II.
Unto their timely aide; now danger grew,
Horrid and threatning, till the impetuous shower,
Wetting the Wings of the fierce Rebels power;
Clog all his hopes of flight, unless he leave,
His trembling prey behind him; to bereave
Him of his last of hopes, he sees his train
Begin to drop: with those that yet remain
He thinks it time, whilst undiscover'd, to
Secure himself, which difficult to do;
At length (though not unwounded) he alone
Breaks through their Forces, blest in being unknown:
Else had their batterd Weapons spar'd to shed
The blood of others, and had surfeited
On his, which adding knowledge to the fire
Of Rage, they had most reason to desire.
The unsuccesful Rebel thus secur'd,
By speedy flight, his train not long endur'd
The circling danger, which from each side sends,
Symptomes so deadly, all their strength defends
Not the rude torrent, nor their prayers could calm
Their Foes stern rage; sweet Mercies healing Balm
Is the extraction of brave Spirits, which
(By innate valor rarified) enrich
With that fair Jem, the triumphs of success,
Whilst Cowards make the Victors glory less,
Their highest flame of rage being but dull earth,
Fir'd into tyranny, the spurious birth
Of a precedent fear, whose baseness knows
No calm, but what from others danger grows.
And now the field, scourd by the beastly rage
Oth' savage Clowns, had left no Foe t' engage

Book II. A Life, nor could their policy perſwade
Them to let one ſurvive, till he had made
The Plot diſcoverd, with rude haſt they cruſh
Their trembling Souls out, and all Weapons bluſh,
In part of th' blood, ſo many hands had gave
Them hurt leſs Wounds, that the expecting Grave
Needs only take their Bones, for madly they
Had mine'd their fleſh for th' Vultures eaſier prey.
This Victory gaind, they haſt to th' Coach, and thence
The unknown Princeſs take, no large expence
Of prayers, pourd from *Florenza's* fears could be,
So powerful to obtain Civility.
She tels them who their rage prophanes, and by
Their Princeſs Name conjures them, but the high
Exalted out-cries drown her voice, till one,
Who had the Rape of the ſad Lady known,
When firſt perform'd, did with a louder voice
Proclaim her there, and having firſt made choice
Of a more civil Company t' oppoſe
Th' uncivil Clowns, reſcues her, and then ſhews,
How neer their heedleſs rage had caſt away
The glorious Prize of that victorious day.
From fainting ſlumbers raiſd, the Princeſs now
Secure in their diſcovery, taught them how
To turn her Fury into Zeal, and ſhow
By ſerving her, the Allegiance that they ow
Her royal Father. To the Palace come,
Rewarding all, ſhe there commands that ſome
Stay for her Guard, but ſoon that Order grew
A troubleſome obedience, none would to
His Cottage, whilſt that any ſtayed within
The Palace Gates, but long they had not been

Thus

Thus burthensomly diligent, ere on
A new design, each struggles to be gone
From's former Charge; a Messenger is sought,
Who to the Court must post, but each one thought
Himself of most ability, so all
Or none must go, yet ere the difference fall
Into a neer approaching quarrel, he
Who rescu'd her, the Princess chose to be
Her Messenger. *Euriolus* (for so
The Youth was cald) disdaining to be slow,
Where such Commands gave Wings, with speed unto
The Court was come, but busie Fame out-flew
His eager haste, and ere's Arrival spread
Some scatterd fragments of the new's, which bred
Suspition of that doubt full truth, from whence
His Message leads to doleful Confidence,

The end of the first Canto.

PHARONNIDA.

The second Book.

CANTO THE SECOND.

The ARGUMENT.

III.

Freed from suspition by a Cause that tells
His injur'd Prince, Almanzors guilt exceeds
His great'st mistrust, from thence just anger swells,
Till for that Feaver the whole Nation bleeds.

IV.

Armies united in a dreadfull hast,
From distant places fild Spectators bring,
To see by Fortune Justice so defac'd,
The Subjects here pursue a Conquer'd King.

MOrea's prudent Prince, whose fears had bin
Before this Message, but like truths wrapt in
Dark Oracles; now, with a sence inlarg'd,
Beyond imperfect doubts, no longer charg'd

His

His Judgment with *Dilemma's*, but in all
The haſt indulgent Love, when by the call
Of danger frighted, could procure, without
Staying to let ſlow Counſel urge a doubt,
Which might but ſeem a *Remora* unto
His fixt deſires, having together drew;
His Guard was marching; when, in ſuch a haſt
As breathleſs ſpeed fore-ſhewd they had been chas'd
By ſome approaching danger, ſuch as were
Too full of truth, and loyalty to bear,
Rebellion longer, then their thoughts could be
Eas'd of the burthen by diſcoverie:
Arrive at th' Court with this ſad news, that by
Almanzor (who forgetting Loyalty)
Had ſeiz'd *Alcithin's* Caſtle, they were drove
To fly their Country, ſince that there he ſtrove
To raiſe an Army, by whoſe ſtrength he might,
To the Swords power ſubject the Scepters right.
By this ſad news ſtartl'd out of his late
Fixt reſolutions, the vext Prince whoſe Fate
Had not through all the progreſs of his Reign,
Darted ſo many Plagues to entertain
Them now with ſtrength unballaſt, cals in haſt
His late neglected Counſel, and embrac'd
This ſudden, but mature advice, that he
Should with ſuch Forces as could ſooneſt be
Prepar'd for ſervice, having only ſeen
Pharonnida, poſſeſs that ſtreight between
The Caſtle, and the Mountains, from whoſe rude
Inhabitants, which Nature did include
Within thoſe Rocks, Rebellion ſooneſt might
Grow to a dangerous tumour, the dim light

Book II.

Book II. Of scarce discerned Majesty, so far
Being from them remov'd, that least a War,
Inforc'd him to command their aide, they were
Heard of his Mandates, being more fit to bear
The weight of Armour on their bodies, then
Of Taxes on Estates, so smal that when
With all the art of Industry improv'd,
For want were kept, but not for ease belov'd.
Through paths that no *Vestigia* shewed to these
As being retraind, or lost with greatest ease;
Since naturally unconstant, comes the King,
Not much too late, M jestick Rayes did bring
Props to their wavering Faith that yet remaind
Unclad in lawless Armes, some being gaind
Unto *Almanzor*, whose revolt had brought
That freedome those, whose subtile plots long sought
For Innovations, wisht; the sickly State
In sad Eruptions, such as future Fate,
From sacred truths, speaks deadly symptomes in
Relaxes, all that order which had been
Till now her Cement; the soft harmony
Of peaceful Contracts, sadly silenc'd by
That discord, in whose flames the Kingdome burnd,
Had all their Measures into Marches turnd.
Throughout his Dominions speedy Orders flow,
For raising Troops; whilst with such hast, as new
Shorn Meadows, when approaching stormes are nigh,
Tir'd Labourers huddle up; both parties try
To levy Armies. The sad Scholar throws
His Books aside, and now in practice shews
His studied Theoricks; the stiff Labourer leaves
Ith' half-shorn fields the uncollected sheaves,

To

To female Taskers, and exchangd his book
Into a Sword; each busie Trade that took
Pains in the nicer Ornaments of peace,
Sit idle till Want forc't them to encrease
The new raisd Troops; that Ornament oth' Hall,
Old Armours, which had nothing but a Wall
Of long time sav'd from the invading dust,
From Cobwebs swept, though its Enamel rust
Stick clo'se, and on th' unpractic'd Soldier pur,
Forth of their breasts, nor fear, nor danger thur.
Yet with an Army of this temper in
Hast huddl'd up, the wandring Prince had been
Inforc'd to fight, had not his just Cause brought
Some loyal Gentry, such, whose Vertue sought
Truth for reward, unto his side, with which
He now advances more compleatly rich,
In noble Valour, then's rebellious Foes,
In numerous Troops; no Enemies oppose
His speedy March, till being now come near
Alcithius Fort, *Almanzors* timely fear,
Hurries him thence; his better Fate depends
On larger hopes; unto such constant friends,
As equal guilt by sympathy secur'd,
To him he leaves the Castle, and assur'd
Them of relief, with what convenient speed,
Those of his Faction (which did only need
His presence to confirm rebellion by,
An injur'd power) could draw their Armies nigh.
As hence he marches, each successful hour
Augments his strength, till the unlawful power,
Trebl'd his injur'd Princes; but as they
Who carry guilt about them, do betray

Her

Book II. Her by her Sister fear, so these whose Crimes
Detected, durst not, in more peaceful times,
Look Justice in the face, and therefore now
Stood vail'd in Armes against her, fearing how
She might prevail 'gainst power, march not till
A greater strength their empty bosomes fill
With hope, a tumor which doth oft dilate
The narrow Souls of Cowards, till their Fate
Flatter them into ruine, then forsakes
Them in an Earthquake, whose pale terror shakes
Base Souls to flight, whilst noble valor dies,
Adorn'd with Wounds, Fames bleeding Sacrifice.
Almanzors doubtful Army, since that here
The threatning storm at distance did appear,
Lockt in a Calme, possest with confidence,
Slowly their Squadrons move, but had from thence
Not a daies journey marcht, before the sad
News of *Alcithin's* desperate danger had
Pal'd o're their Camp, which whilst the Leaders strove
To animate, *Almanzor* faster drove
On those designs, which (prospering) might prevent
It from surrender, but the time was spent
Too far before. The Governor that kept
It now, against his Prince too long had slept,
In the preceding down of peace, to be
Awakn'd into valour, only he
Had seen't kept clean from Cobwebs, and perhaps
The Guns shot off, when those loud thunder-claps
Proclaim'd a storm of healths; yet till he saw
The threatning danger circularly draw
An armed Line about him, in as high
A voice as valor, could a Foe defie,

He

He clothes his fears, which ſhook the falſe diſguiſe Book II.
Off with the firſt aſſault, and ſwiftly flies
To's Princes mercy, whoſe pleas'd Soul be found
Heighten'd, to have his firſt attempt thus crownd
With Victory, which here made his Army leſs,
Nor ſteept in blood, though travaild to ſucceſs.
To this new Conqueſt, as a place whoſe ſtrength,
He beſt might truſt, if to a tedious length,
Or black Misfortune, the enſuing War,
His Fate ſhould ſpin, his choiceſt treaſures are,
Together with her, in whoſe ſafety he,
Plac'd Life it ſelf, brought for ſecurity.
This done, that now no ſlow delaies might look
Like feare, he with his loyal Army took
The field, in which he'd ſcarce a Level choſe,
To rallie's Army, ere his numerous Foes,
Appear on th' tops of the adjacent Hill,
Like Clouds, which when preſaging ſtorms, do fill
Dark Southern Regions: In a plain that lay
So near, that both the Armies full ſurvay,
Might from the Clifts, on which *Alcithius* ſtands,
Be ſafely viewd, were the rebellious bands
Of 's Enemies deſcending, on each ſide
Flank'd by a River which did yet divide
Him from the Prince, who having time to chooſe
What ground to fight on, did that bleſſing uſe
To's beſt advantage, on a Bridge which by
Boards cloſely linkt had forc'd an unity
Betwixt the Banks, his Army paſt, he now
Within a Plain, whoſe ſpatious bounds allow,
Together with a large extention, all,
An ancient Leader could convenient call.

Remov'd

Book II. Remov'd no tedious distance from his Rear
Stood a smal Town, which, as the place took care
How to advance so just an interest, might
Be useful, when tir'd in the heat of fight,
Strength lost in Wounds should force some thither by
Wants which a Camp's unfurnisht to supply.
More near his Front, betwixt him, and the Plain,
Through which *Almanzor* led his spatious Train,
On a smal Hill which gently rose, as though
Its eminence, but only strove to shew
The fragrant Vale, how much nice Art out-went
Their beauties in her brows fair Ornament,
A splendid Palace stood, which having been
Built but for wanton peace to revel in,
Was as unfit for the rough hand of War,
As boisterous Armes for tender Virgins are.
To this, since now of consequence unto
The first Possessor had both Armies drew;
Commanded parties, which ere Night shut in,
Lights latest Rayes, did furiously begin
The first hot Skirmish, which continuing till
Dark shadows all the Hemisphear did fill,
To such as Fear, or Novelty had sent,
To th'Hils safe tops, such dreadful prospect lent,
By the swift rising of those sudden fires,
In whose short close, that fatal sound expires;
Which tels each timerous Auditor its breath,
To distant breasts, bears unexpected death:
That whilst their eyes direct their thoughts unto
Their danger, whom Reward or Honour drew
To the Encounter, all the uncouth sight
Affords, to horror turns that strange delight.

These

These circling fires drawn neer their Center, in
Such tumult, as Armies engag'd begin
Deaths fatal task, 'a dreadful sound surpriz'd
The distant Ear, danger, that lay disguiz'd
In darkness yet, now, as if wak'nd by
The Conquerors shouts, so general, and so high
That it even drownd the clamourous Instruments
Of fatal War, her Vale of sables rents,
From round the Palace, by that horrid light,
Which her own Turrets, through the steams of Night
In dreadful blazes sent, discovering both
The shadowed Armies, who like Mourners loth
To draw too near their sorrows Center, while
Their friends consume, surround the blazing Pile,
In such a sad and terrible aspect,
That those engag'd in Action, could neglect
Approaching danger, to behold how they
Like Woods grown near the foot of *Ætna* lay,
Whilst the proud Palace from her sinking Wals,
In this sharp Feavers fiery *Chrisis* fals.
But now the Nights, as wearied with a Rain,
So ful of trouble, had resign'd again,
The earths divided Empire, and the day
Grown strong in light, both Armies did display
To their full view, who to the Mountain, in
Sad expectation of th' event, had been
Early Spectators cal'd; here, seated nigh
Their female friends, old men exempted by
Weakness from Wars to, rough encounters, shew
Those Colours which, their active Youth did know
Adorn the field, when those that now engage,
Like tender Plants, kept for the future age,

In

Book. II. In blooming Childhood were, 'mongſt this they tell
What Heroes in preceding Battels fel,
Where Victory ſtoop to Valor, and where rent
From brave deſert by fatal Accident:
Then ere their ſtory can a period have,
Shew Wounds they took, and tell of ſome they gave.
This ſad *Præludium*, to an action far
More diſmal paſt, the unvaild Face of War
Looks big with horror; now both Armies draw
So neer, that their divided Brothers ſaw
Each others guilt (that too too common ſin
Of civil War.) Rebellions Sons ſtood in
Armes 'gainſt their Fathers clad: friends that no croſs
Could diſ-unite, here found the fatal loſs
Of Amity, and (as preſaging blood)
Ith' worſt Aſpect, ſad oppoſition ſtood,
One was their faſhion, form, and diſcipline,
Striſt Heraulds in one Scutcheon did combine
Th' Armes of both Armies, yet all this muſt be
By Wars wild rage rob'd of its unity.
Whilſt like ſad *Saturn*, ominous and ſlow,
Each Army mov'd, ſome Youths ſet here to grow
By forward Actions, ſtately Cedars, to
Adorn Fames Court, like ſhooting Stars were flew,
So bright, ſo glittering, from th' unweildy throng
Of either Army, which being mixt among
Each other, in a ſwift *Numidian* fight,
Like Aires ſmall Atomes, when diſcovering light
Betraies their motion ſhews, ſome hours had paſt
In this light Skirmiſh, till now near Wars laſt
Sad Scean arriv'd, as the diſtreſt heart cals,
Before the body deaths pale *Victim* fals,

Thoſe

Those Spirits that dispers'd by action were
Back to their Center, their Commanders care,
Summons these in, that so united strength
Might swiftly end, or else sustain the length
Of that black storm, where yet that danger stood,
Which must ere long fall in a shower of blood.
A dismal silence, such as oft attends
Those that surround the death-beds of their friends,
In the departing minute, reigns throughout,
Both Armies Troops, who gather'd now about
Their several Standards, and distinguisht by
Their several colours, such variety
Presents the eye with, that whilst the sad thought
Beholds them but as falling branches brought
To the decay of time, their view did bring
In all the pleasures of the checkquerd Spring.
Like a large field, where being confin'd unto
Their several squares, here blushing Roses grew,
There purpl'd hiacinths, and neer to them,
The yellow Cowslip bends its tender stem,
To th' Mountains top, the Army marching low,
Within the Vale, their several Squadrons shew.
This silent time, which by command was set
Aside to pay Confessions needful debt,
To oft offended Heaven, whose aide though gave
Ere askt, yet since our duty is to crave,
Expects our prayers, the Armies from their still
Devotion rais'd, declare what Spirits fill
Their breast, by such an universal joy,
As to get Young, and not the Old destroy,
Each had by beauteous Paranymphs been led,
Not to rough War, but a soft Nuptial Bed.

Book. II.

That

Book. II. That fatal hour, by time, which though it laſt,
Till fixt Stars have a perfect Circle paſt,
We ſtill think ſhort, to Action brought, which now
So near approacht, it could no more allow
The Generals to conſult, although there need,
Nought to augment, when Valours flame doth feed,
High on the hopes of Victory, the rage
Of eager Armies, ere their Troops engage
Their ſeveral Leaders, all that Art did uſe,
By which loud Wars rough Rhetorick doth infuſe
Into thoſe bodies, on whoſe ſtrength conſiſts
Their ſafety, Souls whoſe brave Reſolves might twiſt
Them into Chains of Valour, which no force
Then death leſs powerful, ever ſhould divorce.
The Prince, as more depending on the juſt
Cauſe that had drawn his Sword, which to diſtruſt,
Looks like a Crime, ſooneſt commits the day
To Fates Arbitrement; no more delay
Comforts the fainting Coward: a ſad ſound
Of Cannon gave the Signal, and had drownd
The murmuring Drum in ſilence, Earth did groan,
In trembling Ecchoes, on her ſanguine Throne
High mounted Horrour ſits, wild Rage doth fill
Each breaſt with Fury, whoſe fierce flames diſtill,
Life through th' Alimbecks of their Ruins, that Cloud
Of duſt, which when they firſt did move, a ſhrowd
Of darkneſs vaild them in, allayd with blood,
Fell to the Earth, whoſe Cleſts a crimſon flood,
Fil'd to the brim, and when it could contain
No more, let forth thoſe purple ſtreams to ſtain
The bluſhing fields, which being made ſlippery by
Th' unnatural ſhower, there lets them ſink and dy:

Whoſe

Whose empty veins rent in this fatal strife, Book. II.
Here dropt the treasure of exhausted Life.
In sad exchange of wounds, whilst the last breath,
Even flying forth to give another death;
Supports the fainting Spirits, all were now
Sadly imploy'd, arm'd danger could allow,
In this loud storm of Action, none to stand
Idle Spectators, but each busie hand
Labours in deaths great work, his life to sell
At rates so dear, that Foe by which he fell,
To boast his gain survives not; but now in
This mart of death, blind Fortune doth begin
To shew her self Antagonist unto
Less powerful Justice; In the common view
Of reason, which by the external shape
Of Actions only judges, no escape
From their desert, Captivity, was left,
The Rebels Armie, but th' unmanly theft
Of secret flight, to some, protected by
Their Fellows loss, when in a rage as high
As if it had attempted to out-roar
The Battels thunder, a rude Tempest bore
From Southern Climates, on th' exalted wings
Of new-rais'd winds, a change so fatal brings,
To th' royal Army, that from Victories near,
Successful pride, unto extreams which fear
Did nere suggest, it brought them back to view
Their glorious hopes thus sadly over-threw.
A strong reserve, rais'd by his friends to be
Almanzors rescue, if that Victorie,
Seem'd to assist the juster part, was now
Brought neer the River, which endeavouring how

Book II. To ford, they there unwillingly had been
Detaind, till ſtrength had prov'd but uſeleſs in
The Princeſs Conqueſt, if the ſwelling flood,
VVhoſe added ſtreams (too ſtrong to be withſtood)
Had not in that impeteous torrent tore
That Bridge which paſt the royal Army o're;
Whoſe severd Boats borne down the River, made
So ſad a change, that whilſt their Foes invade,
Their Rear on them, the late lamented loſs,
Forbid the others when diſpers'd to croſs
Their Waves by dangers, which in each breaſt bred
Terrors as great as thoſe from whence they fled.
The valiant Army, like Lifes *Citadel*,
The heart, when nought but poyſonous Vapours ſwel
Every adjacent part, long ſtrugling in
Deaths ſharp Convulſions, out of hopes to win
Ought there but what buyes the uncertain breath
Of future Fame, at the high price of death;
At length, not conquerd, but o're burthend by
A flood of power, in Nights obſcurity,
When dreadful ſhadows had the field o're-ſpread,
As Darkneſs were a Herſe-cloath for the dead;
That this daies loſſes might not grow too great
For reparation, by a hard retreat,
Attempt to ſave ſuch of their ſtrengths, as ſince
Inforc'd to fly, might ſafely guard the Prince
From dangers, which, could but his Foes have viewd,
Their motions all had unto death purſu'd.
In this diſtreſs, from that vaſt Sea of blood,
The field where late his Army marſhald ſtood,
The wretched Prince retires, but with a train
So ſmal they ſeemd, like thoſe that did remain

After

After a Deluge, where the Rivers sourse,
(Stopt with dead bodies) run with smallest force,
He venters o're the flood, whose guilty Waves,
Blushes in blood; some few whom Fortune saves
T' attend on his, a like successful by
That bold adventure, whilst the Prince doth fly,
To guard *Alcithius*, by his Mandates are,
Since the disasters of this fatal War
Forc'd him to seek for more assistance, sent
To the *Epicots*, striving to prevent
Those wild reports, that on the quick belief,
Of female fear, might be impos'd by grief,
He hasts to bear the sad Report to her,
Whose sorrows lost to see the Messenger.

The end of the second Canto.

PHARONNIDA.

The second Book.

CANTO THE THIRD

The ARGUMENT.

V.

Through the dark terrours of a dreadfull Night,
The Prince to's Daughter comes with flying speed
From dangers great, as those he fear'd in flight,
Is by Argalia's *forward Valour freed.*

VI.

Who having with successfull Fortune gave
His Master freedome, their joyn'd strength pursue
Their flying Foes unto an uncouth Cave,
In whose vast Womb Fates dark decrees they view.

THis last Retreat, which seemd but to defer
Danger by being Honours Sepulcher,
Attaind in hast, there calming all the strife
Of various Passion, since her Fathers Life,

Payd

Payd all the tears she owd his losses, he Book II.
His vertuous Daughter found, prepar'd to be
No sad addition to his sorrow by,
The faults of female Imbecillity,
Untimely tears; but with a confidence
High as ere taught brave Valour to dispense
With sad disasters, arm'd to entertain
The worst of Ills, to ease the Wounded's pain,
Or stop their blood, those hands which once she thought
Should have to Victors Triumphs Garlands brought,
Are now imployd, yet that her Acts may be
The best examples to posterity;
Her present ill, she with such strength withstood,
Its power was lost in hopes of future good.
Precipitated from a Throne to be
Subjected by a Subjects tyranny:
To want their pity, who of late did know
No peace, but what his Influence did bestow,
With sad presaging fears, to think his fair,
His vertuous Daughter, his rich Kingdomes Heir;
Like to be ravisht from his baffl'd power,
A Trophy to a rebel Conqueror,
With such affl cting griefs as did exclude,
The comforts of his passive Fortitude,
Oppresst the Prince, when now an Army led,
By their pursuing Enemies ore-spread
The circling fields, and brings their fear within
The reach of th' Eye; heighten'd with hope to win
That now by parl, which ere the sad success
Of Battel made their conquer'd numbers less,
He feard in fight; the confidently bold
Almanzor in a Scrowl that did unfold

Book II. A Language, whole unreverend ſtile affords
Far more of anger then his Soldiers *Swords*,
Had ere ſtird fear within his Princes breaſt,
His firſt Intentious thus in brief expreſt;

——— *Great Sir*,

NO airy tumour of untam'd deſire,
Nurſt my Ambition, prompts me to aſpire
To any Action that may ſore above
My Birth or Loyalty, it was the love
I bore your vertuous Daughter, that firſt clad
Me in defenſive Armes, which never had
Been elſe unſheathd, though 't had been to defend
Me from Injuſtice, ſhould your Sword extend
Its power to tyranny; but failing in
That firſt attempt, ere ſtreams of blood had bin
Shed in addition to thoſe drops, my hand
Had broke my *Sword* as guilty, had this Land,
To whom I owe, for the firſt Aire I breathd,
Not waſht the ſtain in tears, and ſince unſheathd
It in the name of Juſtice; to their good,
Which trembling on uncertain hopes hath ſtood,
Whilſt fearing forrein Governours, I have
Added my love, and ſatisfaction crave
For both, before a greater ill may fall,
To make our ſufferings Epidemical,
By being ſlaves to ſome proud Tyrant, that,
In politick Ambition reaches at
A Kingdom by profeſt Affection, and,
Marries your Daughter, to command your Land.
This Scrowl, ſpotted with Impudence, receiv'd
By the vext Prince, whom paſſion had bereav'd

Of

Of politick Evasions, he returns Book II.
A swift defiance, but his high rage burns
Nought but his own scorcht breast, the fainting fire,
Quencht by constraint, wants Fuel to blaze higher,
Then flashy threatnings, which since prov'd a folly,
Sink in the Ashes of Melancholy;
For which his ablest Councel could prepare,
No Cordial of advice, they rather share
With him in sorrow, whose harsh burthen growes
Not lighter by the company of those,
That now lend hearts to bear it, only in
This sullen Clouds obscurity, this sin
Of their Nativity, the noble Soul,
Of the undaunted Princess did controul,
The harshest Lectures of her Stars, and fate,
Unshaken in this *Hyrcane* of Fate;
Calming her Fathers hot adversity
With Dews of comfort, taught him how to be
Prince of his Passions, a Command more great,
Then his that trembles in a regal seat.
The Enemy that vainly had till now,
Toil'd forth their strength, no more endeavours bow
By force to conquer, some smal time they knew,
Would with the bloodless *Sword* of Famine do,
More then their Cannon could, the meager Fen
Already grew tyrannical, his men,
Like walking Ghosts, wait on their Prince and stand
For shadows on their Plat-forms, not a hand,
But was unnerv'd with want, yet whilst each part
Languisht tow'rd death, each bosome held a heart,
Which though most large, could never empty be,
Being doubly fil'd with grife and loyalty:

Book II. Amongst both which, hope for a part puts in,
As the Supporter, of what else had been
A burthen insupportable, and spoke
This pleasing Language, that the royal Oke
Beneath whose Winter Fortune now they stood,
Pining for want, the withered under Wood,
That all his miseries dropt on, yet they shall
When ere his brighter Stars again do call
His Fortune into light, be comforted
By his kind shadow; which shall those that fled
Him in this sad extream, then leave to be
Scorcht in the Rays of angry Majesty.
Reduc'd unto this pitied exigence,
Yet by his honour, which could not dispense
With ought that like suspition lookt, detaind,
From what by parl might have their freedome gaind,
The loyal Sufferers, to declare how far
They fear declind, those mourning weeds of War,
Whose sight a desperate valour doth betray,
Black Ensigns on their guarded Walls display,
When to augment their high resolves, with what
Their valour was to pity so fined at,
After, with all those course, though scarce Cates, they
By sparing, first attempted to betray
Time till relief with, they'd been fed till now
There nought remaind, that longer could allow
Life further hopes of sustenance, to do
An Act so great, all Ages to ensue,
Shall more admire then imitate; within
The Hall, appears their Soveraign, leading in
His hand the Princess, whose first view, though drest
In Robes as sad as sorrow ere expresst,

Was

Was but the Frontiers of their grief, to what Book II.
When nearer seen, whilst sorrow silenc'd at
So sad an Object, might for death be took,
Made solemn grief, like grave Religion look.
Whilst all thus in sad expectation stand,
Of future Fate, disdaining to command,
Those whom an equal sorrow seemd to make
His fellow Sufferers, the sad Prince thus spake
His fixt resolves, Brave Souls, whose loyal love,
Oppress by my unhappy woes must prove
Part of my grief, since by my wretched Fate,
Forc'd with my own life to precipitate
Yours into danger, from whose reach, since by
No Crime, until the love of Loyalty
Become a sin, you are cal'd guilty, yet
Seek some evasion, 'tis not you that sit
Upon the Throne he aimes at, nor doth here
Arival in *Pharonnida* appear.
No, 'tis our lives, our lives brave Subjects that
His bold Ambition only reaches at,
By this pretense, what to my Daughter, love
To's Country's, pity cal'd, could he remove
Those (now but smal Obstructions) soon would grow
To's pride united, till it over flow,
All limets of a Subjects duty, by
Rebellious reach, usurped tyranny.
Go then, and let not my unhappiness
Afflict you more, ith' shadow of distress;
Twil like warm comforts swel my Soul to know
That to his Favour you for safety ow.
Did not those sacred Canons that include,
All vertue in a Christians Fortitude,

Obstruct

Book II. Obſtruct our Paſſions progreſs, we, ere this,
In death had made the haughty Rebel miſs
The glory of his Conqueſt, which ſince now
Deni'd, although unweildy age allow
Not ſtrength to ſell my life at ſuch a rate
Honour aimes at, yet ſhall the ſlow debate,
Even in my fall, let the World know I died,
Scorning his pity, as they hate his pride.
Here ſtopt the Prince, when, as if every breaſt,
One univerſal ſorrow had poſſeſt,
Grief (grown into more noble paſſion) broke
Th' attentive ſilence, and thus ſwiftly ſpoke
Their reſolutions, On, on, and lead
Us unto death, no Critick eye ſhall read
Fear through the Opticks of our Souls, but give
Command to act, here's not a heart durſt live
Without obedience; camforted with this
Rich Cordial, from his ſorrows dark Abyſs
Rais'd to reſolves, whoſe greatneſs equal'd all
His former Glory, by their fatal fall;
To darken the enſuing day, the Prince
Gives a Command to all his Train, that ſince
Their own free Votes elected death, they now
With Souls that no terreſtial thought allow,
A reſidence, 'gainſt the next Morn prepare,
That wiſht for freedome, with himſelf to ſhare.
All ſadly ſate, expecting but that light,
Whoſe near approach muſt to eternal Night,
Their laſt Conductor be, a ſudden, ſtill,
And doleful ſilence, ſuch as oft doth fill
The Room where ſick men ſlumber, when their Friends
Stand weeping by, to Contemplation bends

Their

Their buſie thoughts ; within each troubl'd breaſt, Book II.
Being to leave the Manſion ſhe'd poſſeſt
So long, yet with ſo ſhort a warning, all
Her Faculties the frighted Soul did call,
Forth of the Boſome of thoſe Cauſes, in
Whoſe form they'd fetterd to their *Craſis* been,
To joyn thoſe powers (yet ſtrong in living breath)
For her aſſiſtance in the graſp of death.
The whiſpering Trumpet having cal'd them by
Such ſharp Notes, as, when powerful Foes are nigh
Retreating Parties uſe, all ſwiftly riſe
From bended Knees, and the laſt Sacrifice,
They ere expect to pay to Heaven, untill
Their Souls laſt gaſp the vocal Orgains fill.
Concluded was the laſt ſad interview,
The Prince was marcht, *Pharonnida* with-drew.
And now, all from the open'd Ports were in
A ſwift March ſallying, had their ſpeed not been
Thus ſwiftlier ſtopt ; thoſe ſcatterd horſe that fled
The Battel to th' *Epirotes* Court had ſped
So well in their Embaſſage, that the Prince
Whom the leaſt negligence might now convince
Of want of love, proud of ſo fair a chance ;
To ſhew's Affection, ſwiftly doth advance
With a vaſt Army tow'rd them, but the fear,
Prevailing danger, ere their ſtrength come near,
To their neceſſitated Friends, might force
Them to unworthy Articles, ſome horſe
Selected are, whoſe ſwifter ſpeed might, (by
A deſperate charge broke through their Foes) ſupply
Their fainting friends ; the much deſir'd Command
Of theſe few men, committed to the hand

Of

Book II. Of brave *Argalia* (nere more bleſt then now
In ſerving the fair Princeſs) did allow
His Sword ſo fair a field to write the ſtory,
Of Honour in, that his unblaſted Glory,
Beyond this day ſhall live, out-live the reach
Of long-armd Envy, and thoſe weake Souls teach,
That fear the frowns of Fate, in ſpight of all,
Heroick Vertue ſits too high to fall.
With the dayes cloſe they take their March, and ere
The ſilver Morning on her brow did bear
The burniſht guilt oth' *Suns* warm Rayes, arrive
In view oth' place; when Fortune, that did ſtrive
To crown their hopes, had wrapt the earth in thick
And heavy miſts; the ſluggiſh Morning ſick
Of Midnight ſurfeits, from her dewy bed,
Pale, and diſcolourd Roſe. This Curtain ſpread,
To vail their plot in, they aſſault their Foes,
Which when ſurpriz'd could not themſelves diſpoſe,
Fit for reſiſtance, but whilſt ſome did flie
From the diſtracting danger, others die
To their neglect a Sacrifice: the ſwift
Alarm, like a rude winds circling drift,
Hurries confuſion through the field, and ſhook
The trembling Soldier: ſome unclad forſook
Their half-fir'd Cabbens; deaths large gripe did take
Whole troops that Deſtiny ordaind to wake
No more till Dooms-day, and in's march prevents
Th' unition of unrallied Regiments.
This frighted Language of Confuſion heard,
By thoſe oth' Caſtle, which were now prepard,
For their laſt deſperate Sally, ſwiftly draws
Them to aſſiſt their friends, and though the cauſe,
(Being

(Being yet unknown) was only thought to be
Some private Jar grown to a Mutiny,
Or elſe the noiſe the Enemy had made,
When all their force was drawing to invade
Them in their works, howe're, they ſtand not to
Conſult with reaſon, but as ſtriving who
Shall firſt encounter death, each ſeverall hand
Sought for his own from thoſe that did withſtand
His rage-directed ſtrength; their Cannon in
A Funeral Peal went off, whoſe ſteam had been
Their Covert to the Camp, where finding ſuch
A wild confuſion, they aſſiſted much
The fortune of the day, which now was grown
Indubitable, they might call their own
A glorious Conqueſt, the thick ſulphry cloud,
Whoſe diſmal ſhade did that deſtruction ſhroud,
Rent with thoſe thunder-claps, diſſolv'd into
A ſhower of blood, what ſhe vouchſaft to do,
Fortune lends light to ſhew them; having left
Their Camp, whilſt darkneſs did protect a Theft,
That only ſtole diſhonour, which they were
Now in an open flight inforc'd to bear;
They ſee *Almanzors* broken troops ore-ſpread
The neighbouring fields: thoſe clouds of men that fled,
Being purſu'd by Companies ſo ſmal,
That they appeard but like thoſe drops that fall
After a ſtorm. Yet as the labouring Hart
Long ſtruggles for that life which doth depart
From the leſs noble Members, to lend aid
To her in deaths pale Conflict, having ſtayd
Some of his beſt Commanders, hoping by
Their valour to recal the reſt, with high

Undaunted

Book. II. Undaunted force, *Almanzor* doth oppose,
His Enemies pursuit, till like t' inclose
Him in, disdaining the reproachful end,
He must expect, no longer stands t' attend
The glimering light of hope: the field he leaves
To conquering *Argalia*, but deceives
Him of himself, the prize most sought for, which
When lost beyond recovery, he grown rich
In shining honour, that, like Sun-beams plac'd
Within a field of gules, by being defac'd,
Had beautifi'd his Armour; that dark mist,
Which did at first such contradictions twist,
That he both curst, and blest it, one cause did
Aide his design, the other cause it bid
His Heaven of Beauty, in their dewy Bed
Had left the blushing Roses, and was fled
Upon the Wings of th' wind. With wonder now
Discoverd colours taught each party how,
To know their Friends. The royal Standard in
The Princes party had disvellopt been,
By that fair signal to discover, who
Was present there: but ere *Argalia* to
That place arriv'd, *Pharonnida*, who had,
Whilst desperation all her beauties clad
In the pale Robes of fear, heard all the loud
Shock of the Conflict, but until the Cloud
Remov'd his fatal Curtain, never knew
How near the hour of her delivery drew;
That being dissolv'd, through those which grief had rais'd,
In her fair Eyes, did see, and seeing praised
Just Heaven which sent it; each of those that
Fought for her she commends, but wonders at,

Although

Although unknown, the lightning valour she Book. II.
Saw in *Argalia*, whilst with just rage he
Unravels Natures workmanship, a rent
Which were a sin, if not a punishment,
And from the slender web of life did send
Forth Rebels Souls, fast as each busie Fiend,
That wait their fals transport them, fain she would,
Ere known, conceit 'twere he, but how he should
Come there, and so attended did exceed
Imagination. Thus whilst her hopes feed
On strange desires, being come near unto
The Coach wherein she sate, prepard to do
His Loves Oblations, he that Face disarms,
Which when beheld, by those attractive charms,
Within the center of her best desires,
Contracted all her hopes, whose life expires,
Soon as they'r crownd with wisht success; too great
A distance parts them yet, she leaves her seat,
And flies to his Imbraces, but conceald
Her passion in his Merit, being reveald
To him alone, whose better judgment knew,
That in those Spirit-breathing beams that flew
Through the fair Casements of her Eyes, did move
The secret Language of an ardent love.
This conflict of her passions, which had been
Fought betwixt fear and hope, was setled in
A silent joy, that from her noble breast
Struggl'd for passage, whilst *Argalia* blest
Above his hopes, in burning kisses seals
His service on her Virgin hand, that steals
From thence new flames into her heart, which ere
Fed with desire, even whilst she did prepare,

To

Book. II. To entertain those welcome Guests, appears
The Prince, who now thawd from the icy fears
Of desperation, was come there to give
Thanks to his unknown friends; but words did live
Within a place too baren to bestow
That fruitful zeal, whose plenty did ore-flow
His Eyes (those clouded Orators) which till
Disburthend did capacious passion fill.
This moist Gale o're, when now they had awhile
Melted in joy, cloathing it with a smile;
He thus unfolds his comfort, Blessed Fates
You have out-try'd my charity, he hates
All real Vertue, that confesses not
My care of thee, was but an unknown spot
To this large world of satisfaction; here
Kind sorrow stopt his voice again, when fear
Their Enemies might rally, and ith' bud
Blast all their blooming joyes, even whilst the blood
Wreak'd on his Sword, leaving their Eyes to pay
Pursuing prayers, *Argalia* posts away,
But finds his Foes dispersst, excepting one
Stout Regiment, whose desperation grown
To valour, spight of all pursuers, made
Good their retreat; till forc'd at length to shade
Themselves from the pursuing danger, in
A deep dark Cave, whose spatious Womb had been
Their Receptacle, when unlawfull theft
Was their profession. In this place they'd left
Their dearest pledges, as most confident
Those dark Meanders would their loss prevent.
These stout Opposers being protected here,
(Before *Argalia* brought his Army neer)

Had

Had fortifi'd the narrow paſs, and now
Preſume of ſafety, ſince none elſe knew how,
Without their leave to enter; Hem'd about,
With all the Caſtle Foot, his Horſe ſent out
To clear the field, the careful General ſees,
Then every Quarter made ſecure, he frees
His own from all ſuſpected danger, while
This buſie Siege did better things beguile
Of ſome few ſteps of time, the Prince arrives,
To ſee the Leager, where each Captain ſtrives
With entrance to be honourd, but in vain,
The ſubtile Engineer here racks his Brain:
The Mountains yeild not to their Cannon ſhock,
Nor mine could pierce the marble-breaſted Rock.
Thus whilſt they lay deſpairing ere to force,
A place ſo difficult, with ſome few Horſe
Only attended, the vext Prince ſurrounds
The ſpatious Hill, whoſe uncouth ſight confounds
His ableſt Guides; making a ſtand to view
A Promontory, on whoſe brow there grew
A Grove of ſtately Cedars, from a dark
And hidden cleft, proud of ſo rich a Mark;
Some Muskets are diſcharg'd, which miſſing by
A deſperate Sallie's ſeconded, to fly
The danger thorough ſuch a dreadful way,
As now they were to paſs, was not to ſtay,
But haſten ruine, though too weak, in fight
More ſafety lay, then an unworthy flight.
But Valour, like the royal Eagle, by
A cloud of Crows ore-maſterd, leſs to dy
With honour, had no refuge left, and that
Here each *Plebeian* gains; when frighted at

Book II. Th' unusual clamour, with such troops as were
Most fit for speed, *Argalia* was come there;
Arriv'd even with that minute which first saw
His Prince a Captive; Now the Rebbels draw
Back to their private Salliport, but are
Too speedily pursu'd to enter far,
Within their dark Meanders, ere ore-took,
By their inraged Foes, who had forsook
Their other stations, and to this alone,
Drew all their Forces, entring the unknown
And horrid Cave, whose troubled Womb till then,
Nere such a Cholick felt: *Argalia's* men,
(Following so brave a Leader) boldly tred
Through the Rocks rugged Entrails; those that fled
Though better skild in their obscure retreat,
No safety find; the Caves remotest seat
Was now the stage of death, together throng'd,
After their Swords had Lifes last step prolong'd;
There all the Villains in despair had di'd,
Had not the fear their Prince in such a tyde
Of blood might have been shipwrackt, whom to save,
A gen'ral Pardon to the rest is give.
And now the dreadful Earthquake which had turnd
The Rock to *Ætna*, could its top have burnd,
With Subteranean fires, being ceas'd, the Prince
Desirous by his knowledge to convince,
Those word-deep wonders, which report had spread,
Of that strange Cave, commands some to be led
By an old Out-law, whose experience knew
The uncouth Vaults remotest Corners, to
Those seats of horrour, which performd, and word
Returnd again, the danger did afford,

Subject

Subject for nobler Spirits; forthwith he (Attended by *Argalia*) goes to see
What had affrighted them; the dreadfull way,
Through which he past, being steep, and rugged lay,
Between two black and troubled streams, that through
The cleft Rock rowld with horrid noise, till to
An ugly Lake, whose heavy streams did ly
Unstird with aire they come, and there are by
That black *Asphaltis* swallowd; a strang sound
Of yelling Dragons, hissing Snakes confound
Each trembling Auditor, till comforted
By bold *Argalia*, venring first to tread
On stones, which did like ruin'd Arches ly
Above the surface of the Lake, he's by
Their aid brought to an ancient Tower, that stood
Fixt in the center of the lazy flood;
Its Basis founded on a Rock, whose brow
With age disfigur'd into clefts, did now
With loud and speedy ruine threaten to
Crush all beneath it; round about it flew
On sooty wings such ominous Birds as hate
The cheerful day, Vipers, and Scorpions sate
Circl'd in darkness, till the cold damp breath
Of neer concreted Vapours, sing'd to death,
By th' numerous light of Torches, which did shine
Through the whole Mountains Convex, and refine
Aire with restraint corrupted, forcing way,
By conquering flames recals the banisht day.
Come now to a black Tower, which seemd to be
The Throne of some infernal Deity,
That his extended Lawes reaches unto
The brazen Gate, whose folded Leaves withdrew,

Book. II.

Book II. Assaul s their eyes with such a flux of light,
That as the dim Attendants of the Night,
In bashful duty shun the Prince of Day,
So their lost Tapors unto this give way;
Whilst it with wonder, that belief out-grew,
Transports their sights to the amazing view
Of so much beauty, that the use of sense
Was lost in more then humane excellence.
A glorious Room, so elegantly faire,
In 's various structure, that the riotous Heir
O.b' eastern Crescent that might choose to be
The Theater of shining Majestie
They now behold, yet then its mighty strength,
Which had preserv'd such beauty from the length
Of Ages ire Tallons, there appear
More rare perfections, the large floor of clear
Transparant Emraulds, lent a luster to
The Oval Roof, whose scarce-seen ground was blew,
Studded with sparkling Gems, whose brightness lent
The beauties of the vaulted Firmament,
To all beneath their beams; the figur'd wals,
Imbost with rare and antick sculptery, cals
For th' next observance, though the serious eye,
The way to truth in secret mystery
He e having lost, lets the dark Text alone,
To view the beauties of a glorious Throne,
Which plac'd within the splendid Room, did stand
Beneath an Ivory Arch, o're which the hand
Of Art, in golden Hieroglipbicks, had
The story of ensuing Fate unclad,
But vainly, since the Art defective times,
Strook nought but discords on those wil-tun'd Chimes.

Upon

Upon the Throne, in such a glorious state,
As earths adored Favourites there sate,
The Image of a Monarch, vested in
The spoils of Natures Robes, whose price had been
A Diadems redemption, his large size,
Beyound this Pigmy Age, did equalize
Th' admir'd proportion of those mighty men,
Whose cast-up bones, grown modern wonders, when
Found out, are carefully preserv'd to tell
Posterity, how much these times are fell
From Natures youthful strength, if be not worse,
Our sins Stenography, the dwarfish Curse
Ordaind for large siz'd Luxury: before
The Throne a Lamp, whose fragrant Oyles had more
Perfum'd the Room, then all the balmy wealth
Of rich *Arabia*, flood: Light, Life, and Health,
Dwelt in its Odours, but what more contents,
The pleas'd Spectators, that fair hand presents
The rest to th' view: the Image to declare
Of whom th' Effigies was, on's Front did bear
A regal Crown, and in his hand sustaind,
A threatning Scepter, but what more explain'd
Antiquities mysterious dress was seen,
In a smal Tablet, which, as if 't had been
Worth more observance, then what Fate expresst
In unknown Figures he' did gently rest
His left hand on, as if endeavouring by
That Index to direct Posterity;
How in their wonders Altitude to praise
The deeper knowledge of those wiser dayes,
By reading in such Characters as Time
Learnd in her non-age (this) in antick Rhyme.

When striving to remove this Light,
To Princes Leaves involv'd in Night;
The time draws neer, that shall pull down
My old Morea's *triple Crown,*
Uniting on one royall Head,
What to disjoyn such discord bred,
But let the more remote take heed,
For there's a third ordaind to bleed;
For when I'me read, not understood,
Then shall Epiru's *royall blood,*
By wates no Mortall yet must know,
Within th' Artolian *Channel flow.*

This strange Inscription read, not only by
The Prince, but those whom wonder had drawn nigh
The sacred Room, their Fancies civil War,
Grows full of trouble, 'tis a Text so far
Beyond a Comment, that their Judgments in
Enigmats maz'd, had long let motion been
In *Epileptick* wonder lost, untill
(As that alone containd their dreaded ill)
The greater part with joynd consents advise,
To have the Lamp remov'd, since in it lies,
(If those Lines prove prophetick) the linkt Fate
Of all *Ionian* Princes, which debate,
Being carried in th' Affirmative, the rest
Drew back, whilst bold *Argalia* forward prest;
But's thus soon stayd, the stone on which he stept,
Next, was by Art so framd, that it had kept
Conceal'd an Engines chiefest Spring, which by
The least waight touchd, in furious hast let fly

Unpracti'd

Unpractis'd wheels, and with such vigour strook,
The Scepter on the long liv'd Lamp, it shook
Its chrystal Wals to dust, not thunders strong
Exagitations, when it roars among
Heaps of congested Elements, a sound
More dreadful makes, but what did most confound
Weak trembling Souls, was the thick darkness that
Succeeds the dying flame, which wondring at,
Whilst all remain, Arts feeble aides supplie
The Lamps lost Vertue, with new Lights, but by
Cold Damps so darkned, that contracted Night
Scornd their weak flames, shewing that hallowd light
Containd more sacred Vertues; now as Fate,
Had only to that hour prolong'd the date
Of all within, a sudden change to dust,
The mighty body turns, consuming rust,
Had eat the brazen Imagry, and left
No sign of what till then, safe from the theft
Of time remaind, darkness had repossest
The sullen Cave, to an eternal rest;
In the rude Chaos of their ashes, all
Arts lively Figures in an instant fall.
Pleas'd with the sight of these strange Objects more,
Then with Wars dangers he was vext before;
The Prince with all his train of Conquerors now,
Is gone to teach th' expecting Army how
To share their wonder, but not far from thence,
Removes before confirmd Intelligence,
Acquaints him with th' Epirots March, who in
His swift advance, so fortunate had been,
That falling on such as the Mornings flight,
Flatterd with hope, they there met endless Night;

Book II. At unawares; but of these added numbers,
Was curst *Almenzor* none, yet Justice slumbers
Ith' prosecution of his unripe Fate,
Which must more horrid sins accumulate;
Before cut off, his clamorous guilt must call
For vengeance louder, and grow hectical
With Custome, til the Tables of his shame,
Into oblivion rot his loathed Name.

The end of the third Canto.

PHARONNIDA.

The second Book.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

The ARGUMENT.

VII.

From Wars wide breaches, whence his brave friends had
With Victory brought him, th' old Prince arriv'd
In safety, whilst fear punishes the bad
Rewards that Vertue, which his Cause reviv'd.

VIII.

In which brave Act, Argalia's Merits met
With a reward that even desert out-grew,
whilst him it the fair Princess Guardian set,
The root on which Loves fruit to ripeness grew.

THat too inferiour Branch, which strove to rise
With the Basillick to Anastomize;
Thus drain'd, the States Plethorick humours are
Reduc'd to Harmony; that blazing Star,

Which

Book II. Which had been lifted by rebellious breath,
To's exaltation in the house of death;
Now lay oppreſt, which Victory compleat,
Leaving his Army, where before the ſeat
O h' Rebels was, his entertainment by,
The welcome Harbenger of Victory,
Before prepared, the pleas'd *Epirote* goes
With an exalted joy to viſit thoſe,
His goodneſs (whilſt unknown) reliev'd, where he
Such noble welcome finds, as not to be
Imagin'd, but by grateful *S*ouls that know
The ſtrength of Curteſie, when 'twould ore-flow
Thoſe Merits, which whilſt Love incites to praiſe
Our friends deſerts, to *Pyramids* we raiſe,
The narrow Confines of *Alcithius* Wall,
Which kept them ſafe from dangers paſt, too ſmal
Grows for that preſent triumph, that blot out
All thoughts of grief, but what are ſpent about
Thanſgiving for delivery, which they do
Perform in ſports, whoſe choice delights might woo
Cold Anchorites from their ſullen Cels, the Earth,
The Aire, the Sea, all in a plenteous birth,
Exhauſted their rich Treaſuries to pay
Tribute to their deſires, which could time ſlay
Her Chariot wheels from hurrying down the Hill
Of feeble Nature, mans vain thoughts would fill
With ſubaltern delights, moſt highly priz'd,
Till the concluſion (death) hath annaliz'd
The doubtful Text, with what lets Mortals know
Their blooming Joyes muſt drop to ſhades below.
That great eclipſe of Glories rayes, within
Whoſe ſhades ſad *Corinth* had benighted been:

Since

Since like a widdowed Turtle, first she sate Book II.
A Mourner for her wandring Princes fate;
Now like the dayes recoverd Rain breaks forth,
In fuller Luster; all excelling worth
That honour'd Vertue, or lov'd beauty plac'd
Her Ornaments, with their appearance grac'd
Those publick triumphs, she prepares to meet
The Princes in, in every splendid street;
The various pride of *Persia* strove t' out-vie
Rich English Wool, dipt in the *Tyrian* Dye:
Each Shop shines bright, and every Merchant shews,
How little to domestick toyl he ows,
By the displaying beauteous Wardrobes, where
The worlds each part may justly claim a share,
Though what in all Arts stiff Contention lent
Most luster was the Windows Ornament,
Fair Constellations of bright Virgins, that
Like ful-blown Flowers, first to be wonderd at,
Display their beauties, but that past, with all
Tempt some kind hand to pluck them ere they fall.
Their entrance in this triumph made, whilst now
Each busie Artist is endeavouring how
To court their Fancies, times smal stock t' improve
The grave *Epirote*, whose designs toward Love;
Yet only by Ambition led, had made
His first approach so seeming retrograde,
By States nice Cautions; and what did presage
More ill the inequality of age,
That when Converse his Fancy Captive led,
His largest hopes on the thin Diet fed
Of a Paternal power, assisted by
Whose usetul aid, with all the industry

Of

Book II. Of eager Love, he ſtil augments that fire,
Which muſt conſume, not ſatisfie deſire.
But as occaſion warn'd him to prevent
Unequal flames, he but few dayes had ſpent
In Loves Polemmicks, ere unpractic'd Art,
From this calm field, to wars more ſerious part
Is ſadly ſummond, thoſe large Conqueſts he
Had triumph'd in, whilſt glorious Victory
Waited on's Sword, too ſpatious to be kept
Obedient whilſt that glittering terrour ſlept,
In an unactive peace, diſclaiming all
The harſh Injunctions of proud Victors, fall
Off from's obedience, and to juſtifie
Their bold revolt, to th' unſafe refuge flie,
Of a defenſive power, to cruſh whoſe pride
With ſuch a force, as an impetuous tyde
Aſſaults the ſhoars defence, he's forc'd to take
A march ſo ſad as Souls, when they forſake
The wel-known Manſions of their bodies, to
Tread deaths uncertain paths, and there renew
Acquaintance with Eternity, perplext
To hear thoſe new Combuſtions, but more vext
With Loves proud flames burning, in which wee'l leave
Him on his haſty Voyage, and receive
A ſmile from the fair Princeſs fate, which till
Enjoyment ſtifles ſtrong deſire, will fill
The tragick Scean no more, but with as ſad
A progreſs to her hopes, as ever had
Poor Virgin to the Throne of Love, will frame
Thoſe harſh *Philaſters*, which in *Cupids* name,
She muſt obey, unleſs ſhe will diſpenſe
With ſacred Vows, and Martyr Innocence.

Theſe

These storms blown o're, and the *Epirote* gone,
Her Father, that till now had waited on
His Entertainment, with a serious eye,
Looks o're his Kingdomes wounds, and doth supply
Each part, which in this late unnatural War
Was grown defective, unto some that are
Not Lethargiz'd in Ill, he gently layes
Refreshing Mercies, sometimes danger stayes
From an approaching Gangren, by applying
Corroding threats, but unto those that flying
All remedies prescrib'd, had mortifi'd
Their Loyalty, stern Justice soon apply'd
The Sword of Amputation, which care past,
As 'twas his greatest, so becomes his last.
Pharonnida he places, where she might,
At once enjoy both safety and delight.
Her thoughts clear calm, too smooth for th' turbulet,
And busie City, wants that sweet content
The private pleasures of the Country did
Afford her Youth, but late attempts forbid
All places far remote, which to supply,
He unto one directs his choice, that by
Its scituation did participate
Of all those rural privacies, yet sate
Cloathd in that flowry Mantle, in the view
Oth' Castle Walls, which as plac'd neer it to
Delight, not trouble, in ful bulk presents,
Her publick Buildings various Ornaments.
This beauteous Fabrick, where th' industrious hand
Of Art had Natures Midwife prov'd, did stand
Divided from the Continent, by th' wide
Armes of a spatious stream, whose wanton pride,

In

Book. II. In Cataracts from th' Mountains broke, as glad
Of liberty to court the Valley, had
Curld his proud Waves, and stretcht them to incloſe
That type of Paradice, whoſe Crown-top roſe
From that clear Mirror, as the firſt dight ſaw,
Fair *Eden* 'mids the Springs of *Havilah*;
So freſh as if its verdant Garments had
Been in the firſt Creations beauties clad
Ere by miſtaking of the fatal Tree,
That blooming type of bleſt Eternity,
Subjected was, by mans too eaſie Crime,
Unto the ſick Viciſſitudes of time.
Nor was ſhe in domeſtick beauty, more
Then Proſpect rich, the wandring eye paſt o're
A flowry Vale, ſmooth, as it had been ſpred
By Nature, for the Rivers fragrant Bed.
At th' opening of that lovely Angle met
The Cities Pride, as coſtlier Art had ſet
That Maſter-piece of Wit and Wealth, to ſhew
Unpoliſht Natures pleaſures were below
Her ſplendid beauties, and unfit to be
Lookt on, leſs in the Springs variety:
Though from the Palace where in proſpect ſtood
All that nice Art, or plainer Nature wood;
If in Contention, ſhew to magnifie,
Their power did ſtand, yet now appeard to vie
That Proſpect, which the City lent, unleſs
Diverted from that civil Wilderneſs:
The pathleſs Woods, and ravenous Beaſts within
Whoſe bulk were but the Metaphors for ſin;
We turn to view the ſtately Hils, that fence
The other ſide oth' happy Iſle, from whence

All

All that delight or profit could invent
For rural pleasures was for prospect sent.
As Nature strove for something uncouth in
So fair a dress, the struggling streams are seen,
With a loud murmure rowling 'mongst the high
And rugged clefts, one place presents the eye
With barren rudeness, whilst a neighbouring field
Sits cloathd in all the bounteous spring could yield,
Here lovely Landskips, where thou mightst behold,
When first the Infant Morning did unfold
The Dayes bright Curtains, in a spatious Green,
Which Natures curious Art had spread between
Two bushy Thickets, that on either hand,
Did like the Fringe of the fair Mantle stand,
A timerous herd of grasing Deer, and by
Them in a shady Grove, through which the eye
Could hardly pierce, a wel-built Lodge, from whence
The watchful Keepers careful diligence,
Secures their private walks, from hence to look
On a deep Valley, where a silver Brook,
Doth in a soft and busie murmure slide
Betwixt two Hils, whose shadows strove to hide
The liquid wealth, they were made fruitful by,
From ful discoveries of the distant eye.
Here from fair Country Farmes that had been
Built 'mongst those Woods, as places happy in
Their privacy, the first salutes of light,
Fair Country-Virgins meet, cleanly, and white,
As were their milky loads; so free from pride,
(Though truly fair) that justly they deride
Courts nice Contentions, and by freedome prove
More blest their Lives, more innocent their Loves.

Early

Book. II. Early as these appears within the field,
The painful Husbandman, whose Labour steeld
With fruitful hopes, in a deep study how
T' improve the Earth, follows his slow-pac'd Plow.
Neer unto these a Shepherd having took
On a green Bank, plac'd neer a purling Brook,
Protection from the Suns warm beams, within
A cool fresh shade, truly contented in
That Sollitude, is there endeavouring how
On's wel-tun'd Pipe, to smooth the furrowd brow
Of careful want, seeing not far from hence
His flock (the Emblems of his Innocence)
Where the more lofty Rock admits not these
Domestick pleasures, Nature there did please
Her self with wilder pastimes, on those Clifts
Whose rugged heads the spatious Mountain lifts
To an unfruitful height, amongst a wild
Indomitable herd of Goats, the mild
And fearful Cony, with her busie feer,
Makes Warmth and Safety in one Angle meet.
From this wild range, the eye contracted in
The Islands narrow bounds would think 't had been
Ith' world before, but now were come to view
An Angel-guarded Paradice till to
A Pictures first rude Catagraph, the Art
Of an ingenious Pensil doth impart
Each Complement of skil, or as the Court
To the rude Country, as each Princely sport
That brisks the blood of Kings, to those which are
The gross-Soul'd Peasants rude delight, so far
These Objects differ, here wel-figur'd Nature
Had put in form, and to a goodly stature;

On

On whose large bulk more lasting Arts were spent, Book. II.
Added the dress of choicest Ornament.
The stately Mount, whose artificial Crown,
The Palace was, to meet the Vale stole down
On soft descents, by labour forc'd into
A sliding Serpentine, whose winding Clew,
An easie, but a slow descent did give
Unto a purling stream, whose Spring did live,
When from the Hils cool Womb broke forth, within
A *Grotto*, whence before it did begin
To take its weeping farewel, into all
The various Forms restrictive Art could call,
Her Elemental Instruments unto
Obedience by it, Courts th' admiring view
Of pleas'd Spectators, here exalted by
Clear Aqueducts, in showers, it from those high
Supporters fals, now turnd into a thin
Vapour, in that Heavens painted Bow is seen;
Now it supplies the place of Aire, and to
A Quire of Birds gives breath, which all seemd flew
From thence for fear, when the same Element
With such a noise as Seas imprisond rent,
Including Rocks do roar, which rude sound done;
As noble Conqu'rors who the Battel won,
From the loud thunders of impetuous War,
To the calm fields of peaceful Mercies are
By manly pity led, so *Proteus* like,
Returnd from what did fear or wonder strike;
The liquid Nymph resuming her own shape,
Within a Marble square, a clear escape,
Till from her winding stream the River takes
Still fresh supplies, from that fair Fountain makes

Upon those Banks which guarded her descent,
Both for her Odour, and her Ornament,
Lillies, and fragrant Roses there were set;
To heighten whose perfume, the Violet
And maiden Primrose in their various dress,
Steal through that Moss, whose humble lowliness,
Preserve their beauties, whilst *Aurora's* rose
And that ambitious Flower that will disclose
The ful-blown beauties of her self to none,
Until the Sun mounts his Meridian Throne:
Like envied worth, together with the view
Of the Beholders, being expos'd unto
Each storms rough breath, in that Vicissitude,
Finds that their pride their danger doth include,
When scortcht with heat, or burthend with a shower,
From blooming beauty sinks the fading Flower;
Though here defended by a Grove that twin'd
Mutual Imbraces, and with boughs combin'd,
Protects the falling stream, which it ne're leaves,
Till thence the Vale its flowry wealth receives.
Plac'd as the nobler Faculty to this
Of vegitation, like an Emphasis,
Amongst the flowers of Rhetorick did stand
The gorgeous Palace, where Arts curious hand
Had to exceed example centerd in
One exact Model, what had scatterd been:
But as those Fragments which she now selects,
The glory of all former Architects,
Here did the beauties of those Temples shine,
Which *Ephesus*, or sacred *Pallastine*,
Once boasted in, the *Persian* might from this
Take Paterns for his fam'd *Persepolis*:

This

This, which had that fair *Carian* Widow known; Book. II.
Mausolea's Tomb had ne're a Proverb grown,
But been esteemd, after her cost, by her
That did erect, a homely Sepulcher.
Though to describe this Fabrick, be as far
Above my Art, as imitations are
Beneath its worth, yet if thy Fancies eye
Would at its out-side glance, receive it by
This cloudy *Medium*; on a stately square,
Which powerful Art forc'd to a level, where
The Mountain highest rose, compast about
With a thick Grove, whose leavy Vail let out
Its beauties so, 'tis at a distance seen,
A silver Mount enameld o're with green;
The shining Palace stood, whose outward form
Though such, as if, built for perpetual storm?
Yet in that strength appeard but arm'd to be,
Beauties Protector, whose varietie
Though all met in an Artful gracefulness,
In every Square put on a several dress.
The sides whose large Balcones conveyd the Ey
To th' Filds wild Prospects, were supported by
A thousand Pillars, where in mixture shone
The *Parian* white and red *Corinthian* stone,
Supporting Frames, where in the like Art stood
Smooth Ivory mixt with *India's* swarthy wood:
All which with Gold, and purer Azure brought
From *Persian* Artists, in *Mosaicks* wrought:
The curious Eye into *Meanders* led,
Until diverted by a sight that bred
More real wonder, the rich Front wherein
By antick sculpture, all that ere had been

Book II. The various Acts of their preceding Kings,
So figur'd was, no weighty Mettal brings,
Ought to inhaunce its worth, Art did compose,
Each Emblem of such various Gems, all chose
Their several colours, under a Saphir Sky,
Here cheerful Emeraulds, chast *Smaragdi* ly;
A fresh green field, in which the armed Knights
Were all clad in heart-cheering Chrisolites,
With Rubies set, which to adorn them twist
Embraces with the temperate *Amethyst*:
For parts unarmd, here the fresh Onix stood,
And Sardias stone appeard like new-drawn blood.
The *Protem* like *Achates* here was made,
For Swords fair Hi'ts, but for the glittering Blade,
(Since all of rich and pretious Gems was thus)
Compos'd, was shewn of flaming *Pirepus*.
And least ought here that's excellent should want,
The Ladies Eyes were shining Adamant.
These glorious Figures large, as if that in
Each common Quar these glittering Jems had been
By sweaty Labourers dig'd, united by
Successful Art unto the distant Ey;
Their mixt beams with such splendid Luster sent,
That Comets, with whose fall the Firmament,
Seems all on fire, amazes not the sight,
With such a full and sudden Flux of Light:
As Lines extended from their Center, hence
Unto the Islands clear circumference,
Four flowry Glades, whose odoriferous dress,
Tempted the weary to forgetfulness;
Cutting the Mountain, into Quadrants led,
Into the Valley, Pleasures humble Bed;

Where

Where come (if Natures ſtock can ſatisfie
The Fancy at the Fountains of the Eye)
'Twas here performd in all that did include,
What active mirth, or ſacred ſollitude,
Could happy call, Groves never ſeen by th' Eye
Oth' Univerſe, whoſe pleaſing privacy,
Was more retir'd from treacherous light then thoſe,
To hide from Heaven, Earths firſt Offender choſe.
When Contemplation the kind Mother to,
All thoughts that ere in ſacred rapture flew
Toward Celeſtial Bowers, had here refin'd
The yet imperfect Embriots of the mind;
To recreate contracted Spirits by,
The Souls beſt Med'cine, freſh variety;
An eaſie walk conducts them unto all
That active Sports did ere convenient call.
All which, like a fair Theater by th' Bank
Oth' River verg'd, was guarded by a Rank
Of ancient Elms, whoſe lofty Trunks embrac'd,
By claſping Vines, with various colours grac'd
Their ſpreding branches, whoſe proud brows being crownd
With ſtately Walks, did from that ample round,
The wel-pleas'd Eye to every place convay,
That in the Iſlands humble level lay.
To guard her Court, a hundred Gentlemen,
Such as had glorifi'd their Valour, when
Tryed in her Fathers Wars attended, which
Commanded by *Argalia*, did enrich
His Merit with ſuch fair reward, that all
His better Stars, ſhould they a Synod call;
Thoſe fires conven'd here with more glorious Light,
Could cloath his hopes, his Fortunes dim-ey'd Night,

Book II. Inflam'd to Noon, and the fair Princess blest
By the same power; for though his Fate invest
His noble Soul within the obscure Mask
Of an unknown descent, his Fame shall ask
In time to come a Chronicle, and be
The Glory of that royal Family,
From whence he sprung: but ere he must attain
The top of Fortunes Wheel, that Iron Chain,
By whose linkt strength it turns, too oft will grate
Him with most hot Afflictions, his wise Fate
Digs deep with Miseries, before it layes
The ground-sork of his Fame, which then shall raise
On the firm Basis of Authentick story,
To him eternal *Pyramids* of Glory.
Thou that art skil'd in Loves *Palemmicks* here,
With they may rest awhile, and though drawn neer
A sadder Fate, if pi y sayes to rath,
'Tis to let sorrow sad the *Scean*, wee'l bath
Our Pen awhile in Nectar, though we then
Steep it in Gall again; the Spring did, when
The Princess first did with her presence grace
This house of pleasure, with soft Armes embrace
The Earth his lovely Mistress, clad in all
The painted Robes, the Mornings Dew let fall
Upon her Virgin Bosome; the soft breath
Of *Zephirus* sung calm Anthems at the death
Of Palsie-shaken Winter, whose large Grave
The Earth, whilst they in fruitful tears did leave,
Their pious grief turnd into smiles, they throw
Over the Herse a Vail of Flowers, the low
And pregnant Valleys sweld with fruit, whilst Heaven
Smil'd on each bathing its faire hand had given.

Be-

Be-calmd on this pacifick Sea of pleasure, Book II.
No boisterous Wave appearing, the rich treasure
Of Love, being ballast with Content, did fear
No threatning storm, so safe a Harbour neer,
As th' Object whence it sprung: such royal sports
As take their birth from the triumphant Courts
Of happy Princes, did contract the day
To pitied beauty, time steals away
On downy feet, whose loss since it bereaves
Them of no more then what new birth receives,
From the next teeming day, by none is thought
Worth the lamenting; sometimes rockt in the soft
Armes of the calmest pleasures, they behold,
A sprightly Comedy, the sins unfold
Of more corrupted times, then in its high
Cothurnal Scenes, a lofty Tragedy
Erects their thoughts, and doth at once invite
To various Passions, Sorrow and Delight.
Time (Motions aged Measurer) includes
Not more in all the hours it divides,
Then their oft changing Recreations, that
When the Suns lofty pride
The Earths imbroiderd Robes,
And palsie hand did those fresh beauties
Up in her hoary Plush, each Season
Delights of 'ts own, such a beguil'd
Its stock of hours unwasted on, in chast,
Though private sports, here happy Lovers
Fancie's fresh Youth, whose first attempts did prove
Too innocent for th' Sophistry of Love;

Book II. There scornful beauty, or the envious eye
Of jealous Rivals nere afflicts, all by
An equal and a noble height so blest,
Pride none had rais'd, nor poverty depress.

The end of the fourth Canto.

PHARONNIDA.

The second Book.

CANTO THE FIFTH.

The ARGUMENT.

IX.

Whilst serene Joy sate smiling in her Court,
As shadows to illustrate Vertue by
Phantastick Love becomes the Princess sport,
Whose harsher Dictates she ere long must try.

X.

For now Suspition (Vertues secret Foe)
Fir'd with Argalia's *just deserved Fame,*
Makes her great Father think each Minute slow,
Till separation had allayd the Flame.

LEst that her Court, which seems compos'd of all
That's great, or good, th'ore-weaning world should call
Perfections height, a word which whilst on Earth,
(Vain as delight) only from Name takes birth,

In

Book II. In this, the largest and most glorious sphear,
Ere Greatness mov'd in, some few Stars appear,
To Vertue retrograde, th' informing Spirit
(Love) by whose motion, on the Pole of Merit,
This bright Orb turnd, even 'mongst these Heroes finds
A pair of Followers, whose imperfect minds
Transgrest his Dictates, and though no offence
So full of guilt, as foul Incontinence,
Durst here approach, by waies less known unto
What Love intends, those various Figures drew,
Whose Aspects nere more neer Conjunction move,
Then Eyes, the slight Astronomy of Love.
That new Platonnick Malady, the way
By which imperfect Eunuchs do betray
Natures Diseases to contempt, whilst by
Such slight repast, they strive to satisfie
Loves full desires, which pines, or else must crave
More then thin Souls in seperation have;
Being lately by some sick Phantasticks brought,
But neer the Court, within it long had sought
For residence, till entertaind by two
Whose meeting Souls no more distinction knew,
Then Sex, a difference which whilst here it grows,
Toward Heaven, it to Corporeal Organs owes.
But since that these so uncouth Actors here,
But as Intruders on the Scean appear,
Ere in their story we ingulph too far,
Let's first behold them in their Character:
If ere thy sober Reason did submit,
To suppling Mirth (that wanton Child of wit)
Beholding A Fantastick, dresst in all
His vain delights, whats Annalogical

To

To our *Acretius*, then conceive thou'ſt ſeen, Book II.
Though if compar'd, thoſe ſhort to him had been,
As Tranſcripts are to Coppies; to compleat
A Humoriſt here, Folly had cloſe a ſeat,
'Mongſt more then vulgar knowledge, and might paſs
The ſame account, an Academick Aſs
Makes of his Fathers four year Charge, when he
Frights Villagers with ſhreds of Sophiſtry.
'Mongſt forrein parts, of which like Coriate,
Hee'd run through ſome, he had acquir'd to prate
By priviledge, and as if every Nation
Contributed, is in each ſeveral faſhion;
Which (like their Tongues) all ſo imperfect find,
That both diſguiz'd his body and his mind;
Though ſelf conceit (vain Youths fantaſtick Crime)
Made him ſteal ſingly from the Front of time,
Ith' *Medium*, which but ſeldome proves the ſeat,
For Luſt's wild-fire, or Zeals reflected heat,
He amarous grows, and doubting to prevail,
For all his Wings caught *Pegaſus* by th' Tail;
And being before with *Cupids* Engines fit'd,
From his Poſteriors doubly was inſpir'd.
She that at firſt this ſympathetick flame,
Inſpir'd him with the Court, knew by the Name
Of *Philanta*, to whom all would impair
Their skill, that gave that Epithet of fair
Except *Acretius*, ſince her beauty ſit
For praiſes was, where parallel'd by wit.
Yet, now, although times ſad diſcovery tels
Her Autumes furrows were no parallels,
In Beauties ſphear, thoſe youthful forms being grown
So obſolete, ſcarce the *Veſtigia's* ſhown

A native

Book II. A Native pride, and ſtrange phantaſtick dreſs,
More admiration then ere comelineſs
Could do, acquires: She formerly had been
A great Admirer of Romances, in
Whoſe Garb ſhe now goes dreſt; a medly piece,
Made up of *India*, *Turkie*, *Perſia*, *Greece*,
With other Nations, all enforc'd to be
Compriz'd within five foots Stenography.
Her Wit that had been critical, and rang'd
'Mongſt Ladies more then th' Uſhers legs, was chang'd,
To gratifie, and every word ſhe ſayd,
An Apothegme unto the Chamber-Maid,
From whom her long experienc'd knowledge in
ſome of the female myſteries of ſin,
Had gain'd the applauſe of being skil'd in all
That could prevent decaying Beauties fall.
Acratius and ſhe, being ſuch a pair,
As Nature, when tir'd with more ſerious care,
For Recreation made, inſtructed by
Their meeting Natures ſecret ſympathy;
Soon learn to love, but as if now too wiſe
For Youths firſt dictates, Loves looſe Rules comprize
In ſuch ſtrick bounds, that each the Object ſaw
Of their deſires, like ſacred things, ſome Law,
Fear made obey'd, forbids the world to uſe,
Leaſt the Ador'd, enjoyment ſhould abuſe
Into contempt, nor are their meetings in
Thoſe plainer pathes (which their nice Art cals ſin)
At all performd, that the dull road unto
The Bridal Bed; this the fantaſtick Clew
To a delight, which doth in Labyrinths ſit,
None ere beheld, while they preſerv'd their wit.

Like

Like wanton *Jove* committing ſecret Rapes
On mortal Beauties, they tranſmute their ſhapes,
At every inter-view, now in a dreſs
Reſembling an *Arcadian* Shepherdeſs;
She in the Woods encounters him, whilſt he
Arm'd like a furious Knight, reſolv'd to be
Her Raviſher approaches, but being by
Her prayers charmd into pity, there doth ly,
Fetterd in ſoft Embraces; now he muſt
Turn Hermit, and be tempted unto Luſt,
By her a Lady errant; like diſtreſt
Lovers, whoſe hopes by rigid Friends oppreſt,
Pines to deſpair, they now are wandring in
Unhanted Groves, whoſe penſive ſhades had been,
So oft their ſhady Vail, that every Tree,
In wreaths where Love lay wrapt in myſtery,
Held their included Names, a ſubtile way,
To the obſervant Courties to betray
Their ſerious folly, which, from being their own
Delight, was now the ſport oth' Pages grown;
The pleaſant Off-ſprings of whoſe wanton wit,
Diſturbs their peace, that though ſecur'd they ſit,
In ſhady Deſarts, with as much of fear,
As wandring Ladies, when the Gyants neer,
They'r ſtill poſſeſt; leſs terrible were all
The dreadful Objects *Ammadis de Gaule*,
Or wittier *Quixote*, from their Enemies
Ere met, then was the fear of a ſurprize,
By thoſe which did ſuch ſtrict obſervance take,
They thus their folly the Courts laughter make.
Neer to the Iſlands utmoſt Verge did lye
Retir'd even from Heavens univerſal Eye,

A deep

Book. II. A deep, dark Vale, whose Night-concealing shade,
By a fresh Rivers silver stream was made
So sweetly cool, it often did invite,
Pharonnida to meet the smooth delight
Of calm retirement there, where to impart
With Natures Bounty all that liberal Art
Though fit for so remote a pleasure, stood,
A *Grotto* where, the *Macrocosmes* cold blood,
Run more dispersst in various Labyrinths then
It circulates within the Veins of men.
Hither th' inventive Lovers, who long sought
Some way which Fancy nere her Followers taught,
T' expres their serious folly in, repair,
Oft as the Sun made th' insalubrious Aire,
Unfit for publick walks; to entertain
Them here, with what exceeded all their vain
Delights before, newly erected by
Succesful Art, each various Deity,
Old Fancy plac'd the Seas Commanders, here
They with delight behold, but when drawn neer,
They saw ith' midst oth' blew-ey'd *Tritons* plac'd
Neptune and *Thetis* Chariot, yet not grac'd
With their unfinisht figures: this they took,
For so much favour, as they had forsook
Their Thrones to give them place, but what adds yet
More to the future mirth, they swiftly fit
Themselves with Habits, such as Art had drew
Its Fancies in, both of their Robes being blew;
Inchac'd with silver streams, their heads with fair
Dishevel'd Perrywigs of Sea-green hair;
Were both adornd, circling whose Crowns they wore,
Wreathd Coronets of Flags, his right hand bore

A Golden

A Golden *Trident* here (yet hardly red)
As if new pluckt from the *Seas* froathy Bed,
A branch of Corral: but whilſt here they ſit
Proudly adornd, both void of Fear, as Wit;
The Gates oth' *Grotto*, ſwiftly ſhutting in
A Torrent, ſuch as if they'd ſeated been,
At *Niles* loud Chataracts, by wayes before
Unſeen break forth, by which the Engine bore
From its firm ſtation, ſtotes aloft, and by
A ſwift withdrawing of thoſe Bayes, which tye
Floods from commerce, is wafted forth into
A ſpatious Pool, where the bold Artiſt drew
Th' unfathom'd Seas Epitomy, within
A circling Wall, but ſuch as might have been
A pattern to *Romes* big bulk'd pride, when they
Shewd Seas loud Battels, for the Lands ſoft play.
Our amorous Humoriſts, that muſt now appear,
Theſe narrow Seas Commanders, ſhook with fear,
Sit trembling, whilſt the ſhril-voic'd *Tritons* ſound
Their crooked Shels, whoſe watry Notes were drownd
By th' lofty laughter of that Troop, they ſaw
Their pleas'd Spectators; for *Pharonnida*,
Being now with all her beauteous Train come to
Behold this Pageant, taught them how to view
A ſhame as dreadful as their fear, which yet
Was full of horrour, for though ſafe they ſit
Ith' floating Chariot, yet the mounting Waves,
So boiſterous grew, that even great *Neptune* craves
Himſelf relief, till frighted from all ſenſe,
By ſecond dangers, from that Port from whence
They ſallied forth, two wel-rig'd Ships are now
Seen under Sail, whoſe actions taught them how

Sea-

Book. II. Sea-fights are mannag'd, in a method that
They being too neer engag'd to tremble at,
By fears slow conduct, to confusion led,
Fall from their Thrones, and through the Waves had fled
From shame to death, had they not rescued been,
By swift Relief, a Curtesie that in
Its first approach, though welcom'd when they come
To stand the shock oth' Courts loud mirth, as dumb,
As were the Fishes, they so late forsook,
Makes Mercy court them in a dreadful look.
But leaving these to pay with future hate,
Each Courtiers present mirth, a sadder fate
Commands my Pen no longer to attend
On smooth Delights, before it gives an end
To that *Ephemera* of pleasure, which
Whilst a free Conversation did enrich
Their thoughts too fast did ripen in the breast
Of both our royal Lovers, whose Fate rests
Not long in downy slumbers, ere it starts
In vain Phantasmaes ; Hope her self departs
In a distracted trembling, their bright sphear
Of milder Stars, had now continued clear ;
So long, till what their smiling Influence drew,
From their unthankful Earth, contracted to
A vail of Clouds, whose coolness whilst some prais'd,
Obscur'd those beams, by which they first were rais'd.
Hels subtile Embrioes, the Ingratitudes
Of curst *Amphibia*, whose disguise includes
Mischiefs Epitome, had often strook
In secret at their envied joyes, which took
Nere its effects till now, so heavenly free
The vertuous Princess was, from what could be

Of

Of him to vice, she knew not to mistrust Book. II.
It in another, but thinks all as just
As her own even thoughts, wherefore without
Oppressing of her Soul with the least doubt
Rais'd from suspition, she dares let her see
She lov'd *Argalia*, though it could not be,
Yet counted more then what his Merits might
Claim as Desert, but this smal beam of light,
Through the Prospective of suspition, to
Envies malignant Eye conveyd, to do
An Act, informs the curst *Amphibia*, that
Makes Love lament, for what she triumph'd at;
Since Vertue (Heavens unspotted Character)
On the belov'd *Argalia* did transfer
Merits of too sublime a height to be
Shadowed with vice, from that Flowers fragrancie
She sucks her venome, and from what had built
His Glory, now intends to raise his Guilt;
For though the Prince no Engines need to move,
His Passions Frame, but just Desert, his Love,
Her close endeavours are to heighten't by
Praises, that make Affection jealousie,
Whose Venome, having once possest his Soul,
It swiftly doth (like fatal Charmes) controul
Reasons fair Dictates, and although no fear
From such wel-order'd Actions could appear
To strengthen it, *Argalia's* Merits caus'd
Some sad and sullen doubts, such as when pauz'd
Awhile upon, resolve their Cure must be
Their Cause remov'd, though in that Action he
From his Breasts royal Mansion, doth exclude
The noblest Vertue, generous Gratitude.

ook II. To cure this new felt Wound, and yet not give
Strong Arguments, great Vertues cannot live
Safe in corrupted Courts, the poyson's sent
In gilded Pils, a specious Complement,
To call him from his calm and quiet charge;
Pretends by new additions to enlarge
His ful-blown Fame, to an extent as far
As Valour climbs in slippery heights of War;
Which now (though calmd in's own Dominions) by
A friendly League invites him to supply
The stout *Epirote* with an Army, that
Though rich in Valour, more was trembled at,
For being commanded by *Argalia*, then
Compos'd of *Sparta's* most selected men.
As if no grief could be commensurate
Unto their Joyes, but what did blast their Fate,
In its most blooming Spring, our Lovers were
When first assaulted by the Messenger
Of this sad news, sate in the quiet shade,
A meeting Grove o'amr'rous Mirtles made,
To vail the Brow of a fair Mount, whose sides
A beauteous Robe of ful-blown Roses hides
In such discourse, the flying Minutes spending,
As Passion dictates, when firm Vows are ending;
Those Parls by which Love toward Perfection went,
In the obliging bliss of full consent.
The fatal Scrowl receiv'd and read, untill
She finds their parting doom, the *Spring-tydes* fill
Her Eyes, those chrystal Seas of grief: she stops
Fans with a Sigh her Heart, then sheds some drops
Upon the guilty Paper; trembling Fear,
Plucks Roses from her Cheeks, which soon appear

Full

Full blown again with anger, red and white
Did in this Conflict of her Passions fight:
For the prehemine nce, which Agony
Argalia noting, doubtful what might be
The cause of so much ill, he in his Armes
Circles his Saint, with all the powerful Charms
Of Loves soft Rhetorick, her lost pleasure strives
To call again, but no such choice Flower thrives,
(Though Springs of Tears thither invite their rest)
In the cold Region of her grief-swoln Breast.
Long had she strove with Griefs oppressive load,
Ere *Sighs* make way for this, — Is thy aboad
Become the Parent of *Suspition*? look
On this *Argalia*, there hath poyson took
Its Lodging under neath these Flowers, whose foree
Will blast our Hopes, -- there -- there a sad Divorce,
'Twixt our poor Loves is met, ere we more near
Then in Desires have met; as much of fear,
As could possess his mighty Soul, did shake
His strenuous hands, whilst 'twas stretcht forth to take
The Letter from *Pharonnida*, which he
Having lookt o're, and finding it to be
An honourable Policy to part
Them without noise, he Curtains o're his Heart,
(Pale as was hers with fear) in a disguise
(Which though Rage drew his Soul into his Eyes)
So pollisht o're his Passion, to her grief,
(His own conceald) he thus applies relief.
Dear vertuous Princess, give your reason leave
But to look through this Cloud, which doth receive
Its Birth from nought but Fear; this honour which
Your royal Father pleases to enrich

Book II. My worthleſs Fortune with, will but prepare
Our future happineſs, the time we ſpare
From feeding on *Ambroſia*, will encreaſe
Our wealthy ſtore, when the white Wings of peace
Shall bear us back with Victory; there may
Through the dark *Chaos* of my Fate diſplay
Some beam of Honour, though compar'd with thine,
(That Element of living flames) it ſhine
Dim as the pale-fac'd Moon, when ſhe lets fall
Through a dark Grove her beams: thy Vertues ſhall
Give an Alarum to my ſluggiſh Soul,
When ere it drops; thy Memory controul
The weakneſs of my Paſſions: When we ſtrive
Ith' heat of glorious Battel, I'le revive
My drooping *Spirits*, with that harmony
Thy Name includes; thy Name, whoſe memory
(Dear as thoſe Relicks a protecting Saint
Sends humble Vot'ries) mention, will acquaint
My thoughts with all that's good, then calm again,
This Conflict of thy fears, I ſhall remain
Safe in the Hail of Death, if guarded by
Thy pious Prayers; Fates Meſſengers, that fly
On wings inviſible, will loſe the way
Aim'd at my breaſt, if thou vouchſafe to pray
To Heaven for my protection. — But if we
Here meet again, yet — oh yet, let me be
Sometimes with pity thought on, at which word,
His ore-charg'd Eyes no longer could afford
A Room to entertain their Tears; both wept,
As if they ſtrove to quench that fire which kept
Light in the Lamps of Life, whoſe Fortunes are
Ith' Houſe of Death, whilſt *Mars* the regal Star.

Some

Some time in silent sorrow spent, at length
The fair *Pharonnida* recovers strength,
Though Sighs each Accent interrupted to
Return this Answer, Wilt, oh wilt thou do
Our infant Love such injury to leave
It ere full grown: When shall my Soul receive
A comfortable smile to cherish it,
When thou art gone; they'r but dull Joyes that sit
Enthron'd in fruitless wishes: yet I could
Part with a less expence of sorrow, would
Our rigid Fortune only be content
With absence, but a greater punishment
Conspires against us, danger must attend
Each step thou treadst from hence, and shall I spend
Those hours in mirth? each of whose minutes lay
Wait for thy life; when Fame proclaims the day,
Wherein your Battels joyn, how will my fear
With doubtful Pulses bear, until I hear
Whom Victory adorns? Or shall I rest
Here without trembling, when lodg'd in thy breast,
My heart's expos'd to every danger that
Assails thy Valour, and is wounded at
Each stroke that lites on thee, which absent, I
Prompted by fear to Myriads multiply.
—But these are Fancies Wildfires, we in vain
Do spend unheard Orizons, and complain
To unrelenting Rocks, this Night pcest Scrol,
This Bill of our Divorcement doth inrole
Our Names in sable Characters, nought will
Expunge till death obliterate our Ill.
Oh do not (dear Commandress of my Heart)
Argalia answers, let our moist eyes part

Book II. In such a Cloud as will for ever hide
Hopes brightest Beams, those Deities that guide
The secret motions of our Fate, will be
More merciful, then to twist Destiny
In such black Threads, should Death unravel all
The feeble Cordage of our Lives, we shall
Spight of that Prince of Terrours, in the high
And glorious Palace of Eternity,
Being met again, renew that Love, which we
On Earth were forc'd, before Maturity
Had ripen'd it to Leaves; ith' numerous throng
Of long departed *Souls*, that stray among
The Mirtles in *Elizium*, I will find
Thy Virgin Ghost; and whilst the Rout inclin'd
To sensual pleasures here, refining are,
In purging Flames laugh at each envious Star,
Whose Aspects, if ill cited at our Birth,
With poysonous Influence blasts the Joyes of Earth.
Oh wast not (cries the Princess) dear time in
These shadows of Conceit, the Hours begin
To be 'mongst those inserted, that have try'd
The Actions of the World, which must divide
Us from our Joy; the Sea through which we sail
Works high with woe, nor can our prayers prevail
To calm its angry Brow; the glorious Fraight
Of my unwelcome Honours hangs a Waight
Too ponderous on me for to steer the way,
Thy humbler Fortunes do, else ere I'de stay
To mourn without thee, I would rob my Eyes
Of peaceful slumbers, and in course disguise,
(Whilst Love my Sex's weakness did controul)
Command my Body to attend my Soul:

My

My Soul, my dear, which hovering neer thee, not
Midnight alarums, that appear begot
By truth should startle; 'twixt the clamorous Camp,
Lightned with Cannons, and the peaceful Lamp,
That undisturb'd here wasts its Oile, I know
No difference, but what doth from Passion flow:
Whose close Assaults do more afflict us far,
Then all the loud impetuous storms of War.
We must, we must, replies *Argalia*, stand
This Thunder bolt unmov'd, since his Command,
Whose Will confirms our Law; happy had we
Great Princess been, if in that low degree,
From whence my Infancy was rais'd, I yet
Had liv'd a toiling Rural, then when fit
For *Himens* pleasures, uncontrol'd I'de took
Some homely Village Girl, whose Friends could look
After no Joynture, for to equallize
Her Portion but my love; no jealous Eyes
Had waited on our Meetings, we had made
All our Addresses free; the friendly shade
Cast from a spreading Oak, as soon as she
Had milkt her Cows, had prov'd our Canopy,
Where our unpolisht Courtship had a Love,
As chast concluded, as from th' amorous Dove,
Pearcht neer us we had learnt it; when arriv'd
Unto Loves *Zenith*, we had undepriv'd,
By disagreeing Parents soon been led,
To Church by th' spruceſt *Swains*; our Marriage-bed,
Though poor and thin, would have been neatly dreſt
By rural Paranymphs, clad in the best
Wool their own Flocks afforded; in a low
And humble Shed, on which we did bestow

Book II. Nought but our labour to erect, we might
Have spent our lustie youth with more delight
Then glorious Courts are guilty of, And when
Age had decayd our strength, grown up to men
Beheld our large course issue. Our dayes ended
Unto the Church been solemnly attended
By those of our own Rank, and buried been
Neer to the Font that we were Christned in.
Whilst I in russet Weeds of poverty
Had spun these course Threds, shining Majesty
Would have exhausted all her stock to Frame,
A match for thy Desert; some Prince whose Name
The neighbouring Regions trembl'd at, from whom
The generous Issue of thy fruitful Womb,
Might have deriv'd a stock of Fame to build
A future Greatness on, such as should yeild
Subjects of wonder to the World. About
To interrupt him, ere he had drawn out
This sad Theam she began to speak, but by
Night's swift approach was hinder'd; now drew nigh
The time of his departure: whilst he bleeds,
At thought oth' first, a second Summons speeds
His preparations to the City, where
That big bulkt body, unto which his care
Must add a Soul, was now drawn up, and stayd,
Only to have his wisht Commands obeyd.
His powerful Passion, Loves strict Rules respecting,
More then bright Honours Dictates, yet neglecting
All summons stayed him, till he'd sacrific'd
His Vows to her, whose every smile he priz'd,
Above those trivial Glories; Ere from hence
He dares depart, each with a new expence

Of

Of Tears, payes intereſt to exacting Fate, Book III.
For every Minute ſhe had lent of late,
Unto poor Love, whoſe ſtock ſince not his own
Although no Spend-thrift is a Bankrupt grown.
Look how a bright and glorious Morning, which
The youthful Brow of *April* doth enrich,
Smiles, till the rude Winds blow the troubl'd Clouds
Into her Eyes, then in a black Vail ſhrouds
Her ſelf, and weeps for ſorrow; ſo wept both
Our royal Lovers, each would, and yet was loath
To bid farwel, till ſtubborn time inforc'd
Them to that Task; firſt his warm Lips divorc'd
From the ſoft balmy touch of hers; next parts
Their hands, thoſe frequent witneſſes oth' heart's
Indiſſoluble Contracts: laſt, and worſt,
Their eyes, —their weeping eyes, (oh Fate accurſt,
That layes ſo hard a task upon my Pen,
To write the parting of poor Lovers) when
They had even loſt their light in tears, were in
That ſhade, that diſmal ſhade, forc'd to begin
The progreſs of their ſorrow; he is gone,
Sweet, ſad *Pharonnida* left — left alone,
To entertain grief in ſoft ſighs, whilſt he
'Mongſt noiſe and tumult, oft finds time to be
Alone with ſorrow, though encompaſt by
A numerous Army, whoſe brave Souls ſweld high,
With hopes of Honour, leaſt Fames Trump want breath,
Haſt to ſupply't by Victory, or death.
But ere calmd thoughts to proſecute our ſtory,
Salute thy Ears with the deſerved Glory
Our marſhal Lovers purchaſt hefe, I muſt
Let my Pen reſt awhile, and ſee the ruſt

Scour'd

Book II. Scour'd from my own Sword, for a fatal day
Draws on those gloomy hours, whose short steps may
Newberies second Fight. In *Britains* blushing Chronicle write more
Of sanguine Guilt, then a whole Age before:
To tell our too neglected Troops that we
In a just Cause are slow, we ready see
Our rallied Foes, nor wil't our sloathful Crime
Expunge, to say, Guilt wakend them betime,
From every Quarter, the affrighted Scout
Brings swift Alarums in, hovering about
The clouded tops of the adjacent Hils,
Like ominous Vapours lye their Troops, noise fils
Our yet unrallied Army, and we now
Grown legible, in the contracted Brow,
Discern whose heart looks pale with fear: If in
This rising storm of blood, which doth begin
To drop already, I'me not washt into
The Grave, my next safe Quarter shall renew
Acquaintance with *Pharonnida*, till then,
I leave the Muses to converse with men,

The end of the second Book.

PHA.

PHARONNIDA.

The third Book.

A Tragi-comicall POEM.

CANTO THE FIRST.

The ARGUMENT.

I.

Beneath the powerfull Tyranny of Love,
Whilſt the fair Princeſs weeps out every Star,
In Pleaſures Sphear, thoſe dark Clouds to remove,
All royall Paſt-times in it practic'd are.

II.

Amongſt whoſe Tryumphs, that her Train might lend
Her their Attendants in the ſhades of Grief;
Paſſion brings ſome ſo neer a fatall end,
That timely pity ſcarce affords relief.

SOme Months now ſpent, ſince in the clouded Court
Of ſad *Pharonnida*, each Princely ſport
Was with *Argalia's* abſence maskt within
Sables of Diſcontent, Robes that had been

Of

Book III. Of late her chiefeſt Dreſs; no cheerful ſmile
Ere cleerd her brow, thoſe walks which were ere while;
The Schools where they diſputed Love, were now
Only made uſe of, when her grief ſought how
To hide its treacherous tear, & the unfil'd Bed
Oth' Widow, whoſe conjugal joy is fled,
Ith' hot and vigorous youth of Fancy, to
Eternal abſence, ſooner may renew,
(Though ſhe for tears, repeated praiſes ſeeks)
The blooming ſpring of Beauty on her Cheeks.
When bright plum'd Day on the expanded wings
Of Aire approaches, Lights fair Herald brings
No overtures of peace to her; each prayer
In pious zeal ſhe makes, a pale deſpair
In their Celeſtial Journey clogs; but long
Her feeble Sex could not endure theſe ſtrong
Aſſaults of Paſſion, ere the red and white
Vanquiſht from Beauties Throne, had took their flight,
And nought but melancholy palneſs left
T' attend the light of her dim eyes, bereft
Of all their brightneſs; pining Agues in
The earthquake of each Joynt, leaving within
The Veins, more blood then dwelt in hers, which beat
The hearts ſlow motions with a hectick heat.
Long Paſſions Tyrant reigns not, ere this change
Of Mirth and Beauty, letting ſorrow range
Beyond the circle of Diſcretion, in
Her Father that ſuſpition which had been
Kindl'd before renewing, he removes
His Court to hers, but the kind viſit proves
A Paroxiſme unto that ſtrong Diſeaſe,
Which combates in her blood, no mirth could pleaſe

Her

Her troubl'd Soul, since bar'd society,
With all its better Angels, gone to be
Attendant on *Argalia*; she beholds
Those studied pleasures, which the Prince unfolds
His love and greatness in, with no delight
More smooth then that a sullen Anchorite,
Which a harsh vow hath there enforc'd to dwell,
Sees the cold wants of his unhaunted Cell.
Amongst these sports, whose time betraying view
Ravisht each pleas'd Spectator, the fair Clew,
Contracts some sable knots, of which my Pen
Is only one bound to unravel; when
War had unclasp'd that dreadful Book of hers,
Where honour'd Names in sanguine Characters,
Brave valour had transcrib'd, fair vertue fixt
Eurialus in Honours Orb, and mixt
Him with the Courts bright Stars; but he who had
Whilst unregarded poverty had clad
His vertues in obscurity, learnt how
To sail in Fortunes boisterous storms, is now
By her false smiles be-calm'd and sunk, before
Desert (bound thither) toucht Loves treacherous shore.
Ith' playful freedome of their youth, when she
Was only a fair Shepherdess, and he
An humble Swain, he truly did adore
The fair *Florenza*, but aspir'd no more,
Since Poverty clog'd Loves ambitious wing,
Then by his private Muse alone to sing
Her praise with, such a flame of wit, that they
Which have compar'd, say envied *Laura* may
Look pale with spleen, to hear those Lines expresst,
Though in her great Platonicks Raptures dresst.

But

Book III. But now his Worth by Vertue rais'd, did dwel
High as his Hopes, and that a Parallel
To hers appearing, either's Merits had
A *Climax* to preferment, and thus clad
Vertue in Honours Robes, which equal Fate,
Gave his Affection Language to relate,
What their Disparity kept dumb, nor did
Those Motions find acceptance, such as bid
Them for presumption, rather 'twas a Frost
Of Virgin Ice, then fire of pride that crost
His Masculine Desires, her Eyes unfold
So much of Passion, as by them she told
Who had most interest in her Heart, which she
From all brave Rivals his resolves shall be.
'Mongst those, *Mazara*, one, whose noble blood
Enrich'd the Gems of Vertue, though they stood
In Honours Altitude, was chief, nor could
A nobler Choice, were her Affections rul'd
By Worth, commend her Judgment, his fresh youth
Being Crownd with Vertues which might raise a truth,
Above Hyperboles, his Nature mild,
As was the Gaulless Dove, yet not the wild
And furious Lion, when provok'd could have
More daring Valour, an untimely Grave,
Whilst it ith' Embrio was, to every Vice,
But unto Vertue a fair Paradice;
Whose weedless Banks no pining Winter knew,
Till Death the Influence of warm Life withdrew.
That sympathy of meeting Vertues, which
Did both their Souls with equal worth enrich,
'Twixt him, and brave *Eurialus* had ty'd
A League not to be broke, could Love divide

His

His Bleſſings amongſt Friends; But that of all
Our Paſſions brooks no Rival, fear may call,
Friends to partake of Palſies, Anger ſtrives
To fire each neighbouring Boſome, Envie thrives
By being tranſplanted; but a Lovers pure
Flames, though converted to a Calenture,
Unwillingly with the leaſt flame will part,
Although to thaw anothers frozen heart.
Few 'mongſt th' obſervant Wits oth' Court yet knew
(Though it with twiſted Eye-beams ſtrengthend grew,
At every interview, and often dropt
Some Tears to water it) whoſe Love 'twas ſtopt,
Mazara's Suite, *Eurialus* to her
Whoſe melting pity only could confer
A Cure, unlocks the Secrets, whilſt the other
More confident to win, nere ſtrives to ſmoother
A Paſſion ſo legitimate, but by
All actual Complements, declares how high
He priz'd her Vertues, but this Worthies Fate,
Fixt him in Loves intemperate Zone, too late
The pining Fruit was ſown, the Spring ſo far
Being ſpent, its dayes were grown Canicular;
Schortching all hopes, but what made able were
By fruitful Tears Loves *April* Showers, to bear
Neglects untimely Froſts, which oft have loſt
In bloomy Springs, the unhappy Lovers coſt.
When this accompliſht Youth, whoſe Tongue and Pen
With Negatives more firm and frequent, then
Curſt Uſurers give impoveriſht Clients, oft
Had been repulſ'd, truth for diſcovery brought
This Accident, within the royal Court
Of bright *Pharonnida*, a full Reſort

Of

Book III. Of valiant Knights were met, conven'd to try,
Whose Valour Fortune meant to glorifie;
Of which selected number there was one,
Who though a stranger, Vertue soon made known
To all, 'cause fear'd of most, his valour had,
Before the first triumphant day unclad
The silver-vested Hemisphear, been oft
Cloathd in the Ornaments of Honour, brought
On Fames fair wings from the opposing part
Uncresting them to crown his high desert.
But now, when this new Constellation neer
Its Zenith drew, in Honours Hemisphear,
Cald thither by deciding Lots, the brave
Euriolus appears, whom Victory gave,
In the first shock success, and plac'd his Name
In the Meridian Altitude of Fame;
Where, though the valiant stranger prove no Foe,
So fortunately valiant do ore-throw
the structure of his Fate, yet his close Stars
Now sinks a Mine, to which those open Wars
But easie dangers were; *Mazara* in
His Crest a Scarff, that formerly had been
Known for *Florenza's*, seeing jealous Love
Converted into Rage, his Passions move
Above the sphear of Reason, and what late
Was but a gentle blaze, by alterd Fate,
Fires to a Comet, whose malignant beams
Foretold sad Ills, attending Loves extreams.
Loth to betray his Passions in so great
A breach of Friendship, to a close Retreat,
Mazara summons forward Rage; yet in
The strangers Name, whose Fortune might have been

The

The Parent of a private Quarrel, ſends
To call *Euriolus*, who now attends
Nought but triumphant mirth, unguarded by
Applauding Friends, in ſecret Fight to try,
What power did him from threatning danger guard,
When publick Fame was Victories Reward.
This fatal Scroll receiv'd, by him that thought
It real truth, ſince Paſſion might have ſought
In him the ſame delay, a ſwift conſent
Returns his Anſwer, but the Meſſage went
So far from its directed Road, that ere
It reacht *Mazara's*, looſe Neglect did bear
It to *Carina's* Ear, a Lady that
In ſilent tears her heart had offerd at
His Vertues Shrine, yet with ſuch ſecret Art,
Her Eyes forbid their *Cupids* to reveal,
That Language of her heart, ſhe knew that in
Florenza's Sea of Merits, hers had been
Shipwracke and loſt, yet with a Soul as far
From envying her, as hating him, this War
Of factious Paſſions ſhe maintains, and ſince
Reaſon now wanted Language to convince
Thoſe head-ſtrong Rebels, ſhe reſolves to be
Though ruin'd, ruld by their Democracy.
The Information her officious Maide,
Had from *Mazara's* careleſs Page betrayd;
Aſſures *Carina* the preceding Night,
Such Horſe and Armour as the ſtranger Knight,
Euriolus had conquer'd in, had been
By his moſt cautious diligence within,
A (not far diſtant Wood) in whoſe black ſhade
He meant his Fury ſhould his Foe invade:

Book II. Lodg'd by his Master, which discoverd truth,
Frighting her tears from the swift chase of Youth,
And Beauty into froward Age, to meet
Sorrow in private shades, withdraws the sweet
But sad *Carina*, who resolves to spend
Her sighs unnoted by her deareſt Friend.
This in *Florenza*, who fore-saw that nought,
But Passions more then common, could have wrought
So swift a change, works high, who that she might
Dis-plume these Ravens, ere the Babes of Light,
Smile in their weeping Mothers Face, prepares
To see *Carina*, who with wakeful cares,
Her sad Companions by her friend surpriz'd,
No longer in their Ebbon Vail disguiz'd
Her thoughts pure candor; but with looks that did
Seem to implore Assistance, whilst they chid
Her own indulgent Nature, shews her how
Prepostrous Love made her to Passions bow,
Whose fruit, since none of her first Planters came
From forward man, could be but female shame.
This (with its fatal Authour) known to free
Her Friend from shame, her self from cruelty,
Unto *Mazara* whose firm Love attends
Her least Commands, incenst *Florenza* sends,
Whose zeal transported Soul no sooner hears
That welcome sound, but though presaging fears,
Prompt him to stay, least haughty honour fall
Ruin'd by Fame, he lets her Standards fall
Before commanding Love, and goes to wait
On's honourd Mistress; but this sly deceit
Of hope, no Cordial proves, unto the sad
Carina's grief, the long experience had

Of

Of his Affection to *Florenza* tells Book II.
Her doubtful Soul, those even Parallels
Could not by all her Friends perswasions be
Wrested into the least obliquity;
Which sad mistrust did Love precipitate,
On pathes whose danger frights protecting Fate.
Assur'd the Combates hour drew on, and that
Mazara's love-sick Soul was offering at
Florenza's Shrine, and by that willing stay,
Might be inforc'd some Minutes to delay
The time, in which his readier Opposite,
Expected him, she being resolv'd to write
Affection in her blood, with Loves wild hast,
Makes toward the Lists, there finds his Armour plac'd
Within the dark shade of an ancient Wood,
In whose black breast that place of horrour stood,
Where they appoint to meet, like those of Fate,
Obscure and dark by Beasts and Birds, that hate
The Light alone frequented; but love had
Dis-plum'd fears Haggars, being resolv'd she clad
Beauties fair Pearl, where smooth delights did dwell,
Ith' rough-cast Mould of that *Ciclopian* shell.
But that no Armes, nor bounding Steeds affright,
Where Loves fair hand hath Valours passport wright;
Here we should pause, and pity her that now
Fancy beholds, whilst she is learning how,
To manage stubborn steel, within her sleek
And polisht hand, through devious pathes to seek
For doubtful dangers, such whose horrid shape,
On mans best judgment, might commit a Rape.
Her swift Conductor Love, ere this had brought
Her to the place, where Passion had not sought

Book III. Long for the Object of her hate, ere ſhe
Her valiant Brother, that was come to be
His Fames Protector ſees, but ſo diſguiz'd
In's Armes, that both, with envy unadviz'd,
By knowledge an unthought of guilt prepare,
In blood to meet; their foaming Horſes were
Now freed from the commanding Rain, and in
Their full Carier; but Love in vain to win
The Field from Valour ſtrives, her eager haſt
But argues ſuch an envy as did waſt
It ſelf in weak Attempts, which to the length
Of power extended, fals beneath the ſtrength
Of her Victorious Foe, whoſe Fortune had
In Robes of Joy, what he muſt weep for clad.
Conquer'd *Carina* now diſmounted lay,
Struggling for life, whoſe Fortreſs to betray
Toward Natures Tyrant Death, her blood tranſports
Falſe Spirits through their purple Salliports.
Her Brother with an Anger that was grown
Into diſdain, his Fury ſhould be ſhewn,
On ſuch reſiſtleſs Subjects, ere he knows
How much of grief his Soul to ſorrow owes,
For this unhappy Act, froms finiſht courſe
Was now returning, not by ſtrength to force
The harſh Commands of Tyrant Victors, but
By calm advice, a bloodleſs end to put,
To that ill-manag'd Quarrel: but before
He there arrives, to make his ſorrows more,
When truth unvails their dark deſign, a Knight
With haſt as ſpeedy as the ſecret flight
Of wrath, when wing'd from angry Heaven, he ſaw
Bolted into the Liſts, who ſoon did draw

Too

Too neer in ſober Language to diſpute BOOK III.
Their fatal Quarrel, both, with Rage grown mute
Diſdaining conference, found no place for words,
Amidſt the mortal Language of their Swords;
Which, the firſt ſhock paſt o're, and Lances broke,
In haſt took place, and at each furious ſtroke,
Unbay'd the Fountains of their blood, to ſtain
With purple guilt the Flower-enamel'd Plain.
Whilſt each did thus with ſilent Rage imploy,
An Art directed Fury to deſtroy
The others ſtrength, the bordering ſhadows weep,
In trickling Dews, and with ſad murmures keep
Time with the hollow, and ill boding Note,
Sent from a fatal Ravens ſtrecht-out Throat;
Which from an old Oaks witherd top did ſing
A baleful Dirg; but theſe ſad Omens bring
No terror to their buſie thoughts, which were
Too much imployd in Action, to take care
For any danger more remote, then what
With the next ſtroke might fall; perceiving that
Their Horſes faint, they both diſmount, and do
On equal terms the Fight on foot renew,
Till a Ceſſation from the want of breath,
Not Valour was enforc'd: the Vail which death
Contracted from thoſe ſteams, his wreaking blood
Breathd forth its Spirits in already ſtood,
Over *Mazara's* Eyes, which clouded ſets
Not that approach of Night; his trembling Knees
Stagger beneath their fainting Load, which in
To th' Grave had dropt, had not their fury bin
When its laſt beat was with Lifes flame neer ſpent
From further Rage, reſtraind by accident.

Book II. Some of the loft *Carina's* frighted Friends,
Fearing thoſe Ills which deſperate Love attends,
Spending that Morning in the fruitleſs Queſt,
Of her had been, and now (their hopes diſtreſt
With vain inquiries) to communicate,
Their Grief returning were, which ſecret Fate,
To interpoſe, through dark *Meanders* brought,
Neglect to find what care in vain had ſought.
Whilſt yet no more then brave humanity,
Prompts them to part a Quarrel that might be
Deſil'd with blood, which if not ſhead in Wars,
With Murther ſtains, what it doth guild with Scars:
They toward them haſt, even in that critical
And dangerous Minute, when *Mazara's* fall,
With Vict'ries Laurels to adorn his Creſt,
His valiant Friend had rob'd of future reſt,
Had not this bleſt relief of Innocence,
The one from death, the other from expence
Of tears reſtraind, before Revenge had found
So much of Guilt as might his Conſcience wound.
His high wrought Rage ſtopt by too many hands,
To vent its heat, *Euricius* now ſtands,
Shook with the Feaver of his anger, till
Thoſe Friends which ſaw *Mazara* grown ſo ill
With wounds, to gaſp for breath, by giving way
For aire, they to the Victors view betray
His beſt of Friends, at which afflicting ſight,
Curſing the cauſe of that unhappy fight;
His Sword as guilty thrown aſide, he haſts
To his Relief, in which kind act none waſts
Their friendly help, Life, as but ſtoln from pain,
Behind the Vail of death appears again

On

On Natures Frontiers, whose returning flame, Book II.
Though scarce of strength to warm, lookt red with shame,
When he so many wel-known Friends beheld,
Sad Witnesses, how much his passion swel'd
Above the Banks, where Reason should have stayd,
When to that meeting it his Friend betrayd.
Their Vails of steel remov'd, each now beholds,
What shame and wonder in firm Contracts folds.
Amaz'd stands brave *Eurialus* to see,
None but his Friend, his honourd Friend should be
The Parent of that Quarel, shame confounds
Magara more, and from internal wounds
(Though like the red Seas Springs his other bled)
Perhaps less danger, but more torment bred.
Both now by his unforc'd confession knew
Whose equal'd honourd Beauty 'twas that drew
Them to this fatal Combate, whose event
Him neer the Grave on Loves vain Errant sent.
Friendship renewd in strickt Embraces, they
Are now arriv'd, where weak *Carina* lay,
So faint with Loves Phlebotomy, that she,
Maskt in forgetful slumbers could not see
Approaching shame, which when discoverd sticks
Lifes fair Carnations on her death-like Cheeks.
Hasting to see, what over-forward Rage,
That unknown Strangers weakness did engage,
In that unhappy Quarrel they beheld,
At the first glance an Object that expeld,
Into the shades of Sorrows Wilderness,
All temperate thoughts, his Sisters sad distress
Wrought by his Arme, whose strength betrayd her neer
The Grave, did to *Eurialus* appear,

Book III. Dreadful, as if some treacherous friend had shown
Those flames in which his scorcht Companions grone.
Nor did *Magara*, though but prompted by
Pity (that tender Child of sympathy)
With less relenting sorrow live to see,
Loves bloody Trophies, though unknown to be
By his victorious Beauty reard; to save
From the cold grasp of an untimely Grave,
So ripe a Virgin, whilst her Brother stands
Unnerv'd with grief, amongst the helpful hands
Of other Friends are his imployd, till by
Their useful aide; fled Life returns to try,
Once more the Actions of the world, before
It shot the Gulf of Death; but on the shore
Of active Nature, was no sooner set,
But that (together with the Light) she met
Her far more welcome Lover, whom whilst she
Beholds with trembling, Heaven resolv'd to free
A suffering Captive, turns his pity to
So much of Passion, as ere long Love grew
On the same Stem, whose Flowers to propagate;
She in these words uncurtains my sick Fate.
For bear your aide brave Sir, and let me dy,
Ere live the Author of a Prodigy,
That future times shall curse: yet pardon me,
Dear Brother, Heaven will here impute to thee
The guilt of blood, twas my unhappy Love
Which raiſ'd this Storm, which if my prayers may prove
In death successful, let me crave of you,
Dear Sir, to whom I long have born a true
But indiscreet affection, that from hence
For poor *Carias*'s sake, for this expence

Of

Of tears and blood, you would preſerve thoſe dear Book III.
Reſpects of Friendſhip, that did once appear
Confirmd betwixt you, and, although my Fate,
Unto the worſt of Ills precipitate
My Fame and Life, oh let my name not be
Offenſive to your Ear, this, this for me,
Is all you ſhall perform; which ſpoke, ſhe'd let
Her hovering Soul forth, to have paid the Debt
Of Nature to the Grave, had not ſhee bin
By ſome aſſiſting Friends, whilſt dropping in,
Stayd at the laſt ſtep, and brought back to meet
The Bridal Pair, no ſingle winding Sheet.
This doubtful Combate ended, they are to
The Court conveyd, where Fame upon this new
Text Commenting, in various Characters
Tranſcribes her ſence; ſome this bold Act of hers
Term un-becoming Paſſion, others brave
Heroick love; but what moſt comfort gave,
To cur'd *Carina*, was, that this loſt blood,
Had prov'd Loves Balm, and in a purple flood,
Waſht from her heart Grief 's ſable ſtains, for now
Merit had taught her dear *Mazara* how,
To prize her verteous Love, and for its ſake
Its Cabinet her hearts beſt Temple make.
Thus Paſſions troubl'd Sea had ſettl'd in
A ſmooth and gentle calm, had there not been
Unhappily, to blaſt their ſweet content,
Not long before an Act for th' baniſhment,
Of all ſuch Courtiers made, as ſhould without
A Licence from the Councel, fight about
What ever private Quarrel, but not this
Mazara, or his new choice frights; their bliſs

Stood

Book III. Stood on more firm foundations then the Courts
Uncertain Favours were, whose glorious sports
Although he left, it was not to retire
To sullen cares, what Honour could require,
A state which cal'd him her unquestiond Lord,
Without depending favours did afford.
But whilst we leave this noble Lover by
This Mandate freed, from what before did tye
Unto a troublesome Attendance; we
From brave *Euriolus* are forc'd to be
With sorrow parted, since the generall love,
His Vertue had obtaind, wants strength to move
The ponderous doom; ere his impoverisht heart,
Grown poor in streams, could from Lifes springs impart
Warm blood enough for his pale Cheeks to drink
A Health to Beauty, he's enforc'd to think
Of that sad theam of parting, on whose sense,
His griev'd Soul dictates sighs, yet could dispense
Even with its harshest rigour, were there but
Any acception in it, that might put
Out parting with *Flavenza*, that though he
Were shrunk into his former poverty,
(Calling the rugged frowns of Fate) would bear
A Brow unclouded with Ambitions care.
But he must go, not all the Rhetorick
Of tempting Love could plead against the quick
Approach of time, whose speedy motion now,
Only some slippery Minutes did allow
Their parting tears, in whose exalted flood,
Had Reason not with future hopes withstood
The rising stream, Loves Summer Fruits had been
(Ore-whelmd with grief) for ever buried in

A deluge

A delluge of Deſpair; but that, whilſt ſhe, Book III
With ſuch ſad looks, as wintring *Scithians* ſee
The Sun haſts toward the Artick Pole, beholds
His ſlow departure, glimmering hope unfolds
Twylight, which now foretels their frozen fear,
Day may return to Loves cold Hemiſphear.

The end of the firſt Canto.

PHA-

PHARONNIDA.

The third Book.

CANTO THE SECOND.

The ARGUMENT.

III.

The Princeſs by unluckie Accident,
Having Loves ſecret Emboſſies betrayd,
To her great Father, by that Action ſpent
That ſtock of hope, which promis'd future Ayd.

IV.

His rage being to ſuch raſh extreams inflam'd,
That he whoſe Mandates none durſt diſobey,
As if his power were of ſuch Acts aſham'd,
Shrinks from it ſelf, and poorly doth betray.

IF angry Aid, the Enemy to Love,
Tels thy grave pride, thy Judgment is above,
What with contempt (although it injure truth)
Thy ſpleen miſcals the vanity of youth.

If

If harsh imployment; gross society, Book III.
That feast of Brutes, make thee an Enemy
To love, the Souls Commercive Language, then
Remove thy Eye, whilst my unenvied Pen,
That long to Passion hath a Servant been
Confines the fair *Pharonnida's* within,
These paper limits; frozen still she lies
Beneath opposing Passions, her bright Eyes;
Those Stars whose best of influence scarce had power
To thaw what grief congeald into a shower
Of heart dis-burthening tears, their influence spend
In sorrows polar Circles, and could lend
No light to beauties World; ith' vigorous reign
Of this pale Tyrant, whilst she did remain
Unlighten'd with a beam of comfort, in
A Bower being sate, that formerly had been
Her seat, when she heard the unhappy news
Of parting with *Argalia*; whilst she views
She blames the guiltless shadows, who to ask
Pardon in trembling murmures did unmask
Their naked Limbs, and scatterd at her Feet
The fragrant Vail, in's death-bed sate the sweet
But pining Rose, each Grass its heavy head,
Laden with tears did hang, whilst her Eyes shead
A pattern to instruct them: hence, whilst she
Looks thorough on a way conceiv'd to be
The same her Lord marcht with his Army, when
He left *Girenza*, with a hast more then
A common Traveler, she sees one post
Towards her Court, whose Visage had not lost
Its room within her Memory, he's known
Argalia's Page, and now each minute grown,

A burthen

Book III. A burthen to her thoughts, that did defer
A neerer interview, the Messenger
Arrives, and to her eager view presents
His Masters Letters, whose inclos'd Contents,
Are now the Object, her expecting Soul
Courts with desire, nor doth she long controle
Their forward haste; A Diamond being by
The Messenger returnd, whose worth might vie
Price with an *Indian* Fleet, when it sails slow
With's glittering burthen; though each word ore-flow
With joy, whilst her inquisitive discourse,
Was on this pleasing theam, time did enforce
The Pages swift departure, who with all
Affected Epithites, that Love can call
To gild Invention when it would expresse,
Things more sublime then mortal happinesse,
Is gone to carry his expecting Lord,
What pleasure could, when ratified afford.
Whilst this sweet joy was only cloathd in fresh
Blossomes of hope like Souls, ere mixt with flesh
She only by desire subsisted, but
Now to her Chamber come, and having shut
The treacherous door, from the conjugal seal,
The white Lipt paper freed, doth soon reveal
Loves welcome Embassies; she reads, and by
Each Line transported to an Extasie,
In Fancies wild Meanders lost the way,
She rashly enterd, faint desire would stay
At every word in amorous sighs to breath
A Love-sick groan, but she is yet beneath
The Mount of joy, and must not rest untill
Her swift-pac'd eye had climb the flowry Hill,

Which

Which now paſt lightly o're, with an intent Book III.
Of a review to its beſt Ornament,
His Name, ſhe comes, which whilſt bathd in the Balm
Of fragrant kiſſes, from joyes gentle calm
She thus is ſtartl'd, a redoubled groan,
That ſign of neighbouring ſorrow, though unknown
From whence affrights her Soul; but ſhe too ſoon,
Too ſadly knows the Cauſe i the height of Noon,
Rag'd in reflected heat, when walking in
Thoſe outer Rooms, her Father long had been
In expectation of her ſight; but not
Finding her there, a golden ſlumber got
The ſtart of 's Meditations, to comply
VVith whoſe calm councel, he did ſoftly ly
Down on a ſtately Couch, whoſe glittering pride,
A Curtain from the publick view did hide;
VVhere having pluckt from off the wing of time,
Some of her ſofteſt Down, the Dews that clime,
In ſleep to ſtop each Ventrickle, begin
To ſteal a ſoft Retreat, hovering within
His ſtretcht-out Limbs, ſteeps vapours lye, his hands
Rub from his Eyes thoſe leaden boults that ſtand
Over their heavy Leads, which ſcarce was done,
VVhen firſt ſurpriz'd *Pharonnida* begun
To read her Letter, and by that ſad chance,
Betray her Love; Paſſion ſtrove to advance
Her Father from his Lodging, when he firſt
Heard the diſcovery, but though anger thirſt
For ſwift Revenge, yet policy perſwades
Him to hear further, ere his ſight invades
Her troop of Pleaſures, whoſe thin Squadrons broke,
By what ſhe'd heard, before ſhe could revoke

Her

Book III. Her vanquisht spirits, that were fled to seek
Protection in her heart, robbing her Cheek
Of all the blood to waft in; whilst she stands
A burthen to her trembling Legs, her hands
Wringing each others Ivory Joynts; her bright
Eyes scattering their distracted beams, the flight
Oth' Curtain from her Fathers angry touch,
Discovers whence that groan which caus'd so much,
Her wonder came; Grief, and amazement strives
Awhile with Love, which soon victorious drives,
Those pale Guests from her Cheeks, unto whose aide,
Her noble heart (secure from being betrayd
By its own strength) did send a quick supply
Of its warm blood, her Conscience knows not why
To fear, 'cause knows no guilt, nor could have been
By Love so verteous, ere drawn neer a sin.
But as the Evening blushes for the rude
Winds oth' ensuing day, so fortitude,
Upon the lovely Roses that did grow,
Within her Face a deeper Dye bestow,
Then fear could ere have done, and did presage
Th' ensuing storms exagitated rage.
Silent with Passion, which his Eyes inflam'd
The Prince a while beholds her, ere he blam'd
The frailty of Affection, but at length
Through the thick throng of thoughts, armd with a strength
Which crusht the soft smiles of paternal Love,
He thus begins; And must, oh must that prove
My greatest curse on which my hopes ordaind
To raise my happiness? have I refraind
The pleasures of a Nuptial Bed, to joy
Alone in thee, not trembled to destroy

My

My Name, ſo that advancing thine I might
Live to behold my Scepter take its flight,
To a more ſpatious Empire, have I ſpent
My youth, till grown in debt to Age ſhe'th ſeen
Diſeaſes to arreſt me, that impaire
My ſtrength and hopes ere to enjoy an Heir,
Which might preſerve my Name, that only now
Muſt in our duſty Annals live, whilſt thou
Transfer'ſt the glory of our houſe, on one
Which, had not I warmd into life, had gone
A Wretch, forgotten of the World, to th' earth,
From whence he ſprung. But tear this monſtrous birth
Of Fancy from thy Soul, quick as thou'dſt fly
Deſcending wrath, if viſible, or I
Shall blaſt thee with my anger, till thy Name
Rot in my Memory, not as the ſame,
That once thou wert behold thee, but as ſome
Dire Prodigy, which to foreſhew ſhould come
All ills, which through the progreſs of my life
Did chance, were ſent; I loſt a Queen, and Wife,
Thy vertuous Mother, who for her goodneſſe might
Have here ſupply'd, before ſhe took her flight
To Heaven, my better Angels place, have ſince
Stood ſtorms of ſtrong Affliction, ſtill a Prince
Over my Paſſions until now; but this
Hath prov'd me Coward: Oh thou doſt amiſſe
To grieve me thus fond Girl. With that he ſhook
His reverend Head, beholds her with a look,
Compoſ'd of Grief and Anger, which ſhe ſees,
With melting ſorrow, but reſolv'd Love frees
Her from more yeilding pity; to begin
The Prologue to obedience, which within

Book III. Her breast still dwelt (though swayd by Love) the fate
Prostrate at's feet, to his remembrance cals
Her dying Mothers Will, by whose pale dust,
She now conjures him not to be unjust
Unto that promise, with which her pure Soul
Fled satisfi'd from Earth as to controule
Her freedome of Affection, rather she
Desires her Interest in his Crown might be
Deni'd her, then the choice of one to sway
It in her right, she urges how it may
Be by his Vertue far more glorifi'd,
Whom she had chose, then if by Marriage ti'd
To any neighbouring Prince, who only there
Would rule by Proxie, whilst his greater care
Secur'd his own Inheritance; she then
Cals to remembrance who reliv'd him, when
Distrest within *Alcithus's* Walls, the Love
His Subjects bore *Argalia*, which might prove
Her choice their happiness, with all how great
A likelyhood it was, but the retreat
Of Royalty, to a more safe disguise,
Had shewd him to their States deluded Eyes,
So mean a thing: Loves boundless Rhetorick,
About to dictate more, he with this quick
And furious haste forsakes the Room, his Rage
Thus boyling o're; And must my wretched Age
Be thus by thee tormented: but take heed
Correct thy Passions, or their Cause must bleed,
Until he quench the flame; at which harsh word
He leaves the room, nor could her strength afford
Her power to rise, which whilst she strives to do,
Her Memory adding more Weights unto

The

The burthen of her thoughts, her Soul oppreſt,
Sinks in a pale Swoon, catching at the reſt
It muſt not yet enjoy, ſwift help lends light,
Though faint and glimering, to behold what Night
Of grief ore-ſhadow'd her: You that have been
Upon the Wrack of Paſſion, torture'd in
The Engines of forbidden Love, that have
Shed fruitleſs Tears, ſpent hopeleſs Sighs, to crave
A rigid Parents fair Aſpect, conceive
What wild deſtruction ſeiz'd her; I muſt leave
Her Paſſions Volume only to be read,
Within the breaſts of ſuch whoſe hearts have bled,
At the like dangerous wounds; whilſt ſhe ſits here
Amaz'd with grief, know that no ſmiles appear,
To ſmooth her Fathers angry brow, yet to
None he unfolds his thoughts, but bent to do
What ere his Rage ſhould dictate, to appeaſe
This high-wrought ſtorm, which turnd into diſeaſe
Each motion of the Brain, he only takes
Scorn and Revenge, to whoſe ill counſel ſhakes
The quiet of the Soul, to be his Guides
Through thoſe Night-peece Walks, whoſe ſhadow hides
The languiſht beams of Love, awhile their ſtrong
Ingredients boyl in's blood, before they throng
The ſcatterd thoughts into a quinteſſence
Of poyſonous Reſolutions, firſt from thence
There ſprung this black Diſaſter to attend
Argalia's Fortune, he doth forthwith ſend
A ſecret Meſſenger to th' Warlike Prince
Of *Siracuſe*, to let him know that ſince
He ſent thoſe Forces to aſſiſt him in
His War, their General, that till late had bin

Book III The darling of his Love, by Arguments
Too strong was prov'd a Traytor, whose intents
Aymd at his Crown and Life; to aggravate
His spleen the more, he writes him word their Fate,
On the same ominous Pinions flew, if that
He prov'd successful, having warmd him at
This flame of Passion, he concludes with; (Sir)
You guesse my meaning, I would have no stir,
About dispatching of him, for he's grown
Strong in affection, and may call his own
The hearts of half my Kingdome; let this give
Your Justice power; he's too much lov'd to live.
The startl'd *Siracusian* having read
These bloody Lines, which had not only bred
A new, but nourisht growing envy in
His mighty Soul, a stranger to all sin,
So full of guilt, as to dissemble, till
The new made Generals just deserts did fill
Fames still augmented Volume, and was grown
More legible, then what he cal'd his own.
What in a rivall Prince had been a high
And noble Emulation, kindled by
A smaller Star blasts Vertue, he beholds
His lightning Valour, which each hour unfolds,
Examples for Posterity, destroy
What (though he trembl'd at) creates no joy
Within his sullen Soul, a secret hate,
By Envy fed, strives to unhinge his Fate,
From off their lofty *Pyramids*, and throw
What Merit raisd, unto a place more low
Then their first step to Glory, yet, whilst nought
But Honour was engag'd, disdain nere sought

For

For life-excluding Corasives; but Love
Bearing a part, two Suns might sooner move
In the same sphear, then that hot Guest indure
A rival Flame, Desert could not secure
Worth thus besieg'd, yet this acurst intent,
Dares not unvail it self, the Army sent,
By him from fair *Gerenza*, ere the Sun
Perform'd his Summers progress, had begun
To Garrison their weary Fort within,
Such Towns as their own Valour first did win,
From the retir'd *Æolians*, ere this task
Was fully ended, curtaind in the Mask
Of Merits lawfull claim reward there came
A large Commission, which *Zoranza's* Name
Had made authentick, that the Goverment
Of *Ardenna* a Town, whose strength had spent
The baffl'd Foe, whose Fields of blood should be
Conferd on him, by the Vicinity
Of th' place, freed from a tedious Journey, in
The City he arrives, and what had bin
Sent from his Prince, presents those Mandates that
Informd the Governour, who frighted at
The strange Commands, lets a pale guilt ore-take
His swift Resolves, till glorious hopes did shake
Those Mourning Robes of Conscience off, and in
The purple Garments of a thriving sin,
Shadows his trembling Soul, least she appear,
Shook with a cold fit of religious fear.

The discomposure of his look, which did
Appear the birth of Discontent, forbid
Suspition of a blacker sin; that night,
As being the last of 's charge, he did invite

Book III. *Argalia* to remain his Guest: the next
Promising to be his, yet seeming vext,
To leave the place, though only to conceal
His dark design that did it self reveal
To none but some selected Soldiers; by
Whose help he meant to murther him. To vie
Benefits with th' Dayes, Night had bestowd
Refreshing slumbers upon all that owd
It to the last dayes Labour, when without
Fear of approaching danger, hem'd about
With guards of honest Valour, all his Train
Save such as meer necessity detain,
Lodg'd in the City, fearless *Argalia* in
The Castle lies, where having tempted him
By Midnight Revels, full crownd Cups, to be
Betrayd from Reason to Ebriety:
But nought prevaling, he at length is led,
Like an intended Sacrifice, to th' Bed,
Ordaind to be his last, untill the Earth
Within her Womb afford him one; the birth
Oth' Morn grew neer her slow approach, ere all
These Engines, by whose strength they meant his fall
Could be prepar'd; the Governour that held
The Helm of this black mischief, had expel'd
The poysonous Guilt of staining his own Sword
With blood, providing Villains that abhord
No sins Contagion, though Revenge did wait
On every guilty step: that Evenings Suit
Their liquid Mirth had layd, although it took
No use of Reason from his Soul, had shook
Its labouring Faculties into a far
More sudden slumber, which compos'd the War

Of

Of wandring Fancy in a Harmony Book III.
Of the Concordant Humours, untill by
The sudden noise of those ordaind to be
His Murtherers, he wakes; amaz'd to see
His Chamber so possest, he catches hold
On one of them, but finds his strength controld,
By the assistance of the other, in
The Embrio of this treachery, ere their sin
Was past to execution, he conjures
Them to forbear so black a Deed, assures
Them of Rewards, greater then hope could call
A debt from him that basely sought his fall.
But deadly silence had bar'd up the Gates
Of every Voyce, those curst Assassinates
Prepard for action were, but Heaven prevents
That aged sin of murthering Innocents,
With Miracles of Mercy. There was found
Not long before an ancient Story crownd,
With a Prophetick Honour, that containd
This sacred truth; (*When Ardenna is staind*
With Treachery in Friendships Vail disguiz'd,
Her sable Tower shall be by Foes surpiz'd.)
This known, but misconceiv'd, to cozen Fate,
They did unwounded bear without the Gate;
The now resistless Lion that did ly,
Like that brave Prince oth' Forest, setterd by
A crew of trembling Hunters; to the brow
Of an high Promontory, that did bow
Its black Clifts o're the clamorous Waves, they had
Conveyd the noble Youth; the place a sad
And dismal horrour wore, the grim aspects
Of louring Rocks, the grey-ey'd Sea reflects,

Book III. In ugly glaring beams, the Night-Raven beats
His rusty Wings, and from their squallid seats,
The baleful Scrick-Owls fly to bear their parts,
In the sad murmure of the Night; those hearts
Custome had steeld with Crimes, perhaps had bin
Here frighted to repentance, had not sin
Assisted by the hands of Avarice, drawn
The Bridge of Reason, and obscur'd the dawn
Of Infant goodness, to redeem the time
Astonishment had lost, towards their Crime
They now themselves precipitate the hand,
Ordaind to ruine that fair Structure, and
Unravel his Lifes even thred, prepares
To strike the fatal blow; but he that dares
Obstruct commanded Villany forbid
The further progress of their guilt, and chid
That pale sin in rough Language of, a strange
Confused sound, striking their Ears did change
The ominous Dirges of the Night into
A various noise of humane Voyces, who
Durst in that secret place approach, 'twas now
Too late to think on, the Rocks spatious brow,
Was clouded ore with men, whose glittering Armes
Threatend destruction, ere their swift alarms
Could summon sleeps infeebled aid; whilst they
Forsake their Prisoner, who becomes a Prey
To the Invaders, seeking safety in
Their flight, they fall before him, that had been
Ordaind to speedier ruine, entring at
The open Salliport, they give by that
Rash Act directions to the Foe, that mixt
Promiscuously with them, and now had fixt

Their

Their Standards on the Gates. The Caſtle in
Feaveriſh alarms ſweating, did begin
To eaſe her fiery ſtomach, by the breath
O'th full-mouth'd Cannon. Miniſters of death
In this hot labour buſily diſtills
Extracted ſpirits, noyſe and tumult fills
The frighted City, whoſe fir'd turrets lent
A diſmal light. But the Aſſaylants ſpent
Their bloud in vain, the Souldiers that had been
At the firſt trembling fit diſtracted in
Confuſions giddy maze, had rallied now
Their ſcattered ſpirits, and were ſeeking how
To purge diſhonours ſtains in the bright fire
Of rage contracted valour. To retire
Unto their Ships in ſafety, now is all
Th' Invaders hope for, but ſo many fall
In that attempt, it leave no triumphs due
To Fortunes temple. By this winding clew
Of various fate, *Argalia* only findes
That ſtroke of death deceived, no hand unbindes
His corded arms, but that which meant to lay
Bondage as hard, ſo corraſives doe ſtay
A Gangrene fed by ſprings of poyſonous blood,
When reaching at the heart, as theſe withſtood
The catarracts of death. With tyrants more
Indomitable, then the ſea that bore
Their black Fleet, leave our *Hero* to untie
This knotty riddle of his fate, whilſt by
The *ignis fatuus* of a fancie led
With ſlow pac'd feet, through other paths we tread.
The tumults of the City ſilenc'd in
A peacefull calme, what the effects had bin

Of

Book III. Of those loud clamours, whilst all seek to know
Argalia's losse makes giddy wonder grow
Into suspition, that this Act might be
Some stratagem oth' Guvernour, to free
Himself from a Successor, but those sly
Darts of mistrust were rendred hurtless by
His Princes Mandates, whose invenom'd hate,
That spurious birth had made legitimate.
Yet swift Revenge affronts his Treason in
Its full carier, his Master having bin
By him informd of a surprizal, where
All sounds but death affrighted, could not bear
The burthen of his Fears, and yet not sink
Deeper in sin, ere the poor wretch could think
On ought but undeserv'd Rewards, he by
A brace of Mutes being strangl'd, from the high
But empty Cloudes of Expectation drops,
To let the World know what vain shadow props
Those blood-erected *Pyramids* that stand
On secret Murthers black and rotten Sand.
When thus the *Siracusian* had secur'd
His future Fame, Passion that still endur'd
A strong distemperature, slept not untill
The story of their crosse Design did fill
Palermo's Princes Ear, *Argalia's* losse,
Was now the Ball that babling Fame did tosse
Thorough the Court, upon whose airy Wing,
Reaching the Island, it too soon did bring
The heavy News, disguiz'd in Robes more sad
Then truth to her, whose stock of Vertues had
Been venter'd on that Sea of Merit, in
Such forms of Griefe, as Princes that have been

Hurld

Hurld from the ſplendent Glories of a Throne, Book III.
Into a Dungeon, her great Soul did grone
Beneath the Weights of grief; the doleful Tale,
Had thunder-ſtrook all joy, her Spirits exhale
Their vigour forth in ſighs, and faintly let
That glorious Fabrick unto which they's ſet
Supporters fail to th' Earth; yet ſorrow ſtayes
Not in this frigid Zone, rude grief betrays
Her Paſſions to her Fathers jealous Ear
Who fearing leaſt *Argalia's* Stars might clear
Their ſmoaky Orbs, and once more take a flight
From deaths cold houſe by a tranſlated Light,
To ſeparate from ſorrow, and again,
In Fortunes houſe Lord of th' Aſcendant Raign;
He doubts that Iſlands ſafety, and from thence
Removes her with what ſpeedy diligence,
Fear could provoke ſuſpition to; her Train
Shook with that ſuddain change, deſire in vain
The Iſlands pleaſure, ere they know how much
Their Fates muſt differ; as it oft in ſuch
Unlookt for changes happens, each man vents
His own Opinion, ſome did diſcontents,
Of the young Princeſs, others that the ſeaſon
Of th' year was cauſe; but though none know his reaſon,
All muſt obey his Will. The pleaſan Iſle
Whoſe Walks, fair Gardens, Proſpects did beguile
Time of ſo many happy hours, muſt now
A ſolitary Wilderneſſe, whoſe brow,
Winter had bound in folds of Ice, be left
To wail their ablence, whilſt each Tree bereft
Of Leaves, did like to Virgin Mourners ſtand,
Cloathd in white Vails of glittering Icelets, and

Shook

Book III. Shook with the breath of thoſe ſharp windes that brought
The hoarie Fiſh. The penſive birds had ſought
Out Springs that were unbar'd with ice, and there
Grew hoarſe with cold. The cruſted earth did wear
A rugged armour. Every bank unclad
With flowers, conceal'd the juicie roots that had
Adorned their Summers dreſſe. The Meadowes green
And fragrant Mantle, withering lay between
The griz'ie mountains naked armes. All growes
Into a ſwift decay, as if it owes
That tribute unto her departure, by
Whoſe preſence 'twas adorned. Seated did lie
Within the circuit of *Ghirenza*'s wall,
(Though ſtretch'd t' imbrace) a Caſtle which they call
The Princes tower, a place whoſe ſtrength had ſtood
Unſhook with danger, when that violent flood
Of warre rag'd in the Land, hither were brought
Such (if of Noble bloud) whoſe greatneſſe ſought
From treacherous plots extenſion, yet although
To thoſe a priſon, here he did beſtow
His beſt of treaſure, briefly, it had been
Unto the *Spartan* Kings a Magazeen
Since firſt they rul'd that Kingdome, and when ere
A war drew near them, their induſtrious care
Made it their place of reſidence; the hill
'Twas built upon, with's rockie feet did fill
A ſpatious Iſthmos, at its depth a Lake
Supply'd by'th neighbouring ſea, let in to make
The Fort the more impregnable, with flow
But a deep current running, did beſtow
A dreadfull proſpect on the bended brow
O'th hill, which cover'd with no earth did bow

Its

Its torn clifts o're the heavy ſtream. The way
That led to it, was o're a bridge, which they
That guard it did each night draw up, from whence
A ſteep aſcent, whoſe natural defence
Aſſiſted by all helps of art, had made
The fatal place ſo dangerous to invade,
Each ſtep a death preſented. Here when he
Had plac'd his daughter, whoſe ſecuritie
Rocks, walls, nor rivers warranted, without
A truſty guard of Souldiers, hem'd about
The walls, leſſe hard then they. Thoſe Gentlemen
That on her happier Court attended, when
Argalia did command them, as too milde
Were now diſcharg'd, their office on a wilde
Band of thoſe Mountain Souldiers, who had in
His laſt great war moſt fam'd for valour bin,
Being confer'd, and theſe left they ſhould be
Forc'd by commands into civilitie,
Beſtow'd upon the fierce *Brumorchus*, one
Whoſe knotty diſpoſition nature ſpun
With all her courſeſt threds, compoſing it
For ſtrength, not beauty, yet a Lodging fit
For ſuch a rough, unpoliſh'd gueſt as that
Black ſoul, whoſe diſtates it ought trembled at,
In feaveriſh glooms, whoſe ſubterranean fire
Inflamed that ill-formed Chaos with deſire
Its vigour to imploy in nought of kin
To goodneſſe, till 'twas better temper'd in
The Princes Court, where though he could not caſt
His former rudeneſſe off, yet having paſt
The filing of the Courtiers tongues, at length
It thus far wrought him, he converts that ſtrength

Book III.

To's

Book III. To's Princes ſervice, which till then had lay
In Paſſions Fetters, learning to obey,
The gentle ſtrokes of Government; though bred
In ſalvage wildneſs, nurſt with blood, and fed
With hourly Rapine, ſince he had forſook,
Thoſe Deſart haunts, a firm obedience took,
Hold on's robuſtious Nature, not to be
By that effeminate wanton (flattery)
Strok'd to an yeilding mildneſſe, which being known,
To the miſtruſtful Prince, whoſe Paſſions grown
So far above the reach of Reaſon, that
Her ſtrength could not ſupport them, bending at
Their own unweildy temper, ſunk into
Acts, that his milder thoughts would bluſh to do;
Makes him from all his nobler Captains chooſe
Forth this indomitable beaſt; to uſe,
So harſh a Diſcipline unto the ſole
Heir to his Crown, a Lady that did rowl
More Vertues on the Spindle of her Life,
Then Fate dayes length of Thred, had raiſ'd a ſtrife,
So high in his vext ſubjects blood, that all
Murmure in ſecret, but there's none durſt call
His Princes Acts in queſtion, to behold
Her Priſon through their tears, and then unfold
Their Friends a Vail of ſorrow, is the moſt
Their Charity durſt do: But that which croſt
Diſtruſt *Pharonnida* above the grief
Of her reſtraint, or ought but the belief
Of her *Argalia's* death, is now to be
Bar'd when ſhe wants it, moſt ſociety
With ſorrowful *Florenza*, whilſt ſhe ſtayd
The Partner of her ſecrets, now betrayd

By

By false *Amphibia* to her Father, and Book III.
Banisht the Court, retiring to withstand
The storms of greatnesse, to her Fathers own
Poor quiet home, which as if nere she'd known,
The beauties of a Palace, did content
Her even thoughts at leasure to lament,
In pensive tears, her wretched Mistresse Fate,
Whose joyes eclips'd, converts her Robes of State
To mourning Sables; what delights the place,
Was capable of having to deface
The Characters of grief, her Father strives
To make them hers, but no such choice Flower thrives
In the cold Region of her Breast, she makes
Her Prison such as theirs, whose guilt forsakes
All hopes of Mercy; the slow-footed day,
Hardly from Night distinguisht, steals away
Few beams from her tear-clouded Eyes, and those
A melancholy Pensiveness bestows,
On saddest Objects: The ore-shadowed Room
Wherein she sate, seemd but a large siz'd Tomb,
Where Beauty buried lay, its furniture
Of doleful black hung in it, to inure,
Her Eyes to Objects like her Thoughts, in which
Night dress of sorrow, till a Smile enrich
Impoverisht Beauty, I must leave her to
Her sighs (those sad Companions) and renew
His fatal Story, for whose Love alone,
She dares exchange the Glories of a Throne.

The end of the second Canto.

PHA-

PHARONNIDA.

The third Book.

CANTO THE THIRD.

The ARGUMENT.

V.

From Treachery, which, two Princes Annals ſtaind
The brave Argalia *by protecting Fate,*
Deliverd, Land, or Rhodes fair Iſle attaind,
Being there elected Champion for their State.

VI.

In which deſign, although with Victʼry bleſt,
The common Fate him ſoon a Priſʼner makes
To a proud Turk, beneath whoſe power diſtreſt,
His vertue profferd liberty forſakes.

THrough the dark pathes of duſky Annals, we,
Led by his Valours light, return to ſee,
Argalia's ſtory, who, hath ſince that Night,
Wherein he took that ſtrange diſtracted flight,

From

From treacherous *Ardenna* perform'd a course Book III.
So full of threatning dangers, that the force
Of his protecting Angel, trembled to
Support his fate, which crackt the sl nder clew
Of destiny almost to death, ; His stars
Doubting their influence, when such horrid wars
The Gods proclaym'd, withdrew their languish'd beams
Beneath Heavens spangled arch. In pitchie streams
The heavy clouds unlade their wombs, untill
The angrie windes fearing the floud should fill
The aire (their Region where they rul'd) did break
Their Marble Lodgings ; Natures self grew weak
With these distemperatures, and seem'd to draw
Tow'rd dissolution, her neglected Law
Each Element forgot, th' imprisond flame
When the Clouds stock of moysture could not tame
Its violence, in Sulphry flashes break
Through th' glaring aire. The swolne clouds speak
In the loud voice of thunder ; the sea raves
And foams with anger, hurls his troubled waves
High as the Moons dull Orb, whose waning light
Withdrew, to adde more terror to the night.
When the black curtain of this storm, that took
The use of Art away, had made them look
For nought but swift destruction, being so vain
For th' Marriners to row, that the proud main
Scornd to be lasht with Oars ; to ease distresse
The night forsook them, but a day no lesse
Dreadfull succeeds it, by whose doubtfull light
The wretched Captives soon discover night
Near them a *Turkish* Navie ; to whose aid
The Renegadoes (having first displaid

Book III. Their silver Crescents) joyn; Nor did they meet
That help untimely, a brave *Rhodian* Fleet
Set forth from those (the Christian Bulwarks) to
Obstruct the *Turks* Invasions, was in view.
To meet the threatning danger, which 'twas then
Too late to wave, that miracle of men
The brave *Argalia*, chain'd unto an oar
Is with a thousand noble Captives more
Forc'd to assist damn'd infidels; and now
The well-arm'd Fleets drew near, their swift keels plow
The Oceans angry front. First they salute
Each other with their Cannon, those grown mute
Come to more desperate fight, unfriendly bands
Unite their Vessels, the fierce Souldier stands
Firm on his Hatches, whilst another bords
His active enemies, whose Ship affords
No room for such unwelcome guests, but sends
Their scattered limbs into thin air; Each bends
His strength to's Foes destruction; plunging in
Which bloudy sweat, the *Rhodians* hopes had bin
Lost with their Fleet, had not kinde Fortune smil'd
Thus on their fear; whilest action had beguil'd
Each soul of passive cares, *Argalia* sees
A way t'unlock his rusty Chain, and frees
Himself and fellowes from their bank, which done,
Those that continued at their Oars, did run
The Vessel from the rest, and ere unto
Their sight betray'd, the trembling Pirates flew.
Then closing with their unsuspitious Foes
I'th vigour of the fight, they discompose
Their well rang'd Fleet, and such confusion strook
Into the van, to see their Rear thus shook

With

With an unlook'd for Hirrocan-, that in
A fearfull haſte the numerous *Turks* begin
To ſtretch their ſins and flee, but all their ſpeed
Was ſpent in vain, *Argalia's* hand had freed
So many Captives, that their Gallies muſt
Unto the windes uncertain favour truſt
Or elſe becalm'd, but feebly crawl before
Their eager foes, who both with Sail and Ore
Chac'd them to ruine. Glorious Victory,
Thus to the Chriſtian party being by
A ſtranger purchac'd, with ſuch high applauſe
As thoſe that reſcue a declining cauſe
From the approach of ruine, welcom'd, be
Is now receiv'd into th' ſocietie
Of the brave Chriſtian order. But they not
Long joy'd in victory, ere the *Turk* to blot
The ſtayns of being conquer'd out had made
A mighty Army ready to invade
The valiant *Rhodians*, where *Argalia* ſhewes
So brave a ſpirit, their whole Army owes
His valour for example. The *Turks* had ought
Made deſperate onſlaughts on the Iſle, but brought
Nought back but wounds and infamy, but now
Wearyed with toyle, they are reſolv'd to bow
Their ſtubborn reſolutions with the ſtrength
Of not to be reſiſted want, the length
Oth' Chronca diſeaſe extended had
To ſome few moneths, ſince to oppreſſe the ſad
But conſtant Iſlanders, the Army lay
Circling their Confines. Whileſt this tedious ſtay
From battail ruſts the Soldiers valour in
His tainted Cabben, there had often bin

Book. III.

Book III. With all variety of Fortune fought
Brave single Combats, whose successe had brought
Honours unwither'd Lawrels on the brow
Of either party; but the ballance now
Forc'd by the hand of a brave *Turk*, inclin'd
Wholly to them, thrice had his valour shin'd
In victories refulgent rayes; thrice heard
The shouts of Conquest thrice on's Lance appear'd
The heads of noble *Rhodians*, which had strook
A generall sorrow 'mongst the Knights, all look
Who next the Lists should enter, each desires
The task were his, but honour now requires
A spirit more then vulgar, or she dies
The next attempt, their valours sacrifice,
To prop whose ruines, chosen by the free
Consent of all *Argalia* comes to be
Their happy champion. Truce proclaym'd untill
The combat ends, th'expecting people fill
The spatious battlements, the *Turks* forsake
Their Tents, of whom the City Ladies take
A dreadfull view, till a more noble sight
Diverts their looks, each part behold their Knight
With various wishes, whilest in bloud and sweat
They toyl for Victory, the Consl icts heat
Rag'd in their veins, which honour more inflam'd
Then burning Calentures could doe, both blam'd
The feeble influence of their Stars that gave
No speedier conquest, each neglects to save
Himself, to seek advantage to offend
His eager Foe. The dreadfull combats end
Nought but their losse of bloud proclaims their spirits,
In that Reflux of heat and life inherit

Valours

Valours unconqeer'd throne; but now so long
The *Turks* proud Champion had indur'd the strong
Assaules of the stout Christian, till his strength
Cool'd on the ground with's bloud, he fell at length
Beneath his conquering Sword. The barbarous crew
O'th Villains that did at a distance view
Their Champions fall, all bands of truce forgot,
Running to succour him, begin a hot
And desperate combate with those Knights that stand
To aid *Argalia*, by whose conquering hand
Whole squadrons of them fall, but here he spent
His mighty Spirit in vain, their Cannons rent
His scattered Troops, who for protection flie
To'th City Gates, but closely followed by
Their Foes did there for sad oblations fall
To dying liberty; their batter'd wall
Groan'd with the wondrous weight of Lead, and in
Its ruines hides her battlements, within
The bloudy streets the *Turkish* Crescents are
Displayd, whilst all the miseries of warre
Rag'd in Their Pallaces. The common sort
Of people make the barbarous Souldier sport.
In dieing, whilst those that survive them crave
Their fate in vain, here cruelty did save
And mercy only kill, since death set free
Those happier Souls from dire captivity.
At length the unrestrained Souldier tires
Although not satisfies his foul desires
With Rapes and Murder, when amongst those pore
Distressed Captives that from thence they bore,
Argalia lies in Chains, ordain'd to die
A sacrifice unto the cruelty

Book III.

Book III. Of the fierce *Basshaw*, whose lovd favourite in
The Combate late he slew, yet had not bin
In that so much unhappy, had not he
That honour'd then his Sword with victorie
Half-brother to *Januſa* been, a bright
But cruel Lady, whose reſin'd delight
Her ſlave (though husband) *Ammurat* durſt not
Ruffle with diſcontent; wherefore to cool that hot
Contention of her bloud, which he foreſaw
That heavy newes would from her anger draw
To quench with the brave Chriſtians death, he ſent
Him living to her, that her anger ſpent
In flaming torments, might not ſettle in
The dregs of diſcontent. Staying to win
Some *Rhodian* Caſtles, all the Priſoners were
Sent with a guard into *Sardinia*, there
To meet their wretched thraldome, from the reſt
Argalia ſever'd, ſoon hopes to be bleſt
With ſpeedy death, though waited on by all
The hell-inſtructed torments that could fall
Within inventions reach; But hee's not yet
Arriv'd to's period, his unmovd ſtars ſit
Thus in their Orbs ſecured. It was the uſe
O'th *Turkiſh* pride, which triumphs in th'abuſe
Of ſuffering Chriſtians, once before they take
The ornaments of nature off, to make
Their priſoners publike to the view that all
Might mock their miſeries, this ſight did call
Januſa to her Palace window, where
Whilſt ſhe beholds them, love reſolv'd to bear
Her ruine on her treacherous eye-beams, till
Her heart infected grew, their Orbs did fill

(As

(As the most pleasing object) with the sight
Of him whose Sword opend a way for th' flight
Of her lov'd Brothers soul; At the first view
Passion had strook her dumb, but when it grew
Into desire, she speedily did send
To have his name, which known, hate did defend
Her heart, besieg'd with love, she sighs, and strait
Commands him to a dungeon, but loves bait
Cannot be so cast up, though to deface
His Image in her soule she strives: the place
For's execution, she commands to be
Gainst the next day prepared, but rest and she
Grow enemies about it, if she steal
A slumber from her thoughts, that doth reveal
Her passions in a dream, sometimes she thought
She saw her Brothers pale grim Ghost, that brought
His grizlie wounds to shew her, smeerd in bloud
Standing before her sight, and by that floud
Those red streams wept imploring vengeance, then
(Inraged) she cries, Oh let him die, but when
Her sleep imprison'd fancie, wandring in
The shades of darkned Reason, did begin
To draw *Argalia*'s image on her soul,
Loves Soveraign power did suddenly controul
The strength of those abortive Embrio's, sprung
From smotherd anger. The glad birds had sung
A Lullaby to night, the Lark was fled
On drooping wings, up from his dewy bed
To fan them in the Rising Sun-beams, ere
Whose early raigne, *Janusa* that could bear
No longer lockt within her breast so great
An army of rebellious passions, beat

Book III From Reasons conquerd Fortresse, did unfold
Her thoughts to *Mante*, a stout Wench, whose bold
Wit, joynd with zeal to serve her, had endeard
Her to her best Affections; having cleard
All doubts with hopeful promises her made,
By whose close wildes this plot must be convayd,
To secret action, of her councel makes
Two Evnuch Panders, by whose help she takes
Argalia from his Keepers charge, as to
Suffer more torments then the rest should do,
And lodg'd him in that Castle, to affright
And soften his great Soul with fear, the light
Which lent its beams unto the dismal place,
In which he lay, without presents the face
Of horrour smeard in blood, a Scaffold built,
To be the Stage of Murther, blusht with guilt
Of Christian blood, by several torments let
From the imprisoning Veins; this Object set
To startle his Resolves, if good, and make
His future joyes more welcome, could not shake
The Heaven-built Pillers of his Soul, that stood
Steady, though in the slippery pathes of blood.
The gloomy Night now sate enthron'd in dead
And silent shadows, Midnight Curtains spread
The Earth in black, for what the falling day,
Had blusht in fire, whilst the brave Prisoner lay
Circl'd in darknesse, yet in those shades spends
The hours with Angels, whose assistance lends
Strength to the wings of Faith, which mounted on
The Rock of hope, was hovering to be gone
Tow'rds her eternal Fountain, from whose source,
Celestial Love enjoynd her lower course.

Whilst

Whilst in this holy Extasie, his knees Book III.
Descent, did mount his heart to him that sees
His thoughts disvellop'd, whilst dull shades oppress
The drousie Hemisphear, whilst all did rest,
Save those whose actions blusht at day-light, or
Such wretched Souls whose sullen cares abhor
Truce, with refreshing slumbers, he beholds
A glimering light, whose neer approach unfolds
The Leaves of darknesse; whilst his wonder grows
Big with Amazement, the dim Tapour shews
What hand conveyd it thither, he might see
False *Manto* enterd, who prepard to be
A Bawd unto her lustful Mistresse came,
Not with perswasive Rhetorick t' inflame
A heart congeald with deaths approach, but thaw
Him from the frozen Rocks of rigid Law,
With brighter Constellations, that did move
In spheares, where every Star was fir'd with love.
The Siren yet to shew that she had left
Some modesty unrifl'd by the theft,
Of mercenary baseneſſe, sadly wept,
Her Errands Prologue, but guilt was not kept
Within the Curtain long, she only sate,
A Mourner for the sicknesse of his Fate,
Until esteemd for pitiful, and then
Prescribes this Remedy, Most bleſt of men,
Compose thy wonder, and let only joy
Dwel in thy Soul, my coming's to destroy,
Not nurse thy trembling Fears; be but so wise
To follow thy swift Fate, and thou mayst rise
Above the reach of danger, in thy Armes
Circle that power, whose radient brightneſſe charms

Fierce

Book III. Fierce *Ammurat's* anger, when his Crescents shine
In a full Orb of Forces, what was thine
Ere made a Prisoner, though the doubtful state
Of the best Christian Monarch, will abate
Its splendor, when (that Daughter of the Night)
Thy feeble Star shines in a Heaven of Light.
If Life, or Liberty then bare a shape
Worthy thy Courting, swear not to escape
By the attempts of strength, and I will free
The Iron bonds of thy Captivity.
A solemn Oath by that great power he serv'd,
Took and believ'd, his hopes no longer sterv'd,
In expectation, from that swarthy seat
Of sad Despair, his narrow Jayl replear,
With lazy Damps, [she leads him to a Room,
In whose Delights Joyes Summer seemd to bloom;
There left him to the brisk Society
Of costly Bathes, and corsick Wines, whose high
And sprightly temper, from cool *Sherbets* sound
A calm ally: here his harsh thoughts unwound
Themselves in pleasure, as not fearing Fate
So much, but that he dares to recreate
His Spirits (by unweildy Action tir'd)
With all that Lust into no Crime had fir'd.
By Mutes (those silent Ministers of sin)
His sullied Garments were remov'd, and in
Their place such various Habits layd, as pride
Would cloath her Favourites with, she means to hide
From those Deformities, which Accident
On Natures Issue, striving to prevent
Forms eaven progresse casts, when she would twine
That active Male with matter feminine.

Unruffl'd

Unruffl'd here by the rash Wearer rests Book III
Fair *Persian* Mantles, rich *Sclavonian* Vests.
The gawdy *Thuscan*, or transmuted shape
Of the phantastick *French*, the *British* Ape,
The grave and constant *Spaniard*, all might here
Find Garments, such as Princes would appear,
To grace their honourd Nuptials in, or tell
Strangers how much their Treasure doth excell.
Though on this swift variety of Fate,
He looks with wonder, yet his brave Soul sate,
Too safe within her guards of Reason, to
Be shook with Passion; that there's some hing new
And strange approaching, after such a storm
This gentle Calm assures him, but the form
Of pleasure softens not, that which the other,
And worse extream, not with fears damps cou'd smother.
He flies not with the rugged Separatist,
Pleasures smooth Walks, nor doth enjoying twist
Those threds of Gold to Fetters, he dares tast
All mirth, but what Religions stock would wast.
His Limbs (from Wounds but late recoverd) now
Refresht with liquid Odours did allow
Their suppl'd Nerves no softer rest, but in
Such Robes as wore their Ornament within,
Vaild o're their beauty; Linnen smooth, and soft,
As *Phœnix* Down, and whiter then what's brought
From furthest *China* he puts on, and then
What habit Custome made familiar, when
Clothd in his own, makes choyce of for to be
Most horourd of that rich variety.
In an *Italian* Garb, o'th' Dubblet clad,
Manto, Lusts swift and watchfull Spy that had

With

Book III. With an officious care attended on
That motion, entring, hasts him to be gone,
To'rd more sublim'd delights, which though a just
And holy doub: proclaim the road of Lust,
Knowing his better Angel did attend
Upon each step, he ventures to descend
The dreadful Precipice so far, untill
The burniug Vale was seen, then mounts the Hill
Of Heaven-bred Fortitude, from whence disdain,
Floods of contempt on those dark fires did rain.
His guilty Conduct now had brought him neer
Jhonusa's Room, the glaring Lights appear,
Through the Windows chrystal Wals, the strong
Perfumes of balmy Incense mixt among
The wandring Attomes of the Aire did fly,
Sights nimble Scouts, yet were made captive by
A slower sence, as if but to reveal
What breathd within, those Fugitives did steal,
Thorough their unseen Salliports, which now
Were useless grown, the open doors allow,
A free accesse into the Room, where come,
Such reall Forms he saw, as would strike dumb
Their *Alcharons* Tales of Paradice; the fair
And sparkling Jems ith' gilded Roof impair
Their Vapours fires, yet both themselves confesse,
Weak to those flames *Jhonusa's* eyes possesse.
With such a joy, as bodies that do long
For Souls shall meet them in the Doomsdayes throng,
She that rul'd Princes, though not Passions, sate
Waiting her Lover, on a Throne whose state
Epitomiz'd the Empires Wealth, her Robe
With costly pride had rob'd the checquerd Globe,

Of

Of its most fair and orient Jewels, to
Inhance its value; captive Princes, who
Had lost their Crowns, might here those Jems have seen,
That did adorn them, yet she trusts not in
These Auxiliary strengths, her confidence
In her own Beauty rests, which no defence
Of Chastity ere yet withstood, and now
She scorns to fear it, when her power did bow
Unto a Slave condemnd, that here could look
To see the fight, but whilst some torment took
The use of Eyes away, whilst he draws neer,
(By her command) no lesse it did appear,
Her wonder to behold his dauntlesse Spirit,
Then his, what Vertue to applaud as Merit.
Plac'd in a Seat neer her bright Throne, to stir
His settl'd thoughts, she thus begins; From her
Your Sword hath so much injur'd, as to shed
Blood so neer kin to mine, that it was fed
By the same milky Fountains, and within
One Womb warmd into life, is such a sin,
I could not pardon, did not Love commit
A Rape upon my Mercy, all the wit
Of man in vain Inventions, had been lost,
Ere thou redeemd, which now although it cost,
The price of all my Honours, I will do,
Be but so full of gratitude, as to
Repay my care with love: Why dost thou thus
Sit dumb to my discourse, it lies in us,
To raise, or ruine thee, and make my way
Thorough their bloods, that our Imbraces stay.
This on the spur of Passion spoke, she strains
His hand in hers, where feeling the big Veins,

Beat

Book III. Heat with intemperate heat, conceiving it
The strokes of Lust, to aggravate the Fit,
Into a Paroxisme of Guilt, she shews
(More then with modesty) how much she ows
To Natures Treasure, for that ill spent stock
Of Beauty she enjoyd, her Eyes unlock
Two Cabinets of sparkling Diamonds, which
The even foils of Ebbon brows enrich,
With a more Orient brightness; on her Cheek,
The Roses (conquering the pale Lilly) seek
To counterfeit a Blush, but vanquisht shame
Submits to Love, in whose insulting flame,
The modest Virgin a sad Martyr dies,
And at Fames wounds, bled Passions Sacrifice.
Natures emboss't work, her soft swelling breasts
(Those Bals of living Ivory) unprest,
Even with the Weight of Tiffany displayes,
Whitenesse that sham'd the Swans, the blood that straies
In Azure Channels over them did shew
By their swell'd streams, how high the Tyde did flow,
Wherein her Passions saild; the milky way
Loves fragrant Valley that betwixt them lay,
Was moist with balmy Dew, extracted by
The busie Spirits that did hovering fly
Thorough her boyling blood, whose raging flame,
Had scorcht to death the *April* Flowers of shame.
To charm those sullen Spirits that within,
The dark Cells of his Conscience might have bin,
Yet by Religion hid, that Gift divine,
The Souls Composure, Musick did refine,
The lazy Aire, whose polisht Harmony,
Whilst dancing in redoubled Eccheez, by

A wanton

A wanton Song was answerd, whose each part, Book III.
Invites the Hearing to betray the Heart.
Having with all these choice Flowers strewd the way
That leads to Lust, to shun the slow delay
Of his approach, her sickly Passions hast
To die in action; Come (she cries) we wast
The pretious Minutes, now thou know'st for what
Thou'rt sent for hither, which if active at,
Thou only liv'st in my esteem; and then
(O Impudence, which from the worst of men
Might force a Blush) she swiftly hasts to tread
Within Lusts Tropicks, her polluted Bed.
And here black sinner, thou, whose bloods disease,
Of kin to Hels, wants numbers to appease,
Its flaming Callenture, blusht to behold
A Virgin Vertue, spotless leaves unfold
In youthful Volume, whilst thy ripe years spent,
In lust, hath lost thy Ages Ornament.
In this, as hot and fierce a Charge of Vice,
As (since he lost the field in Paradice)
Man ever felt; the brave *Argalia* sits,
With Vertue cool'd in Passions feaverish Fits:
Yet at Lifes Garrisons his Pulses beat,
In hot Alarums, till to a soft Retreat
Cal'd by that fair Commandresse spight of all
Beauties prevailing Rhetorick, though he fall,
Ruin'd beneath her anger, he by this
Unwelcome Language, her expected bliss,
Converts to rage; And must my freedome then
At such a rate be purchast, rather when
My life expires in Torments, let my Name
Forgotten die, then live in black-mouth'd Fame;

A Servant

Book III. A ſervant to thy Luſt, go tempt thy own
Dam'd Infidels to ſin, that nere had known
The way to Vertue, not this cobweb vail
Of beauty which thou wearſt, but as a Jayl,
To a Soul, pale with guilt, can cover o're
Thy Minds deformities; a tainted Whore
Conſcience proclaim thee will, when thou ſhalt ſit,
Shook with this ſpotted Feavers trembling Fit.
(Rent from theſe gilded Pleaſures) ſend me to
A Dungeon dark as Hell, where ſhadows do
Reign in eternal ſilence; Let theſe rich
And coſtly Robes (the gawdy Trappings) which
Thou meanſt to cloath my ſin in, be exchang'd
For ſordid Rags; when thy fierce ſpleen hath rang'd
Through all invented torments, chooſe the worſt
To puniſh my denial, leſs accurſt,
I ſo ſhall periſh, then if by conſent
I'de taught thy guilty thoughts how to augment
Their ſins in action, and by giving eaſe
To thy bloods Feaver, took its loathd diſeaſe.
To have the ſpring-tyde of her pleaſures, ſweld
By Luſts ſalt waters, thus by force expeld
Back to Confuſions troubl'd Sea, had made
Such troops of Paſſion ready to invade,
An ill defended Conſcience, that her look
Like a caſt Felons, out of hopes of th' book;
Was ſad with ſilent guilt; the Room ſhe leaves
To her Contemner, who not long receives
The benefit of reſt, ſhe that had been
The Prologue unto this obſtructed ſin,
With ſix arm'd Slaves was enterd, thence to force
Him to his diſmal Jayl, but the Divorce

Of

Of life, from those which first approacht, joynd to
The others flight had put her to renew
That scatterd strength, had not that sacred tye
(His solemn Oath) from Laurell Victory,
Snatcht the fair wreath, and though brave Valour strives
To reach at Freedome through a thousand Lives:
At her Command more tamely made him yield,
Then conquerd Virgins in the Bridal Field.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

The ARGUMENT.

Anger (improv'd by Lusts enormous Flame)
Fires vext Jonusa, with such sad extreams
Of Rage, that her sweet Sexes native shame,
Is scorcht to death, in those prodigious beams.

Which wilst they to her angry Lord betray,
Her Honours loss, such tumults in him breed,
That both their deaths must serve for an allay,
Whose sudden fall our Christian Champion freed.

OUr noble Captive to fair Vertues Throne,
In safety past, though through Lusts burning Zone,
Finds in his Dungeons lazy damps, a rest
More sweet, though with the heavy waights oppresst,
Of Iron bondage, then if they had bin
Loves amorous wreaths (*Jonusa's* Armes) within
Whose Ivory Circles he had slept; but shee,
(Her grief compos'd of all malignity)
Lusts flames unquencht converts to, whilst they burn,
Black thoughts within her breast, that beauteous Urn
Of Lusts corruption: sometimes anger flies
Above the sphear of Reason, and there dyes,
With tears extinguisht; she breaths Curses in
Her Souls pale Agony, such as had bin

Book III. More deadly then infectious damps if not
Strangl'd ith' Embrio, dead before their hot
Poyson could work upon her fancie more
Then ſpleenfull thoughts which were recal'd before
Ripen'd for execution. Now ſhe ſteeps
Her down in tears, a floud of ſorrow weeps
Of power (if penitent) to expiate
Youths vigorous ſins, but all her mourning ſate
Beneath a darker Vayle then that which ſhades
Repentant grief, ſince ſinne but wiſht invades
The ſoul with that which leads to horror, when
Grief for ſins paſt bring into light agen
One through a ſea of trouble leads the way
To a ſafe Harbour, th'other caſts away
Poor ſhip-wrackt Mortals, when by deaths ſwift ſtroak
Lifes feeble hold is from hopes anchor broke.
So far the fair *Jonuſa* in this ſad
Region of grief had gone, till ſorrow had
That Feaver turn'd, upon whoſe flaming wings
At firſt luſt only ſate, to one which brings
Deaths ſymptomes near her heart, which had ſo long
Beneath the burthen greand, untill the ſtrong
Diſeaſe had wrought up all the blood within
Her checks into conſuming flames; the skin
Had loſt its ſoft repoſe of fleſh, and lay
On nought but bones, whoſe ſharpneſſe did betray
Their macerated nerves; The Roſe had loſt
His Enſigns in her cheeks, and though it coſt
Payns near to death, the Lillie had alone
Set his pale Banners up, no brightneſſe ſhone
Within her eyes dim Orbs, whoſe fading light
Being quench'd in death, had ſet in endleſſe night
Had not the wiſe endeavours of her Mayd
(The carefull *Manto*) griefs pale Scouts betrayd

By

By ſlie deceipt. Knowing if ſhe ſhould want
Health, untill cur'd by that exotick plant
The Captives love, what luſt at firſt did burn
With inflammations might a Gangrene turn,
Although ſhe cures not, yet gives preſent eaſe
By laying Opiates to the harſh diſeaſe.
A Letter, which, did for uncivil blame
His firſt denyal, in the ſtrangers name
Diſguiz'd ſhe gives her, which, with eyes that did
O're-flow with joy, read ore, had ſoon forbid
Griefs ſullen progreſſe, whoſe next ſtage had been
O're Lifes ſhort road, the Grave, deaths quiet Inne
From whoſe dark terror by this gleam of light
Like trembling children by a Lamps weak light
Freed from nights dreadfull ſhadowes, ſhe'd imbrac'd
Sleep (natures darkneſſe) had not joy defac'd
Thoſe ſooty characters, and on the wings
Of ayrie hope (that wanton bird which ſings
As ſoon as fledg'd) advanc'd her to ſurvey
The dawning beauties of a long'd for day.
But ere this pyramid of pleaſure to
Its height arrives, with's preſence to undoe
The golden ſtructure, dreadfull *Ammurat*
From's floting manſion, ſafely landed at
The Cities Port, impatient Love had brought
In an untimely viſit, ere ſwift thought
Fetterd with guilt, could from his eager eye
By an excuſe to ſanctuary flie,
He enters, and ſhe faints, in which pale trance
His pity findes her, but to no ſuch chance
Imputes the cauſe, rather conceives it joy
Whoſe ruſhing torrent, made her heart imploy
His nimble ſervants, all her Spirits, to
Prevent a deluge, which might elſe undoe

Book III.

Loves new made Common-wealth; But whilst his care
Hastens to help, her fortune did declare
Her sorrows dark enigma, from her bed
The Letter drops, which when lifes Army fled
Their frontier Garrisons neglected had
Been left within't, this seen, declares a sad
Truth to'th amazed Bassa, though 'twere mixt
With subtill falshood, whilst he stands betwixt
High rage, and grief distracted, doubtfull yet
In what new dresse to wear revenge, the fit
Forsakes *Jhanusa*, who not knowing, she
Detected stood, of Lusts conspiracie
Gainst honours Royal Charter, from a low
Voyce strayns a welcome, which did seem to flow
From fickle discontent, such as the weak
Lungs breath the thoughts in whilst their fibers break,
To counterfeited slumbers, leaving her,
He's gone, with silent anger to confer
And though rage lives in fire, the fury lies
Unseen through the false opticks of his eyes;
With such a farwell as kinde husbands leave
Their pregnant Wives, preparing to receive
A Mothers first of blessings he forsakes
The room, and into strict inquiry takes
The wretched *Manto*, who ere she could call
Excuse to aid, surpriz'd, discovers all
Her sins black art, from whose dark Theorems, he
This method drawes, that night design'd to be
Lighten'd with Lusts hot triumphs, he pretends
Commanded absence, yet the false stroke bends
But towards that guard, ere by a swift reverse
Brought back, his souls slie Scouts had gain'd commerce
With all those enemies to honour by
Whose aid *Jhanusa* ruins chastity;

Plac'd

Plac'd by falſe *Manto* in a Cloſer, which,
Silent, and ſad, had only to inrich
Its roof with light, ſome few neglected beams
Sent from *Jhonuſa's* room, which ſerve as ſtreams
To waſt intelligence; Here he beheld
Whileſt ſhe, who with his abſence had expelld
All thoughtfull cares was with her joy ſwell'd high
As Captives are when cal'd to liberty,
Her Linnen (like a Princely *Brides* that meets
In the ſoft folds of her firſt nuptial ſheets
Perfum'd and coſtly, her fair bed was more
Adorn'd then Shrines, whoſe Saints rich Kings adore,
Incenſe in ſmoaky curles, climbs to the fair
Roof, whilſt choice muſick ratifies the aire,
Each element in more perfection here
Then in their firſt creation did appear
Yet liv'd in harmony, the wing'd fire lent
Perfumes to'th aire, that to moiſt Cordials pent
In Chriſtal Vials, ſtrength, and thoſe impart
Their vigour to that ball of earth, the hart,
The nice eye here epitomiz'd might ſee
Rich *Perſia's* wealth, and old *Rome's* luxury
But now (like Natures new made Favorite
Who untill all created for delight
Was from'd, did here ſee Paradice) comes in
Deceiv'd *Argalia*, thinking he had been
Cald thither to behold a Penitent
Arming for death, not heavens choice bleſſings ſpent
On th' vanities of Life, but mirth ſoon gives
That thought its mortal wound, and ſhewes ſhe lives
Beyond that dark ſphear, where her joyes did move
As if her eyes alone gave Lawes to Love,
Where beauties Conſtellations all did ſhine
As if no croſſe aſpect could ere untwine

Book III

Their claſpt Conjunctions, which did ſeem to guide
Old Natures ſteps, till from their Zeniths pride,
By vertue (the Souls motion) which the World
In order keeps, into confuſion hurld.
For here gay vanity, though cloathd in all
Her gawdy Pageants, lets her Trophies fall
Before bright Vertues Throne, with ſuch a high
Heroick ſcorn, as aged Saints that die
Heavens Favourites, leave the trivial world, he ſlights
That gilded Pomp, no ſplendent beam invites,
His ſerious eye, to meet their Objects in
An amorous glance, reſerv'd as he had been,
Before his grave Confeſſor, he beholds
Beauties bright Magick, whilſt its Art unfolds
Great Loves myſterious Riddles, and commands
Captive *Thouſa* to infringe the Bands
Of Matrimonial modeſty; when all
Temptation fails, ſhe leaves her Throne to fall,
(The ſcorn of Greatneſſe) at his Feet; but Prayer
(Like flattery) expires in uſeleſſe aire,
Too weak to batter that firm confidence,
Their torments thunder could not ſhake: from hence
Deſpair (Loves Tyrant) had enforc'd her to
More wild Attempts, had not her *Ammurat*, who
Unſeen, beheld all this, prevented by
His ſight, the death of bleeding modeſty.
Made ſwift with rage, the ruffl'd Curtain flies
His angry touch, he enters, fixt his eyes,
(From whence ſome drops of rage diſtil) on her
Whoſe heart had lent her Face its Character,
Whilſt he ſtood red with flaming anger, ſhe
Looks pale with fear, Paſſions diſparity
In ſuch extreams, as Natures Laws require,
'Twixt Earths cold Center, and th' aires circling fire.

Dwelt

Dwelt in their troubl'd breasts, his wild eyes stood
Like Comets, when attracting storms of blood
Shook with portentuous sadnesse, whilst hers sate
Like the dull earth, when trembling at the Fate
Of those ensuing ills, heavy and fixt
Within their Orbs. Passions thus strangely mixt,
No various Feaver ere created in,
The phrenzi'd Brain, when sleeps sweet calm had bin
From her soft Throne depos'd: this Lightning past,
Thunder succeeds, as burning Mountains cast
Out horrid noise, after their flame and smoak,
So having paus'd, his dreadful Voyce thus broke
The dismal silence; Thou prodigious Whore,
The curse of my Nativity, that more
Afflicts me, then eternal wrath can do
Spirits condemnd, some Fiends instruct me to
Heighten revenge to thy desert, but so
I should do more then Mortals may, and throw
Thy spotted Soul to flames, yet I will give
Its passe-port hence, for think not to out-live
This hour, this fatal hour, ordaind to see,
More then an Age before of Tragedy;
She that fell from a Firmament of pride
To Fortunes lowest Region, and there di'd
A sad example to ensuing times,
That Honours Altitude supports not Crimes.
When in their stretcht Extentions reaching to
Justice, which can through reverst Opticks view
Giants, though Pigmy sins do oft appear,
Like the dim Moon, more great, because more neer,
Sins, that till fear their guilt did aggravate,
Wore Vertues Frontispiece, since now too late
To hope for life, in their own monstrous form,
Encounter Reasons Guards, till the big storm

Book III.

Of various passions all were settled in
Book III Dregs of despair, when fearing tears should winne
The victory of anger, *Ammurat* drawes
His Simmeter, which had in blood writ Lawes
For conquerd Provinces, and with a swift
And cruel rage, ere penitence could lift
Her burthen'd soul in a repentant thought
Tow'rds heaven, sheathes the cold steel in her soft
And snowy breast, with a loud groan she falls
Upon the bloudy floore, half breathlesse calls
For his untimely pity, but perceiving
The fleeting spirits with her bloud were leaving
Her heart unguarded, she imployes that breath
Which yet remain'd, not to bewayle her death,
But beg his life that caus'd it, on her knees
Strugling to rise, but now calm'd *Ammurat* frees
Her from disturbing death, in's last great work,
And thus declares some vertue in a *Turk*;
I have brave Christian by perusing thee
In this great act of honour, learnt to be
Too late thy slow-pac'd follower, this ring (with that
Gives him his Signet) shall when question'd at
The Castle guards, thy safety be, and now
I see her bloods low water doth allow
Me only time to lanch my souls black Bark
Into deaths rubick Sea, for to the dark
And silent Region, though we here were by
Passion divorc'd, Fortune shall not deny
Our souls to sail together: From thy eyes
Remove deaths load, and see what sacrifice
My Love is offering, with that word a stroak
Pierces his breast, whose speedy pains invoak
Deaths Opiates to appease them, he sinks down
By's dying Wife, who ere the cold floud drown

Life

Life in the deluge of her wounds, once more
Betrayes her eyes to'th light, and though they bare
The weight of death upon their Leads, did keep
Them so long open, till the icie sleep
Began to seize on him, and then she cries
Oh see just heaven, see, see my *Ammurat* dies
To wander with me in the unknown shade
Of Immortality, but I have made
The wounds that murther'd both, his hand that gave
Mine, did but gently let me bloud to save
An everlasting Feaver. Pardon me
My dear, my dying Lord, Eternity
Shall see my soul wash't white in tears, but Oh
I now feel times dear wast, they will not flowe
Fast as my stream of bloud. Christian farewell,
When ere thou do'st our tragick story tell,
Do not extenuate my crimes, but let
Them in their own black characters be set
Near *Ammurats* bright vertues, that read by
The unpractic'd Lover, which posterity
(Whilst wanton windes play with our dust) shall raise
On beauties throne, the good may justice prayse
By his example, and the bad by mine
From Vices Throne be scar'd to Vertues Shrine.
And here the speed deaths messengers did make
To hurry forth their souls, did faintly shake
Her words into imperfect accents, this
She cries is our last enterview, a kisse
Then joyns their bloudlesse Lips; Each close the eyes
O'th other, whilst the parting spirit flies
Mounted on both their breaths, the latest gasp
They ere must draw. Whilst with stiffe arms they clasp
Each others neck, *Argalia* through a cloud
Of liquid sorrow did behold the proud

Triumphs

Book III.

Triumphs of death in their untimely fate,
He sees great *Ammurat* for a Robe of State,
Groveling in blood, the fair *Phœnusa* lie,
Purpl'd in death; like polliſht Ivory,
Dipt in Vermillion; the bright Chryſtals that
Her Soul in conquering flames lookt thorough at.
Both quencht and coold in death; but time did lend
His tears ſcarce paſſage, till a drop could end
Its Journey o're his Cheeks, before a Page
Whoſe cruelty had far out-grown his Age;
Enters in haſt, and with an anger that
(Though indiſcreet) at wrongs ſeemd kindl'd at,
In wounds, did on the *Baſſas* body vent
A ſpleen that deaths diſcharge could not content.
This ſeen, *Argalia* (to whom all muſt be
Offence that injures fair humanity)
Stops the vain Torrent, and a neerer way,
To juſt revenge directs the angry Boy,
Who by unfolded truth, now lets him know,
His Rage to that uncivil height did grow,
Not from a childiſh ſpleen, but wrongs that he
A Chriſtian, ſuffer'd in Captivity.
Aſſur'd by this confeſſion, that he might
Be uſeful more, then in a ſecret flight,
Argalia bids him, in his *Baſſas* Name,
A Mandate, write for ſome of worthieſt Fame,
'Mongſt all the Chriſtian Citizens, and thoſe
To ſend the Guard for, ere the Morning roſe,
On the black ruines of the Night; this done,
Before that time the Victory had won
Of opportunity (their Warders ſlain)
Each Chriſtian Captive from his ruſty Chain,
His bold hand frees, and by their happy aide,
The Gates being firſt ſecur'd, with eaſe diſmayd;

The

The drouſie Garriſon, from whom they found
But weak reſiſtance, ſome ſoft ſleep had bound
To Beds of eaſe, intemperate Riot kept
Others more vainly waking; here one ſlept
Between a Miſtreſſe Armes, and there another
(Stole to a private Cattamit) did ſmoother
Delight in whiſpers, in which looſe Garb found,
Ere time rowls up what ſlow neglect unwound,
Even in ſecuricies ſoft Lap ſurpriz'd,
They met grim death in Pleaſures ſhape diſguiz'd,
All now being ſlain but feeble Eunuchs, and
Poor trembling Maids, the new, but valiant Band
Of late freed Captives Crown the Wals, from whence
They ſaw the Soldiers wicked dilligence,
In finding thoſe which the falſe Mandate had
Deſign'd for Ruine general, as ſad
The Cities ſorrows were, a deſolate
And ſilent horror, unregarded fate,
Ith' empty ſtreets, which action had not fil'd,
Yet with employment; but when day did gild
The Ebbony of Night, to hear the rude
Murmure that did, from the mixt multitude,
Open'd together with their Doors, aſſures
Argalia, that their fear, which yet ſecures,
That handfull of inſulting Tyrants, might
(With anger being charg'd home) be put to flight,
With a reſerve of hope, whilſt every breaſt
Was ſweld with ſtiffl'd Spirits, whilſt oppreſt
With ſilent grief, helpleſſe Spectators, they
Saw thoſe they once for Vertue did obey,
(Their reverend Senators, whoſe ſilver'd heads,
Age now made fit for eaſe) fore'd from their Beds,
By ſeaveriſh powers rude fits, whoſe bear, not all
The Jewleps of their Tears, though ſome drops fall

From

Book III. From Beautie's lovely bloſſoms, cools their Rage,
Neglected Youth ſlights like unreverent Age.
But when the conquering Captives, by the brave
Argalia reſcued, from the Caſtle gave
Bright Victories Signal, when they ſaw each Lance,
The bleeding head of a grim Turk advance
Anger (like unoſtructed Love) breaks forth
In flaming haſt, yet here the Want of worth
And Valour 'mongſt the City heard, had drove
Them all to deaths dark Fields, if whilſt they ſtrove
With that ſtout band of *Janizaries*, they
Had not been by *Argalia* taught the way
To Victory, who in a ſally meets
Retreating fear, when creeping from the ſtreets,
To th' vain protection of their doors, and now
His conquering Sword having taught all to bow
Beneath its burniſht ſplendor, ſince the high
Applauſe oth' loudeſt acclamations fly
Beneath his worth, a general Vote elects,
Him for their Prince, but his brave Soul affects
Not ſo ſublime a burthen, knowing they
Bred under a Democriſie, obey
Contracted power, but harſhly he returns
All to their Senate, who of late like Urns
Nought but the uſeleſſe Aſhes did contain,
Of their own Laws, which were by Conqueſt ſlain.
But his refuſal, where acceptance, not
Envy could ſay, Ambition had begot,
But new Plants Vertue; who from thence did take
The deeper Root, and 'mongſt the throng did make
That choice ſo Epedemical, that he
For Valour feard, lov'd for Humility;
The peoples prayer (thoſe humble ſhrubs) that ow
For ſafety to pow'rs Cedars) joyn to grow,

Shadowd

shadowd beneath his Merit, and create
Him Prince oth' Senate, who (their doubtful state
Requiring strong Allies) A Fleet prepard,
To seek those Princes, who their danger shard;
Which ready with a prosperous Gale of wind,
He (though imployd by Honour) sails to find
Out Loves rich Indiaes, and with's white winged Fleet,
Hastens *Palermos* neerest Port to meet.

CANTO THE FIFTH.

The ARGUMENT.

With prosperous Sails mov'd from Sardinia's *Shore,*
Argalia *safe doth now from danger set*
The Cyprian *Prince, who though so large in score,*
With noble friendship soon repays the Debt.

In Sparta's *Court they'r now arriv'd, where he*
That Life he sav'd, venters to save him in
An Act so great, it sets the Princess free,
Who for his sake had long a Prisoner bin.

WHilst with bent Oars *Argalia's* Squadrons move,
Like the light wings of (Times Physitian) Love,
Who steerd his course, and now had safely drawn
Him through th' *Ionian* Waves, when by the dawn
Of a still Morning, whose pale sickly light
(Yet bounded in the Ebbony of Night)
Shewd like a dull Quicksilver foil spread o're
The Worlds great Glasse, whose even Surface bore
Within their view two Galleons, whom they saw
(Like timerous Hares) base Hunters give no Laws

Chac'd

Chac'd by a nimble, numerous fleet. Drawn near,
Book III. Christians the chac'd, the Chacers *Turks* appear,
Which like a shole of smaller Fishes made
So bold by number, that they durst invade
The big bulkt Whale, on every side assails
The slow-pac'd fleet, who, since not strength prevayls
Against such ods, their fiery spirits spent
In thunder, which, had from their broad sides sent
The last great groan, for powers decease, and they
Not their Foes terror, but good fortune lay.
Whilest crampt in this convulsion of their fear
Which (honour gilding) made despair appear
The childe of fortitude, they all prepare
Bravely to die, *Argalia's* squadrons bare
Up with the winde, and ere the *Turks* proud Fleet
(Deceiv'd by their own Crescents) fear to meet
A danger (like a Hirrocane) falls in
Destruction which was suffer'd whilest unseen.
So wealthy Merchants, whose returning cost
A storm on the pacifick Sea hath lost,
Fall from the arms of hope. Sudden, and swift
As inundations, whose impetuous drift
Swallows a sleeping City up, had they
Lost the firm hold of Victory, and lay
Sad Captives in their own lost Ship, for flight
Saves few, where all in hopes of conquest fight
Fair Victory made more bright by accident
(Even when despair hopes wasted stock had spent)
Those that were rescu'd, from their soft prayers raise
To pay heavens tribute in their louder prayse
Which (oft neglected) debt discharg'd, they gave
(Allay'd with thanks) to him, whose hand did save
A miracle in their delivery, all
Deliver'd applause, that can when mounted, fall

I'th

Ith' Circle of Humanity; to kisse
Those hands with pluckt him from the black Abbysse Book III.
Of Death, their brave Commander goes, where he,
(Discoverd by Majestick curtesie;
Such real forms of worth, that (he was grown
Rich in esteem, before more fully known.
But long Truth stands not vail'd in a disguize
Of Ignorance, ere they are taught to prize
His Friendship at a higher rate, by seeing
Their active Valour had been blest in freeing
The *Cyprian* Prince, for such he was, and then,
Bound for *Morea*: this made publick, when
Acquaintance had taught Love more boldnesse, he
All that discretion would permit to be
Lodg'd in the Closet of a friendly Breast,
Tels to *Argalia*, who (though in his best
Of hopes, a Rival knowing him, was in
Love too secure to harbour envious sin.
Their prosperous Fleet, ere times short steps had trod
In hours, a full dayes Journey safely rod
At Anchor in *Ghiremza's* Bay, from whence
When known, their Cannons in a loud expence,
Proclaim their welcome; the Acquaintance that
The *Cyprians* Father, ere his youth stayd at
Its Summer Solstice, with *Cleander* had,
Revives ith' Suns embraces, which the glad
Citie in th' triumphs ecchoes, ere 'twas known,
That his Resolves were such, as Love was grown,
The wishes of the peoples throng, who thought
That that unpolisht Prince *Zoranza* brought
Unequal strength of Merit, ere to win
The Fort *Pharonnida* lodg'd Vertue in.
When first they enterd the admiring Court,
Fame (wise mens care, but the Fools busie sport)

Making

Making the Ear the Eyes wise Harbinger,
Book III. By Learning first their Vertues, did confer
More honour on their persons, they beheld
Ith' *Cyprian* Prince heroick worth, yet swelld
With no ambitious tumour, calm and free,
As whol'esome aire, when its Ubiquity
Breaths healthful blasts, where his smooth thoughts to all
Most sweetly affable, but few could call
His Love familiar, his Youth had not
Yet learnt rough War, although from Precept got
Its useful Rudiments, and by Valour shews
Future Command may pay what Action owes
To speculation; by the Grave, sad man,
Whose counsel could Conspiracies unspan,
When ready to give fire, he is beheld,
As one whose Vertues far his years exceld;
And might, when at maturity afford
Length to the Scepter, from's victorious *S*word.
From this young Prince (Heavens hopeful Blossom) they
Pleas'd but not satisfi'd, their *S*ouls convey
On those wing'd Messengers, their Eyes unto
Manly *Argalia*, finding there a new
And various form of worth on's Brow did sit,
Reserv'd discretion, reconcil'd to Wit.
Serious and grave his carriage, yet a Face,
Where Loves fair *S*hrine did Wisdoms Temple grace.
His scars (those broad *S*eals) which protecting fate,
His future safety sign'd in, on him sate
Not to deform, but until Age remain
Like Maids of Honour plac'd in Beauties Train.
True worth dwelt in the other; but in this
Brave Heroes breast had her Metropolis.
The *Cyprians* safety, and *Sardinia's* brave
Redemption were the past-ports which Fame gave

Unto

Unto his travelling prayse, which fled in haste
Through th' ears short stages, in each breast had plac't Book. III.
A Love of's worth, which wise men softly prayse
Whilst the loud throng to acclamations raise.
Not long these true-born Sons of honour in
Paltrno's Court remaine, ere what had been
The cause which had the youthfull *Cyprian* drew
Froms Fathers Court, white fame presents unto
Busie Inquirers; Which design from all
Those swift (but weak recruits) good wishes call
Except from some it most concern'd, mongst which
Cleander staggers unresolv'd, the rich
And powerfull Kingdome, which affinity
With *Cyprus* promis'd, was a prize to be
Valued before *Epirus* wealth, who though
Of late victorious, yet could never grow
Up to that glorious height. This thought the most
Of all the ere obstructed love, had croft
Zoranza's hopes, had not his wishes been
(Though covetously vast) confin'd within
The others merits, amongst which the chief
Oppoles first it self, and the relief
Whispers in's soul, that had been thence brought by
Him, when his state wept bloud for liberty.
This in the Scale of Justice seem'd as large
As Loves dimensions, till a second charge
Of thoughts proclaim the *Cyprians* power to doe
The same if in necessity sought to,
Which blames becoming gratitude, as in
Relation to servility, a sinne
In the great souls of Princes, who can be
If they remain in debt for curtesie
But Captives in the throne, too oft the cause
Why meritorious Subjects meet the Lawes

Book III. Harsh Rigour for Reward, when their Deserts
Many and great, o're fill their Princes hearts.
Before *Cleanders* Gravity had layd
This tempest of his Passion, Fame betrayd
Their Cause to the *Epicote* Prince, who hears
The *Cyprians* welcome, which his various fears
But briefly comment on, before without
More slow delays then what were spent about
The swiftest preparations, he intends
To visit fair *Pharonnida*, and ends
His Journey, ere a thought unwing'd with Love,
Could lead him forth of's Court, which hast did prove
His Passions stronger then the strength of age
Appeard to promise what it might presage,
To see at once two royal strangers in
Their glorious Court, which both imployd had bin
About one amorous Errand, strangely did
Affect the Citizens, whose fears forbid
The publick Stage, in private whispers tels
What danger lay betwixt those parallels.
Yet in the opposition of those Stars,
That shine in Passions sphear, Loves civil Wars
Had no field Army, all his power did rest
Within the private Garrisons oth' breast,
Which though besieg'd, by sly suspition made
No verball Sallies, but prepare t'invade
Beauties bright Province; yet, each only had
A single Visit given unto the sad
Sweet Object of their hopes, and thence receiv'd
A Welcome, such as neither had bereav'd
The others hopes, both rather finding cause
Of cold despair; *Cleander* pleads the Laws
Of Nature, and free choice, to wave his own
Engagements to *Zoranza*, which had blown

Loves

Loves sickly flame with the tempestuous breath
Of anger forth, had not those thoughts to death,
Ith' Bud been doom'd: whilst thus his Passions slept
In Loves soft Armes, the noble *Cyprian* kept
A distance 'twixt his hopes and wishes by
The stayd *Epicots* interest, both rely
On their own Merits, and Loves doubtful fate,
Makes subject to the Monarchy of Fate.
But whilst this busie Combate of the heart
On equal tearms is fought, time bent to part
The royal Champions, through the obscure Ports
Of dark disguize into Loves field resorts,
A third brave Combatant, whose Merit had
(Though not ith' Armour of great Titles clad)
By parly wonne that Maiden Fort, which they
Although they scal'd, on golden Mountains, lay
Before in vain; *Argalia* though within
Ghirenza's Court, had yet a stranger bin,
More then in Fame and big Report, to her:
Whose best of thoughts wore his Souls Character;
And yet (although a Virgins bashful grace
Conceald her own, for to behold that Face
So much in debt to th' peoples Prayses) to
Her window oft the royal Maid had drew,
Where whilst his eyes did wast their Beams in vain,
To pierce those stubborn Walls that did contain
Rich Loves unvalued Treasure, she beholds
His brave Deportment, which, since strange, unfolds
New Volumes of unprinted joy, which she
(Sorrow affording so much liberty)
Oft with delight looks o're, beholding in't
Argalia's Vertues in a different print.
But his wise Fate, even when his prayer grew weak
In Faith, did through hopes cold Antartick break,

Book III. In a long Summers day, his noble friend
The Princely *Cyprian* did so largely spend
His stock of eloquence in's praise when he
Last saw divine *Pharonnida*, that she
Although from no remoter cause then springs
From Vertues publike love, tells him he brings
His next best welcome with his Friend, which proud
To be observant in, when time allow'd
A visit he performs. Now to the Court,
Beauties dull Cloyster, which no throng'd resort
Of Clients fill they'r come, the surly Guard
Those wakefull Dragons, did without reward
Let in that danger in disguise, which had
Met death i'th entrance, if in that unclad.
The way that cleft the scowling Rock, being by
A thousand steps ascended, they i'th high
Clifts finde the Royal Eagler, trying that
Bright eye of her fair soul, discretion at
The fiery beams of anger, which were shot
From her Majestick Father. Being got
Once more to breath his Soul upon that hand
Where Loves first Vows, seal'd with his Lips did stand
(Knowledge inflaming passions Feaver) like
Unpractic'd Saints, which miracles do strike
Into a Reverend zeal, he trembling takes
That holy Relique, which a cold fear shakes
In that warm touch. Her eyes fair splendor shone
Like bright Stars, in heavens trepidation
Shook with the general motion, though betwixt
The Sphears of Love and Wonder they stood fixt
In their own Orbs, and their united beams
Center'd on him, yet (like dead friends which dreams
Imperfectly present) his Lovely form,
As Marriners, when Land is through a storm

With

With doubtfull joy descry'd, she sees, but yet
Knowledge had met with no prospective fit
To guide her through the dark disguize, unto
The Rode of truth, his Valour was in new
Habiliments of honour cloath'd, and scars
Made her Love's heaven adornd with unknown Stars.
But whilest her Recollecting spirits were
All busied, his Idea to compare
With what she saw, a sudden glance o'th eye
Disvellopes truth, that Jewel which was by
His first Protector left is seen, by which
Hope (near impoverisht with despair) growes rich
In Faith (heavens tenure). But the rushing tide
O're-flowes so much, that Loves fresh Rivers glide
Over weak natures banks, she faints, and in
A silent joy (contracted what had bin
By Love dilated) from which giddy trance
To rescue her *Argalia* doth advance
To charge those troops of passions, which o're her
Had prov'd victorious, nor did fate deferre
Their Conquest long ere she displayes again
Beauties fair Banner in Loves Ivory plain.
Th' imprison'd spirits freed, the bloud in haste,
(Fearing her Love had Wisdoms throne defac'd
To beauties Frontiers flies. So mornings weep
And blush together when they over-sleep
Themselves in nights black bed. Though fears dull charms
Whilst in the circle of *Argalia's* arms
Like Dreams fantastick Visions vanish in
Her waking joyes, yet knowing they had been
Betray'd into a strangers view, they both
Stood mute with passion, till the *Cyprian*, loth
To adde more weights unto affliction, by
Imping Loves wings with noble courtesie

Fans

Fans off the Southern clouds of fear, and thus
B Book III Calms the loud storm; Doubt not because to us,
(Fair Princess) Loves mysterious Riddles are
By accident resolv'd, the factious war
Shall be renewd, such base intelligence,
Traytors and Spies give, when the dark offence,
Scarres at discovery; if my service may
Be useful (Know) I sooner dare betray
My sins to th' world, then your intentions to
A smooth Seducer: This rare interview
May be my wonder; but shall never prove
My guilt, though all the stratagems of Love
Lay open to my heart, which though unskild
In his Polemmicks, yet with truth is fil'd.
Since now too late to seek protection by
A faint denial, the wisht privacy
Their Room afforded, gives them leave to lead
His apprehension, where conceit did read
The story of Loves civil Wars, whose Rage
Since treaty could not calm, makes him engage
His stock of power in their defence, and end
His Passions progresse to let Love attend
On Friendships royal Train, what not the force
Of Earths united Beauties could divorce;
Nor Wealths, nor Honours strong Attractions draw
To other Objects, by that holy Law
Informd, as hateful Sacriledge doth fly,
The bold intrusion on Loves Hierarchy.
VVith joy assur'd of such a powerful Friend
The hopeful Lovers sadder cares suspend,
To lay the plat-form of their safety by
A fair escape, but fear doth oft unty
The golden webs of Fancy, when they come
To name the means, Invention then struck dumb,

Startles

Startles into distraction; no smooth stroke
Of soft palmd flattery could ere provoke
Sleep in her watchful Dragons, nor no shower
Of ponderous Gold pierce through her sable Tower.
The harsh Commander of her surly Guard,
VVakeful as foaming *Cerberus*, and hard
As *Parian Quars*, a heart that could not melt
In Loves Alimbeck, the Slave never felt
His Darts, but when Lust gave the wound, and then
(Seard with enjoying) the blood stops agen,
And leaves behind the Feaver, which Disease
Now in him rag'd, *Amphibia* that could please
None but a sympathizing Nature, in
His blood had both Disease and Med'cine bin
VVith Lusts Inchantments, thick loose glances, first
Breeding a Callenture, whose sickly thirst
Consenting, sin allays again; but long
This Monster thrives not in the dark, ere strong
By eust ome grown, with Impudence he dares
Affront unvaild Report, and boldly bears
Himself above those head-strong Torrents, by
VVhose streams harsh Censure grew to callumny,
VVhich careless pride did unobstruct the way,
Through which to liberty Loves progresse lay.
A short delay, which lets not Fancy rest
In idle thought, their Actions did disgest
Into a Method; the succeeding Night
To that great day by whose triumphant light,
Their Annuall Feasts her Birth did celebrate,
The time design'd, which done, to stroke rough Fate
Into a calm, *Argalia* first finds out
Despis'd *Florenza*, then imployd about
Course Huswifery in the dull Country, where
Shee soon became a Partner of his care;

Book III

Prepares for safety with a diligence,
Whose privacy payes lavish Times expence.
Now from Nights swarthy Region rose that day,
'Gainst which Invention taught her Babes the way
To level at delight, though she flew high
As Monarchs breasts, Beauty and Valour vie
Each other in a conquering Pride, within
A spatious field, that ought before had bin
The Theater of Martial sports, each Knight,
VVhom the desire of honour did invite
By her swift Herald, Fame, were met, and all
VVhom the respects of either part did call
To th' *Epicotes*, or young *Cyprians* part
Repair unto their Tents, which strich in Art,
Adornd both sides oth' stately Lists, and lent
Their Beauties to be Prospects Ornament.
Neer to the Scaffold every seat was fil'd,
VVith bright Court beauties, Ladies that did gild
Youth (Natures Throne of pollisht Ivory) in
Pride, there but greatness, though low Fortunes sin.
Rang'd next to these the City Madams, that
Came both to wonder, and be wonderd at,
Fine (as on their first Lady-dayes) did sit
Comparing Fashions, to commend their wit;
Besides the Silk-worms spoyls (their husbands gain)
Jewels they wore (like Eyes in Beauties Wane)
Grown dim with Age, so dim, that they did look
As if they 'd been from plunderd *Delphos* took,
Although that sprung from Faction, yet each Face,
Was all set form, hardly affording place
For a stoln smile, save when some tickliſh Lord
Strikes sail, which they could wish should come abroad,
Below, neer to the over-heated throng
Sweet Country beauties, such as nere did wrong

Nature

Nature with nicer Art were seated, where
Though big, rude pride cast them in Honours Rear, Book III.
Yet in Loves Province they appeard to have
Command from their acknowledgd beauty gave,
Humble their Looks, yet Vertue there kept state,
And made even Envy wish to immitate
Their Fashions, not phantastick, yet their dresse
Made Gallantry in Love with comlines.
Whilst here the learnd Astronomers of Love,
Observ'd how Eyes (those wandring Stars) did move,
And thence with heedful Art did calculate
Approaching changes in that doubtful state;
The Princesse (like the Planet of the day)
Comes with a luster forth that did betray
The others beams into contempt, and made
The Morning Stars of meaner beauties fade,
Sadly confessing by their Languisht light,
They shone but when her absence made it Night:
Stately her look, yet not too high to be
Seen in the Valleys of Humility;
Clear as Heavens Brow was hers, her smiles to all,
Like the Suns comforts, Epidemical:
Yet by the boldest Gazer, with no lesse
Reverence ador'd, then *Persians* in distresse;
Do that bright power, who though familiar by,
An airy *Medium*, still is thron'd on high.
Least the ungovernd Multitude which raise
Their eyes to her, should in their lavish praise,
From zeal, to superstition grow, they'r now
Drawn off, the entertd Combatants allow
Their Eyes no further leisure, but beginning
Their Martial sports, with various fate were winning
Bright Victories Laurels. But I here must lee
Honour in their own stories Live, the debt

Book III

I ow to promise, but extends unto
The fortune of our royal Lovers, who
(Though both concernd in this) have actions far
More full of Fate approaching, that bright Star,
Which gave *Argalia* Victory here, scarce shews
Its spangl'd Records unto which he ows,
Far more sublime protection, yet it lends
Vigour to that bright Planet which attends
His future fortune, and discovers all
His *Astraciſmes* in rising *Cosmicall*;
Followd with Acclamations, such as made
The troops of envy tremble to invade
His conquering Fame, he leaves the Field, and by
Cleander with Rewards of Victory
First honourd in the publick view, is brought
From thence to meet delitious mirth in soft
Retir'd Delights, which in a spurious flood,
From Princes breasts to tenifie the blood
Of the blunt Soldier hasts, whose dull souls sweld
With aiery pleasures had from thought expeld
All sullen Cares, and leveld paths, unto
Designs which did to their neglect ensue.
The black-browd Night to Court the drousie World,
Had put her starry Mantle on, and hurld
Into the Sea (their spatious breasted Mother)
Her dark Attendants, silent sleep did smoother
Exalted Clamours, and in private meets
The busie Whisperer sporting 'twixt his sheets,
Vaild in which shady calm, *Argalia* by
The noble *Cyprian* only, in his high
Attempt assisted, now prepares to free
The great Preserver of his liberty.
Come to the Bridge, that to secure the sleep
Oth careless Guard, which slender watch did keep,

Finding

Finding it drawn, the depth, and ugly look
Oth' heavy ſtream, had from the *Cyprian* took
All hopes of paſſage, till that doubt did end
In greater fear (the danger of his Friend)
Who with a Courage high, as if in that
He'd centerd all the world did tremble at,
In his precedent Victories, had caſt
Himſelf to th' mercy of the ſtream, and paſt
In ſafety o're, though Nets enough were ſpread
On her dark Face to make his Deaths cold bed.
Giving his *Spirits* leave to fortifie
His heart with breath, he then aſcends the high
Oppoſing Clifts, which in an ugly pride,
Threatend beneath her ruin'd Scales to hide
That riſing flame of honour; being come
To th' other ſide a Centry, but ſtruck dumb
With ſleeps prevailing Retorick he finds,
Upon whoſe Keys he ſeizes, and then binds
His ſluggiſh Limbs ere full awake, convays
Him to a place, whence no loud cry betrayes
The ſounds of danger to his Fellows, that
Reveld in louder mirth, unſtartl'd at
The Rivers depth, the wondring *Cyprian* now
Croſt the united Bridge, and being taught how
By immitation to ſlight danger, goes
With his brave Friend toward their careleſs Foes.
Not far they were advanc'd, before they hear
Approaching ſteps, a Soldier was drawn neer,
Which to relieve, the other came, but ſhar'd
In his misfortune, ere he had prepard
To make reſiſtance, which attempt ſucceeds,
So equal to their wiſhes, that there needs
No more to ſtrengthen Faith; by the command
Oth' Wils beſt Leader (Reaſon) both did ſtand

A while

Book III A while to view their danger, through a way
Narrow and dark their dreadful passage lay;
The rugged Rock upon each side so steep,
That should they've miss't, no trembling hold could keep
Them from the grasp of death; to add to this,
More forms of horrour from the dark Abysse,
Which under-min'd the Rocks rough sides they hear,
A hollow murmure; the black Towers appear,
Flanckt with destruction, every part did hold
Peculiar terrour, but the whole unfold,
Through the black Glasse of Night, a Face like that,
Which *Chaos* wore, ere time was wakend at
The first great *Fiat*, or could ought appear,
More dark and dreadful, know 'twas emblem'd here.
Safe past through the first steps of danger, they
Now to the main Guard come, whom they betray
By a soft knock, of all conceived 't had bin
The Voyce their Centry cal'd for entrance in,
Their Errand undisputed, Postern Gates
Are open thrown, at which the royal Mates
Both rushing in, strangely amaze them, but
Now being enterd, 'twas too late to shut
The danger forth, nor could Confusion lend
Their trembling Nerves a strength fit to defend
By opposition, in base flight lay all
Their hopes of life, which some attempting fall
On the dark road of death, but few escape,
To shew their fellows dangers dredful shape.
Whilst here like powerful winds that dissipate
Infectious damps in unobstructed state,
Their valour Reign'd, to tell them that the way
Which led unto the Princesse freedome lay,
Yet through more slippery pathes of blood, with hast
Wild as their Rage; *Burmorchus* Brother's plac't,

That

That Guards Commanders enter, looſe neglect,
Which drew them thence, ſince cauſe of that effect,
They now redeem with ſpeed; Riot had not
Un-nerv'd their Limbs, although their blood grew hot,
With large intemperate Draughts, the Feaver yet
Ith' Spirits only dwelt, till this rude fit
On the ſtretcht heart layes hold in flames, which had
Scortcht Valours Wings, if not in Judgment clad.
Here (though their numbers equal were, yet in
A larger Volume danger had not bin
Often before preſented to the view
Of the brave Champions, as if ſhe had drew
With doubtful Art Lines in the *Sc*heam of Fate,
For them and their proud Foes, pale Vertue ſate
Trembling for fear her power ſhould not defend
Her Followers 'gainſt that ſtrength which did attend
Thoſe big-bon'd Villains ſtrokes, beneath whoſe force
The *Cyprian* Prince had felt a ſad divorce
Of Natures Wedlock, if when ſinking in
The Icy ſleep, deaths wide Gorge had not been
Stopt by a ſtroke from fierce *Argalia* ſent,
To aide him when in his defence he'd ſpent
His ſtock of ſtrength, freed by which happy blow,
From *Janus* Guard, ſince now his Friend lay low,
Neer Deaths dark Vally, he contracts his power,
To quench the others Lamp of Life, a ſhower
Of wounds lets fall on's Enemy, which now
Clog'd his Souls upper Garments, and allow
His Eyes dim Opticks, no more uſe of light,
Then what directs him in a ſtaggering flight.
Yet in the darkneſſe of approaching death,
In Miſchiefs Sables, that ſmall ſtock of breath
That yet remains to *Clothe*, he ſuddenly
Gives fire unto a Cannon that was by

Wiſe

Book III. Wise care ordaind to give intelligence,
When big with danger, fear could not dispence
With times delayes; the Princess that within
Her Closet, had that fatal Evening bin
Retir'd and sad, whilst strong wing'd prayer acquaints
Her flaming zeal with Heavens whole Quire of Saints,
Thus startl'd by the treacherous thunder all
Her yet unnumberd stock of Beads lets fall
'Mongst those that prayer had rankt, and did implore
In one great shriek deliverance, to her door
Hasts to behold the danger of those Friends
On whose success (Loves fortresse) hope depends.
Where being come, her eyes first progresse met
Her prayers Reward, even whilst his Sword was wet
With blood (the balm of Victory) but long
The Extasies of Fancy, though more strong
Then sacred Raptures last nor, all was now
Too full of noise and tumult, to allow
A Room for Passions flow, disputes within
The Schools of Action, loud Alarums in
The Castle, Court, and City rag'd, all were
Huddl'd into confusion, some prepare
To fly, what others with an Ignorance,
As great (though bolder) to oppose advance.
Here had our Heaven-protected Lovers lost,
What such large summs of prayers and tears had cost,
Had not the torrent of the peoples throng,
When rushing towards the Castle, by a strong
Voyce, danger, been diverted to prevent
A hungry flame, which in the *Cyprians* Tent
Began, had spread its aire-dilated wings
Over the City, whose feard danger brings
On them a worse distemperature, then all
Their last Nights Surfets, whilst proud Turrets fall

In

In their own Aſhes, the diſcordant Bells,
Ordaind to call for aide, but ring their Knels, Book III.
That in a drunken fury, half awake
Firſt their warm Beds, and then their Lives forſake,
For to deſtruction here big pride had ſweld,
Had not Nights errors been by day expeld.
With ſwift Cals frighted, but more terrifi'd
At their ſad Cauſe, Fear being his doubtful Guide;
The ſtout *Epicote* to *Cleanders* Court,
Repairs, and there amongſt a thick reſort
Of Subjects, finds the Prince diſtracted by
Thoſe Epidemick Clamours that did fly
From every part oth' City, to appeaſe
Whoſe fury whilſt he goes, the ſharp diſeaſe,
In flames feeds on her ruin'd beauty, and
Mounts on inſulting wings, which to withſtand,
Th' amaz'd Inhabitants did ſtop its flight,
With the whole weight of Rivers, till that light
Which an Uſurper on the ſooty Throne
Of darkneſſe ſate, vaniſht, or only ſhone
From their dim Torches Rayes, the Prince thus ſtayd,
In's haſty Journey, till the flames allayd,
Lent ſafety to the City, by it gave
The royal Fugitives the time to ſave
Themſelves by flight, from thoſe enſuing ills,
Whoſe clamorous Scouts (rude ſounds) the third aire fills.
Deſcended to the Gardens Poſtern Gate,
A place where ſilence yet unruffl'd ſate.
A Night obſcure, and an unhaunted way,
Conſpiring their Purſuers to betray,
To dark miſtakes, with ſilent Joy which had
All Fears pale ſymptomes in Loves purple clad;
Cloſe as that bold Attempter, whoſe brave theft
Was ſacred fire (the walks behind them left)

Book III. *Argalia* hasts unto the Castle Moat,
With his rich prize, there a neglected Boat
Half hid amongst the Willow Beds, finds out,
In which *Pharonnida*, that nought could doubt,
Whilst her successful Lover steerd, past o're
To meet the safety of a larger Shore.

The end of the third Book.

PHA-

PHARONNIDA.

The Fourth Book.

CANTO I.

The Argument.

I.

Whilſt noiſe and tumult fills the Court, the ſad
Orlinda *to lament alone, retir'd,*
Finds the brave Captain in deaths ſymptoms clad,
Whoſe perfect health her friendly care acquir'd.

II.

The Scouts with an unwelcom emptineſs
Of news return'd; the Princeſs ſecret flight
Yet well ſucceeds, but now in ſad diſtreſs
Find a black morning to that diſmal night.

WHen Fear, like an unskilful Pilot in
A ſtorm diſtracted, long in vain had been
Plac'd at the helm of Action, whilſt thoſe rude
Waves, rais'd by greater winds, the Multitude

Book IV. Swell'd with uncertain councels, all met in
A thick and dangerous confluence, those within
The Castle by a hotter passion to
A high wrought fury startled, did undo
Those links of council, which the other broke
With corrosives of fear, by the rude stroke
Of heedless Anger, whose uncivil strife
Had rob'd Revenge of justice, and each life
That here was in deaths inundation spilt,
Shed but to aggrevate a private guilt;
Had not the Prince, whose angers flame they fear'd
More then grim death, t'appease the storm appear'd.
Beat from the out-works of their hopes, all in
A busie tumult are imploy'd within
The Princes lodgings; but there only find
Their knowledge by her secret flight strook blind,
Stumbl'd on errors; No characters but what
The wasteful hand of death had scatter'd at
The Guard informs them; and even those seem left
The weak opposers of successful theft,
Dropt as their Foes victorious fate flue by,
To shew his fortune, and their loyalty.
Leaving which late warm tenements of breath,
Without once throwing up that bed of death,
Their grave-cloaths ore them, every active friend
Hasts toward her search, whilst suffering females spend
The

The hours (grown ſlow ſince burden'd by their fears) Book IV.
In prayrs, whoſe doubts they numbred by their tears.
But amongſt all of thoſe that ſacrific'd
Tears to her loſs, ſorrow had moſt diſguiſ'd
Lovely *Orlinda*, the fair ſiſter to
The vext *Meſſenian*, who with Love that grew
From equal attributes of Honor, in
The parallels of Beauty plac'd had been
In this reſtraint of liberty ſo long
Her pleas'd Companion, that her grief too ſtrong
For comfort grown, to mourn her abſence ſhe
Forſaking all her friends ſocietie,
Whilſt ſeeking of ſome ſhady grove is brought
To one whoſe vail, black as her darkeſt thought,
Appear'd ſo much a ſtranger to the light,
That ſolitude did thither ſoon invite
The penſive Lady, who, whilſt entring, by
A deep groans ſound diverted, turns her eye
Toward one, who near the utmoſt ebb of life
Diſguiſ'd in's blood, was with the lateſt ſtrife
Of death contending; at the dreadful view
Of which ſad object ſhe retreating to
Some of her maids, who fearing to intrude
Whilſt ſhe appear'd intending ſolitude,
A diſtance kept, made bold by number, now
Return to ſee if life did yet allow

Book IV. A room for help, or if his ſoul were fled,
To let their care intomb the helpleſs dead.
Arriv'd ſo near, that through the rubrick vail
Of's blood they ſaw how life did yet prevail
O'er deaths convulſions, they behold one lie,
Whoſe wound's an object for their charity,
Soon drew them nearer in ſuch trembling haſte,
As if they fear'd thoſe laviſh ſprings would waſte
Lifes ſtock too faſt; where come, with linen ſoft
And white as were thoſe hands that thither brought
That bleſſing, having gently wip'd away
His blood, his face diſcover'd did betray
Him to their knowledge; for the Ciprian Prince
All ſoon conclude him, whoſe deſert e'er ſince
That Court ſhe knew, had to *Orlinda* prov'd
A dear delight, yet ſhe ne'er knew ſhe lov'd,
Till her ſoft pitty, and his ſad diſtreſs
Conſpiring to betray that baſhfulneſs
Whoſe bluſhes ſcorch'd that tender plant, did now
Even in their fortunes roughest ſtorm allow
It leave to grow, ſafe, ſince yet paſſing by
No other name but noble charity.
By all the nimbleſt ſtratagems which Art
E'er learnt from nature, ſtriving to impart
The beſt of mortal bleſſings, health, unto
Her Royal patient, prais'd *Orlinda* grew

So

So high in his deserv'd esteem, that though Book IV.
Posterity doth to his friendship ow
For their most perfect copy, knowing she
Too much ador'd *Pharonnida* to be
Her base betrayer, when his healths advance
Gave way for language, every circumstance
Declares which was in that so fatal night,
The sad preludiums to her secret flight;
By which when she whose love (though full of fire)
Yet lay rak'd up in a remote desire,
Unstirr'd by hope, with joy had learn'd that he
More then what friendship parroniz'd, was free
From all affection to the Princess, in
Her eyes, which until then had clouded bin.
Love with as bright and pure a flame as ere,
Did in the shades of modesty declare;
Passion, breaks forth, which happy signs by him
Whose heart, her eys, even whilst they shone most dim
With mutual flames had fir'd, that loyal love
Which fate in vain shall struggle to remove,
Begins with flames as innocently bright
As the first rayes of new created light.
But stay rash Reader, think not they're led (bed;
Through these smooth walks unto their nuptial
But now, behold, that their misfortune prove,
Which thou hast wept for, if thou e'er didst love

Book IV. A ſeparation, the ſuſpition that
Sparta's vext King, when firſt diſtemper'd at
His daughters loſs, did of this ſtranger Prince
Juſtly conceive, perſwades him now that ſince
Nor found within the Cyprian Court, that he
Who had been vainly ſought abroad might be
Yet lodg'd at home; which ſuppoſition bred
So ſtrict a ſearch, that though the ſilent dead
Not ſilenter then her Attendants were,
Yet kind *Orlinda* whom a pious care
Prompted to ſave what ſhe did yet poſſeſs,
Whilſt ſeeking with a Lovers tenderneſs
How to ſecure him, doth at length convay
Her roving fancy to this hopeful way.
Not long before, though now 'twere ſilenc'd in
Domeſtick ills, Report had buſied been
In the relating of the ſad diſtreſs
Of a brave Lybian Prince, whom heaven to bleſs
With an eternal Crown, in midſt of all
His Youths freſh glories, by a powerful call
Summons to ſerve her, and that faith which he
Had from the early dawn of infancie
Suckt from the great Impoſter of the Eaſt,
Though now by time Opinions ſtrength increaſt,
Spight of a peoples prayers or fathers threats
Wholly forſaking; which revolt begets

So

So much averſion, pitty could invent Book IV.
Nought eaſier then perpetual baniſhment
To puniſh what their faith, miſtaken in
Its object, terms a black Apoſtates ſin.
Diſguiſ'd in ſuch a dreſs, as pitty might
Expect t'encounter ſo diſtreſt a Wight
As was that wandring Prince, attended by
No train but what becomes th'obſcurity
Of ſuch a fortune, to the Spartan Court
Amindor comes, where though the thick reſort
Of well known friends might juſtly make him fear
Some treacherous eye; knowledge could ne'r appear
Through that black vail his happy art had took
To make him like a ſun-burnt *Lybian* look.
Yet what engag'd them more then ſafety in
Prayers to heaven, his perſon had not bin
Not long the wonder of the Court, before
His fairer vertues which adorn'd him more
Then th'other could diſguiſe, did juſtly prove
The happy object of the Princes love,
Whoſe influence whilſt it him to power did raiſe
Taught by reflex the people how to praiſe
That fair election, till the Pyramed
Rais'd to his fame, had fixt its lofty head
Above the clouds of fortune, yet not this
Fates faireſt ſmile, a Lovers beſt of bliſs,

Book IV. A free commerce, which unſuſpected might,
Though long and pleaſant as the Summers light,
Be ne'r diſturb'd, with fair *Orlinda* gives
Content ſuch fulneſs, that although he lives
To all unknown but her alone, in that
Enjoy'd more then ambition e'er aim'd at.
And now from all the fruitleſs diligence
Of inquiſitions, and the vain expence
Of time, return'd were every troop that had
Trew forlorn hopes been, Active in the ſad
Search of *Pharonnida*, which ending in
A juſt deſpair, ſome that till then within
The Caſtle walls had (though as vainly) ſought,
Their ſorrow forth, before the griev'd Prince brought
Brunorchus, whom they in a ſmall lodge, where
Secur'd by ſollitude, the houſhold care
Of locks and bolts were vain unſought, they found
In the ſoft bands of griefs, beſt opiate bound,
Sleep, who though thron'd within her ebbon ſeat
From luſts hot field appears, but his retreat
When tir'd with action; for beſides him they
Where's poiſons antidote, *Amphibia* lay
Block'd up in's arms, beheld the air with all
Their voices ſtroke at length, had rais'd a call
That drown'd their ſleeping thunder, from the bed
Brunorchus ſtarting ſtruggles to have fled

The

The ſhamefull danger, whilſt *Amphibia* creeps
Beneath her ſheets protection, but nought keeps
Purſuing vengeance back, there took, and brought
Before the Prince, who ſtartl'd at the thought
Of ſuch a complicated crime, refers
Their puniſhment to death 's dire Meſſengers.
The yet ſucceſsfull Lovers long e'er this
Safely arriv'd at their firſt ſtage of bliſs,
Florenza's low unenvied roof, did there
Since ſpeed was now the faireſt childe of care,
Stay only to exchange their horſe, and take
With her a guide whoſe practick skill could make
Their untrod paths familiar, through a low
Dark vail where ſhade-affecting weeds did grow
Eternal ſtrangers to the Sun, did lie
The narrow path, frequented onely by
The foreſt Tyrants when they bore their prey
From open dangers of diſcovering day.
Paſt through this deſart valey, they were now
Climing an eaſie hill, where every bough
Maintain'd a feather'd choriſter to ſing
Soft Panegyricks, and the rude windes bring
Into a murmuring ſlumber, whilſt the calm
Morn on each leaf did hang her liquid balm,
With an intent before the next Suns birth
To drop it in thoſe wounds which the cleft earth

Receiv'd

Book IV. Receiv'd from's laſt days beams, the hills aſcent
Wound up by action, in a large extent
Of leavie plains, ſhews them the canopie
Beneath whoſe ſhadow their large way did lie:
Which being lookt ore, whilſt thankful praiſe did pay
Their debts to heaven, they thence with a convay
Of prayers (thoſe ſwift ambaſſadors) did ſend
A hopeful glance tow'rd their large journies end.
These ſhort ſurveys paſt, ſince the place aſſures
A ſafe repoſe to cool the Calentures
Of feveriſh action, down a way that led
From Pleaſures throne unto her fragrant bed
A rank of Laurels, ſpreading to protect
The flowry path, which not unprun'd neglect
Robb'd of delight, they paſt, the ſlow deſcent
Soon brings them where her richeſt ornament
(Although with art unpleited) Nature in
A lovely Landſhape wore, that once had been
Sacred to th'Iſlands fruitful Goddeſs; here
Whilſt they behold the infants of the year
Ith' Springs unſullied livery clad, the fair
And large-limb'd trees, preparing to repair
Autums ſpent ſtock, from out an humble hill
A tributary fountain did diſtill
The earths cold blood, and murmuring conveys
It on a bed of peebles, till it pays

Her

Her debts to th' neighboring river. Near to it
Full Choruſſes of feather'd Hero's ſit
Amidſt their willow-manſions, to whoſe eaſe
Their ſhrill notes call the ſportive *Driades*.
Whilſt by the brighteſt glories of that age
This Royal robe worne in a hermitage
Is ſeen with ſuch a ſilent ſad delight
As ſmooths the furrows of an Anchorite;
Their ſolemn walk had brought them to a green
Skirt of that mantle fairly ſpread between
Two moſſie rocks, that near the chryſtal flood
Appendixes to larger mountains ſtood:
Near which they ſaw, with mournful majeſty,
A heap of ſolitary ruines lie
Half-ſepulchred in duſt, the bankrupt heir
To prodigal Antiquity, whoſe fair
Compoſures did (beneath times pride ſunk low)
But dim veſtigia's of their beauty ſhew.
Yet that it might unreverend gazers tell
It once was ſacred *Ceres* image fell
From a thrones ſplendor did neglected lie
Sunk with her temple to deformitie,
Dark, gloomy groves, which holy altars ſhade
With ſolitude, ſuch as religion maide
Full of an awful reverence, and drew
The raviſht ſoul from the worlds wandring view,

Book IV.

Circled

Book IV. Circled the ſacred valley, into one
Of which our Royal Lovers were alone
Retir'd in private ſolitude to pay
Sleeps forfeitures, whilſt the bright bloomy day
Swears the hidroptick earth, but joy denies
That ſullen gheſt an entrance in their eies.
Their eyes, which now like wandring Planets met
After a race of croſs aſpects, and ſet
Within a firmament of beauty, thence
On Loves cold Region drop: their influence;
Warm'd by whoſe vigor, ſprings of pleaſures had,
Watring their cheeks, thoſe fields in roſes clad.
Fear, that till now had made them languiſh in
A dang'rous hectick, or at beſt had bin
But eas'd with intervals, which did include
Ambiguous hopes in times viciſſitude,
Ceas'd to uſurp, yet (though the throne expell'd)
A large command in Reaſons Empire held
Leading thoſe parties which wiſe counſel ſent
Cloſe ambuſcado'd dangers to prevent;
Nor could the conduct fail, aſſail'd by ought
Within the circuit of extended thought.
Deliberation (the ſouls wary Scout)
Being ſtill imploy'd to lead freſh parties out
'Gainſt the known enemies of hope. But here
Black Troops of danger, undiſcern'd of fear,

Aſſaults

Assaults unralli'd fortitude, whilst she
Slept 'mongst the rose-beds of securitie.
Exalted far above the gross mistakes
Of vulgar love, cloth'd in such thoughts as shakes
Ripe souls from out their husks of earth, to be
Pick'd up by Angels, joys Stenographie
In their embraces met; not with less strength
Of love (though yet not to be wrought at length)
Then that which meets in nuptial folds when they
Reap Heavens first blessing, in their bloods allay
Met their full seas of passion, yet both calm
As vertues brow, their blood but warm'd like balm
To pour in sorrows wounds, not boild into
A scum of lust, The worlds first man did wo
The blushing off spring of his side, the first
Unpractickt Virgin, with as great a thirst
Of blood as theirs, when in the safe defence
Of Paradice each act was innocence.
Here whilst their sweet imployment was discourse
Taught in the School of Vertue, to divorce
Those maiden brides, their twisted eye-beams, sleep
Which flies the open gates of care, did creep
In at their cristal windows to remove
The lamp of joy, fill'd with the oil of love.
The Princess spirits fled from the distress
Of action into calm forgetfulness

Having

Book IV. Having the Curtains drawn, *Argalia*'s head
Softly repoſing on her lap (that bed)
Of precious odors, there receives a while
A reſt, for ſweetneſs ſuch as Saints beguile
Time in, in their ſtill dormitories till
Heavens ſummons ſhall their hopes on earth fulfill.
Remov'd from them, feeding his horſes in
A well-fleec'd meddow which that age had ſeen
Till then ne'er looſe its Sommer robe before,
Ruſſet with age, he put it off, and wore
A glittering tiſſue furr'd with ſnow, did lie
Their careful guide, ſecure, till frighted by
A dreadful noiſe of horſe, whoſe ruſhing wakes
Him to behold; what ſeen with terror ſhakes
Off ſleeps declining weights, in ſuch a ſtrange
Amaze as (forts ſurpris'd) the skar'd guards, change
Their ſwords for Fetters, flying he looks back
On the ſteel fronted troop, till at his back
Approaching danger gathering in a cloud
Of death overwhelms him, frighting with its loud
Exalted clamors from their then clos'd eyes,
(Loves altars,) ſleeps intended ſacrifice.
Shook from their ſlumber with the firſt ſalutes
Of light to meet their ruin, thick recruits
Of brave reſolves into *Argalia*'s breſt,
Had ſwiftly ſummon'd; but the Princeſs reſt.

Exchang'd

Exchang'd for wilde amazement, in which ſad Book IV.
Reſtraint of ſpirits, life with beauty had
Fled to the ſilent Region, if not by
Her Royal friend ſupported, who the high
Pitch of exalted anger, whilſt he draws
His ſword to vindicate their righteous cauſe,
Deſcends to comfort her, thinking thoſe troops
Her Fathers Meſſengers, his brave ſoul ſtoops
Not to requeſt a favor; but although
Their multitude, in hopes account outgrow
Life more then thoſe diſeaſes which attend
On ages cold extream, he dares defend
Love, though by vigor of ſupream commands
Depriv'd of favor's mercinary Bands.
Prompted by power (that ſoveraign antidote
'Gainſt Natures poyſon, baſeneſs and by roate)
Not Arts fair Rules, taught Leſſons of defence:
Theſe dregs of men, not having more pretence
Then what from Riot was extorted, in
Unwieldy throngs the conqueſt ſtrive to win
From ſingle valor, not the powerfull pray'r
Of her whoſe voice had purified the ayr
To a ſeraphick excellence, the ſweet,
Heav'n lov'd *Pharonnida* could come to meet
Pitty in this rude wilderneſs, her words
Loſing their form in the wild air affords

Their

Book IV. Their busie souls no heedfull leasure, but
With wilder passions the soul's portals shut.
That sober friend to happy sollitude,
Silence, which long those blest shades did include,
By rude noise banisht from her solemn Throne,
Did in a deep and hollow eccho grone;
Whilst the brave Champion, whose own worth did bring
Assistance, yet had in a bloody ring
Strew'd death's pale triumphs, and in safety stands
The dangerous business of so many hands,
All which had in the grave joyn'd palms, if by
One stroke that index unto victory,
His sword, had not with sudden breaking prov'd
Traitor to th' strength by whose command it mov'd.
Rob'd of this safe defence, Valors brave flame
In vain is spent, that Piramis of fame
Built by his hand o'er Loves fair temple, now
Even in the view of 's Saint is forc't to bow
Beneath an earthquake, his commanding soule
In this sharp conflict, striving to controle
Nature, (rebellious to her power) lets flye
In vain the piercing lightning of the eye,
Whose dark leads drooping in a death like close,
Forbids high fury thundring on his foes.
He falls, and from each purple sallyport
Of wounds, tir'd spirits, in a thick resort

Fly

Flie the approach; in which wild trance Book IV.
His eyes did their declining lights advance
Above their gloom of darkneſs to convay
The laſt faint beam of natures falling day
To his diſtreſt *Pharonnida*: but ſhe
In clouds of ſorrow loſt, was gone to be
Cloſe mourner for his rigid fate beneathe
A pale ſowns ſhady vale, and could not breathe
One ſigh to welcom thoſe ſick gueſts, nor lend
A beam to light them to their journies end;
Which being depriv'd of, in deaths dark diſguiſe
Forgetful ſhadows did obſcure his eyes.
Branded with an ignoble victory,
His baſe oppreſſors, ſtaying not to try
Where fire remains in lifes dark lamp, forſake
Their bleeding ſhame, and only with them take
The trembling Ladies, whoſe amazement yet
Griefs floodgates ſhuts in a diſtracting fit
Of wilder paſſions, circled in which cloud
She's hurried thence; and ere that damp aloud
Light through her ſouls proſpectives, had paſt ore
Much of the Deſart, and arriv'd before
A barren Rocks proud front; which being too ſteep
For the laborious traveller, a deep
Dark vault did pierce, whoſe diſmal black deſcent
Safe paſſage to a diſtant valley lent.

Book IV. With slow ill-boding steps, this horrid way
Orecome, they meet the Beauties of the day
Within the pregnant vale, a place that shewed
Some art had prun'd what natures hand bestowed.
No earth-encumbring weeds, but wholsom plants
Such as relieve the winter of our wants,
Were here in comely order plac'd, each tree
Tir'd with his fruitful burden stoops to be
Eas'd by the lowliest hand; for want of which
Their feeble stems had dropt them to enrich
Their pregnant mother; this civilitie
Proclaiming more then art had meant to be
The dress of desarts, did at first appear
As if those useful blessings had for fear
That wasteful man should ravish them to feed
His luxury, fled thither; none that need
Such thrifty joys in the circumference
Oth' vally seeming to have residence.
All whose exalted pride did terminate
The levell'd eye, was a round hill that sate
As center to the golden vale, come near
To which, what did externally appear
A rock in ivy dress't, being enter'd shewed
The beauties of a gorgeous palace, hewed
Out of the living stone, whose vaulted brest
Had by the union of each part expres't

The ſtrength of Concord; The black Rock was all Book IV.
Tinſell'd with windows, over which did fall
Thin Ivy-wreaths, like Cobweb-vails that ſhade
The ſalliports of Beauty, only made
To cool, not darken, and on thoſe that ſit
VVithin beſtow a ſhady benefit.
They being drawn near, a ſad old man that ſate
Unwilling Porter, from the ſpacious gate
Withdrew the verdant curtain, ſhe is now
Enter'd the Caſtle, where could fear allow
Her eyes that liberty ſhe had ſurvai'd,
Buildings, whoſe ſtrength with beauty join'd, betrai'd
Times modern iſſues to contempt, and by
A laſting glory praiſ'd antiquity.
But Pleaſure ſpreads her baits in vain, ſhe ſate
Beneath the frozen Artick of her fate,
Whilſt he from whoſe aſpect ſhe only felt,
Delightful hear, in's winter-ſolſtice dwelt.
More to depreſs her ſinking ſpirits, ſhe
Too ſoon finds cauſe to think that gravitie
She met ith' entrance, but the reverend ſhade
Of injur'd worth, which accident had made
Stoop to that bondage, vertue drooping in
His furrowed cheeks, as if depos'd, ſhe'd bin
Thither confin'd within the walls, to let
Imperious vice her painted banners ſet.

Book IV. A troop of wild Bandits, vilains whose guilt
Shun'd publick haunts, heavns privat blessings spilt
There in luxurious riot, which grown bold
By toleration, durst to th'light unfold
Vices deformedst issues; nought by th' name
Of sin being known, but sins betrayer, shame.
In such a loose intemperance as raigns
In conquer'd cities, when the soldiers pains
With spoils of peace is paid, they liv'd: 'mongst these
Some few unhappy women kept t'appease
Lusts tumults, she beheld, whose looks betraid
A sickly guilt, and made the Royal maid
Amidst her griefs cold symproms blush to see
How pale they look'd with Lusts deformitie.
Whilst these are view'd, with such a change as that
Poor Village-drunkards are enforc'd to at
An Officers approach, when the night grows
Deep as their draughts, she sees them all compose
Their late wild looks; nor was this dress of fear
In vain put on, *Almanzor* did appear
Dreaded *Almanzor*, who on them had built
A power, which though by unsuccessful guilt
Banisht to th' desart, forc'd their wants to be
The helples sufferers of his tyrannie.
Past through the fear dispersed throng, he's to
The Princess come, where startled at the view

Of

Of Majesty, shrinks back, unsteady haste Book IV.
VVhich brought him there but to view Beauties plac'd
VVithin the reach of 's lust, assaulted by
Objects that both to love and loyalty
Had prov'd him an apostate, to retreat
Within a blush attempts; but that's too great
A friend to bashful vertue in that face
Whose heart deposes her, to sprinkle grace.
Ruffled with this recoil of spirits, in
Such troubled haste as Novices begin
New conn'd orations, he himself applies
To th' injur'd Lady, whose brave spirit flies
Not what she fear'd, but with the brave defence
Of scorn opposes blushless impudence,
Crushing the embrio's of that language, in
Whose guilty accents he attempts to win
Opinions favor, and by that redeem
VVhat former guilt had lost in her esteem.
Contemn'd with such a look as Princes cast
On over-bold usurpers, he is past
The first encounter of her eye, and she
Turn'd in disdain to shew her great soul free
From low submission, by which fir'd into
A sullen anger, he resolves to mew
The Royal Eaglet, until freedom grow
A favor whose fair streams might overflow

Book IV. Thoſe barren fields of indeſert, in which
His fortune pines, left this fair prize inrich
The curſed ſoil, and on its ſurface place
The long abſtracted beams of princely grace.
She to the narrow confires of a room
Reſtrain'd to let his ruſſl'd thoughts reſume
Their calm compoſure (counſels throne) he goes
Aſide, and on that doubtfull text beſtows
The cleareſt comment of his judgement, yet
Falls ſhort of truth, and muſt contented ſit
To know her there, though not the accident
Which from her fathers glorious Court had ſent
Her ſo ill guarded; but referring that
To times diſcovery, he tranſported at
What was a truth confirm'd, within the wide
Arms of his hope, graſps, what aſpiring pride
Or luſts looſe Rhet'rick, when youths rigrous fire
Beauty hath kindled, prompts him to deſire.
Yet by two ſev'ral paths to tread that way
His crime's dark roads, Luſt and Ambition lay,
The poor *Florenza*, that long ſince had been
The trembling object of the baſer ſin,
To make his ſlie acceſs to either free
From th' others thoughts, muſt from her Lady be
In this dark ſtorm remov'd, he fearing leſs
That counſel aiding vertue in diſtreſs,

Though

Though wanting ſtrength the battel to maintain,
Might countermine the engine of his brain.
To this ſad ſeparation leaving them
Whom innocence had licenc'd to condemn
Fortunes harſh diſcipline, *Almanzor* goes
Fates dark enigma's, by the help of thoſe
That took her to unvail, but 'twas a work
Too full of ſubtil myſterie, a Turk
Her brave Defender, by thoſe garments which
Raſh fear had onely reſted to enrich
Nice inquiſition ſeem'd, by which betray'd
To dark miſtakes, his policy obey'd
Domeſtick counſels, and by ſubtil ſpies
Whoſe ears were more officious then their eyes,
Soon from the loveſick Ladies cloſe complaints
His wiſer knowledge with their cauſe acquaints.

The End of the Firſt Canto.

PHARONNIDA.

The Fourth Book.

CANTO II.

The Argument.

I.

From all the hopes of Love and Libertie
O'erwhelm'd in the waſt Ocean of her grief,
The wretched Princeſs is conſtrain'd to be
A Priſoner to her youths firſt dreadfull thief.

II.

The curs'd Almanzor, *in whoſe diſmal Cell*
She comments on the various Texts of grief
In every form, till from the tip of Hell,
When ſeeming darkeſt, juſt Heav'n ſent relief.

DIſtracted in the agony of Love
Pharonnida, whoſe ſad complaints did prove
Her ſorrows true Interpreters, had made
Argalia's name, wrapt up in ſighs inva le

The

The ears of an unseen Informer, whence
Almanzor's thoughts, deliver'd from suspence,
Shake off their doubtfull dress of fears, and teach
Hypocrisie by paths untrod to reach
The Apex of his hopes. What not the fear
Of ills, whilst her own interest did appear
The onely sharer, could perform, he now
Presumes affection to her Friend would bow
With low submission, if by that she might
Aid his dim Stars with a reserve of light.
With frequent visits, which on sins dark Text
Wrought a fair gloss, *Almanzor* oft had vext
The calmer passions of the Princess in
To rufled anger; but when all could win
No entrance on her favor, fury tries
A harsher corrosive, stern power denies
Her even of those poor narrow comforts which
Her souls dark region, that was onely rich
In sorrows sables, could possess. Withdrew
Were all those slippery Parasites that knew
To her no pity, but what did reflect
The rayes o'th Tyrants favor, whose neglect
Taught them the Lesson of disdain, whilst she
Her practic'd soul trained in humility.
Pensive as an unpractic'd Convert in
A Bath of tears, the shadow'd lies within

Book IV. The unfrequented room, a curtain bed
Her close retreat, till Lights fair Angel fled
The swarthy Region. But whilst here she lies
Like a dark lanthorn that in black disguise
Circles imprisoned Light ——— ;
Grief from the sullen world conceal'd to turn
The troubled stream, as if the silent urn
Of some dead friend to private sorrow had
Summon'd her thither, enter'd was a sad
And sober Matron, in her hands she bore
A light whose feeble rayes could scarce restore
The sick successor of the day unto
A cheerfull smile. Sad Pilgrims that renew
Acquaintance with their better Angels by
Harsh penitence, have of humility
Less in their looks then she, her habit shew'd
Like costly ruins that for fashion ow'd
To elder pride, in whose reversion she
Appear'd the noble choice of charitie.
This shadow of religious vertue drawn
Near her disordered bed, a sickly dawn
Of light breaks through the Princess clouded eyes
To meet the welcom object, the disguise
Of sorrow, which at first appearance sate
Fixt on her brow, a partner of her fate
Making her seem ; nor was the fancy crush'd
I'th infancy of faith, fair truth first blush'd

For

For verbal crimes, near to the bed repoſed
Where the ſad Lady lay, ſhe thus diſcloſed
Her cauſe of entrance. Ceaſe (fair ſtranger) to
Monopolize a ſorrow which, not you
Here ſhare alone; pitty inſtructed by
Experience in the rules of miſery
Hath brought me from complaining of my own
To comfort thine; this Caſtle once hath known
Me for its Miſtriſs, though it now behold
Me (in the dreſs of poverty grown old)
Deſpis'd and poor, the ſcorn of thoſe that were
Nurs'd into life by my indulgent care.
This in her tears o'erflowing language ſpoke
Perſwades the penſive Princeſs to revoke
Deprav'd opinions doom, confeſſing ſhe
Wedded not grief to ſingularitie.
But comfort in the julip of her words
Was ſcarce diſſolv'd, e're a reply affords
Conceiv'd requital, ſtriving to prevent
The (oft more forward) thanks. Riſe to content,
Fair ſoul, ſhe cries, be but ſo wiſe to let
Sick paſſion die with juſt neglect, I'll ſet
Thy dropt Stars in their orbs again; I have
(Forc'd by command) a late attendance gave
Unto a wounded ſtranger that remains
Within this Caſtle in the heavy chains

Book IV.

Of

Book IV. Of cruel bondage, from whose weight unless
Your Love redeem him, dark forgetfulness
Will draw the curtains of the grave about
His dull mortality, and the sick doubt
Of hope resolve in death, this evening I
Ore heard his heavy doom, from which to fly
He hath no refuge but your mercy, which
Strip'd of light passion, must be cloth'd in rich
But graver robes of reason, when it sits
In counsel how to reconcile the fits
Of feverish love, when being most propense
To passions heat, a frost of abstinence
Benums it to a Lethargy. In brief,
'Tis he whose prosperous tyranny the chief
Command within this castle gave, that in
His swift destruction doth attempt to win
Free passage to enjoying you, then prove
He friend to him that begs you to change love
For now more usefull pity, and so save
A life that must no longer live to crave,
If now deny'd. This Ring (with that presents
A jewel, that when loves first elements
The harmony of faith united, she
Gave to confirm her vows) he sends to be
A note that he denies what e'er was made
Authentick, when your mixt vows did invade

Un-

Unwilling Heaven, which in your ſufferance ſhews Book IV.
We may intend, but wiſer powers diſpoſe.
Pharonnida, whoſe fears confirm'd did need
No more to wound a fancy that did bleed
At all the ſprings of paſſion, being by
The fatal Preſent taught whoſe liberty
Her Loves exchange muſt purchaſe, with a ſad
Reverſe o'th eye beholding it, unclad
Her ſorrow thus: And did, oh did this come
By thy commands, *Argalia*! no, by ſome
Unworthy hand thou'rt rob'd of it, I know
Thou ſooner wouldſt be tempted to let go
Reliques of thy protecting Saint: Oh, ceaſe
What e'er you are, to wrong him, the calm peace
He wears t' encounter death in, cannot be
Scatter'd by any ſtorm of fear: would he
That hath affronted death in every ſhape
Of horror, tamely yield unto the rape
Of 's Virgin honor, and not ſtand the ſhock
Of a baſe Tyrants anger; but I mock
My hopes with vain fantaſms, 'tis the love
He bears to me carries his fear above
The orb of his own noble temper, to
An unknown world of paſſions, in whoſe new
Regions ambitious grown, it ſcorns to fall
Back to its Center, Reaſon, whither all

The

Book IV.

The lines of action until now did bend
From's ſouls circumference; yet know his end
If doom'd unto this curſed place, ſhall tell
The bloody Tyrant that my paſſing bell
Tolls in his dying groans, and will e're long
Ring out in death, if ſorrow when grown ſtrong
As fate, can raiſe the ſtrokes of grief above
The ſtrength of nature; which if not, yet love
Will finde a paſſage where our ſouls ſhall reſt
In an eternal union, whilſt oppreſt
With horror he, by whoſe command he dies,
Falls to th' infernal pow'rs a Sacrifice.
If that your pitty were no fiction, to
Betray my feeble paſſions, and undo
The knots of reſolution, tell my Friend,
I live but to die his, and will attend
Him with my pray'rs (thoſe verbal angels) till
His ſoul's on th' wing, then follow him, and fill
Thoſe blanks our Fate left in the lines of life
Up with eternal bliſs, where no harſh ſtrife
Of a diſſenting Parent ſhall deſtroy
The blooming ſprings of our conjugal joy.
Vext by this brave diſplay of fortitude
To ſullen anger, with a haſte more rude
Then bold intruſions, luſts ſlie advocate,
Forſakes her ſeat, and though affronts too late

Came

Came to create a bluſh, yet paſſion had
Her cheeks in red revenges livery clad ;
Her eyes like *Saturn*'s in the houſe of death,
Heavy with ills to come, her tainted breath
Scatt'ring infectious murmurs, with a look
Oblique and deadly, the curs'd Hag forſook
That ebbon cabinet of grief, and haſtes
To tell *Almanzor* how his paſſion waſtes
More ſpirits in perſwaſions hectique, then
If power had quench'd ambitions fever when
'Twas firſt inflam'd with hope, whoſe cordials prove
Oft ſlow as opiates in the heat of love.
This, with a heat that ſpoild digeſtion, by
The angry Tyrant heard, rage did unty
The curles of paſſion, whoſe ſoft trammels had
Criſp'd ſmooth hypocriſie, from which unclad
Diſvellop'd nature ſhews her unfil'd dreſs
Rough as an angry friend, by no diſtreſs
Of beauty to be calm'd, ſince ſlie deceit
Vertue had now unmask'd, no candid bait
Conceals his thoughts, which ſoon in publick ſhews
From what black Sea thoſe miſts of paſſion roſe.
Dayes ſepulchre, the ebbon arched night
Was rais'd above the battlements of light ;
The frenzy'd worlds allaying opiate, ſleep,
Oretaking action, did in ſilence ſleep

The

Book IV. The various fruits of labor, and from thence
Recovers what pays for her times expence.
In which ſlow calm, whilſt half the drowſie earth
Lay in the ſhade of nature, to give birth
Unto the burthen of ſick fancy, fear,
Groans, deep as deaths alarms, through her ear
Fly toward the throne of Reaſon, to inform
The penſive Princeſs, that the laſt great ſtorm
Of fate was now deſcending, beyond which
Her eyes (orewhelm'd in ſorrow) muſt inrich
Their orbs with love no more; but in the dawn
Of Life behold her Friends deſtruction drawn,
Since threatn'd danger ſad aſſurance gives
In thoſe deep groans he now but dying lives.
More ſwiftly to deſtroy the falling leaves
Of blaſted hope, with horror ſhe receives
By a convey of wearied light, that ſtroke
Through ruſty grates, intelligence which ſhoke
The ſtrength of fortitude, there was a room
Deep and obſcure, where in a heavy gloom
The unſtirr'd air in ſuch a darkneſs dwelt
As mask'd Egyptians from Heavens vengeance felt,
Till by the ſtrugling rayes of a faint lamp
Forc'd to retreat, and the quickſilver damp
Shed on the ſweary walls, which hid within
That glitt'ring vail, worn figures that had been

The

The hieroglyphick epitaphs of thoſe Book IV.
Which charity did to the earth diſpoſe
In friendſhips laſt of Legacies, except
What is to cure looſe fames diſeaſes kept.
Here 'mongſt the ruines of mortality,
In blood diſigur'd, ſhe beholds one lie
Who though diſguis'd in death's approach, appears
By's habit (that confirmer of her fears)
Her gentle Love, alone, and helpleſs in
The graſp of death, ſtriving in vain to win
The field from that grim Tyrant, who had now
Embalm'd him in his blood, and did allow
Him no more ſpirits, but what in that ſtrife
Serv'd to groan out the Epilogue of life
And then depart natures cold ſtage, to be
Suck'd up from time into eternitie.
When thus the everlaſting ſilence had
Lock'd up his voice, and death's rude hand unclad
His hovering ſoul, whoſe elemental dreſs
Is left to duſt and dark forgetfulneſs
When natures lamps being ſnuft to death, he lay
A night-piec'd draught of once well-modell'd clay:
With ſuch a ſilent pace as witches uſe
To tread ore graves when their black arts abuſe
Their cold inhabitants, his murtherers were
Entred the vault, from the ſtain'd floor to bear
The cold ſtiff coarſe, which having ſoftly laid
In's doom-days bed, unto the royal Maid,

Book IV. Whose beauty in this agony defac'd
Griefs emblem sate, with eager speed they haste.
Either a guilty shame, or fear to be
Converted by her forms divinity,
Made them chuse darkness for protection, in
Whose hideous shade, she of her self unseen
Is hurried thence unto that dreadfull place
Where he intomb'd lay, whom she must imbrace
In death's dark lodgings, and e'er life was fled
Remain a sad Companion of the dead,
Confining beauty in youth's glorious bloom
To the black prison of a dismal tomb,
Where fast inclos'd, Earth's fairest blossom must
Unnaturally be planted in the dust,
Where life's bright Star, Heav'ns glorious influence,
Her soul in labor with the slow suspence
Of lingring torments must expecting lie
Till famine Natures ligatures untie.
And can, oh, can we ever hope to save
Her that's in life a Tenant to the Grave!
Can ought redeem one that already lies
Within the Bed of Death, whose hot lust fries
In the enjoyment of all beauties that
The aged World e'er had to wonder at;
To feed whose rior, the well temper'd blood,
That sanguine youth's smooth cheek, mixt with a flood
Of harsh distemperatures, o'erflows and brings
Some to their lodgings on the flaming wings
Of

Of ſpeedy feavers, whilſt the others creep Book IV.
On ſlow conſumptions, millions from the ſteep
And dangerous precipice of war: Some in
A ſtream of their own humors that have bin
Swell'd to a dropſie, being even preſt to death
By their own weight, whilſt others part with breath
From bodies worn ſo thin, they ſeem'd to be
Grown near the ſouls inviſibilitie.
But whither ſtrayes our fancy? have we left
The wofull Lady in a tomb bereft
Of all ſociety, and ſhall I let
My wandring pen forſake her? ſuch a debt
Would banckrupt pity. Th' undiſtinguiſh'd day
Whoſe new-born light did but e'en then diſplay
Its dewy wings, when firſt ſhe was confin'd
To the dark tomb, was now grown almoſt blind
With age, when thus through fates black curtin broke
Unlook'd for light, that darkneſs which did choake
All paſſages by which the thin air held
Commerce with neigboring rooms, being now ex-(pel'd
By the dim tapers glimmering beams let fall
Part of the rayes through an old ruin'd wall
That fenc'd an ugly dungeon, where the night
Dwelt ſafe as in the Center; by the light
Of which unlook'd for gueſt ſome priſoners who
Had there been ſtay'd, even till deſpairing to
Be ere releas'd, in eager fury tries
To force their way, where their directing eyes

Book IV. Led by the light should guide them, come at length,
Where with times burden tir'd the buildings strength
Losing its first firm union was divorc'd
With gaping clefts, an easie strength inforc'd
Those feeble guards; but come into the room
Where ore the living Ladies sable tomb
Hung the directing light, they there in vain
For further passage seeking, were again
To the black dungeon, horrors dismal fear,
In sad despair making their slow retreat.
Now neer departing, a deep dolefull groan
Revers'd their eyes, amazement almost grown
To stupefaction stays them, whilst they hear
New sighs confirm their wonder, not their fear;
Till thus *Euriolus*, whose bold look spoke
The braver soul, the dismal silence broke.
What ere thou art that hovereſt here within
This gloomy shadow, speak what wrong hath bin
Thy troubl'd Ghost's tormenter, art thou fled
From wo to stir the dust o'th' peacefull dead?
Or com'st from sacred shadows to lament
Some friends dead coarse, which this dark Tenement
Hath lodg'd in dust. The trembling Lady hearing
A humane voice again, and now not fearing
Th' approaches of a greater danger, cries,
What ere you are, fear mocks your faith, here lies
A wofull wretch intomb'd alive, that nere
Must look on light again, my spirit were

Ekst

Bleſt if reſolv'd to air, but here it muſt Book IV.
A ſad companion in the ſilent duſt
To Loath'd corruption be, until the pale
Approaching Fiend, harſh famine, ſhall exhale
In dews of blood the purple moiſture, that
Fed life's freſh ſprings; but now ſhall tremble at
My doleful ſtory, 'tis enough that fate
Hath for this tomb exchang'd a throne of ſtate.
To active pity ſtirr'd, the valiant friends
Attempt her reſcue, but their labor ends
In fruitleſs toyles, the ponderous marble lies
With too much weight to let the weak ſupplies
Of humane ſtrength remov't, which whilſt they tride
To weary ſweats, kinde fortune lends this guide
To their mask'd vertue; the informing ear
Proclaims approaching ſteps, which uſher'd fear
Into *Iſmander*'s breſt; but his brave friend
(The bold *Euriolus*) reſolv'd to end
By death or victory their bondage, goes
Near to the gate, where ſoon were entred thoſe
Which in *Pharonnida*'s reſtraint had bin
The active engines of that hateful ſin,
With them, that Hag whoſe curſt invention had
Revenge in ſuch an uncouth dreſſing clad.
Whilſt her *Iſmander* ſeis'd, and with a charm
Of nimble ſtrength commands the active arm
Of fierce *Euriolus*, directed by
Victorious valor purchac'd liberty

Book IV. By ſtrokes whoſe weight to dark deſtruction ſunk
His worthleſs foes, and ſent their pale ſouls drunk
With innocent blood ſtagg'ring from earth, to be
Maskt in the deſarts of eternitie.
This being beheld by her whoſe hopes of life
With them departed, ſhe concludes the ſtrife
Of inquiſition by directing to
An engine which but toucht would ſoon undo
That knot which puzzl'd all their ſtrength, and give
The captive Princeſs hopes again to live
Within the reach of light, whoſe beams whilſt ſhe
Unfolds her eyes (thoſe dazl'd ſtars) to ſee,
Dark miſty wonder in a cloud oreſpread
His faith that rais'd her from that gloomy bed:
Amaz'd *Euriolus*, whoſe zeal-guided eyes
Soon knows the Princeſs through griefs dark diſguiſe,
Could his inflam'd devotion into one
Great blaſt of praiſes be made up, t'had gone
Toward heavenly bowers on the expanded wings
Of his exalted joy, nor are the ſprings
Of life leſs raiſ'd with wonder in the breſt
Of's royal Miſtreſs, whoſe free ſoul expreſt
As much of joy as in her clouded fate
With reaſon at the helm of action ſate.
Here had they maskt in mutual wonder ſtay'd
T'unriddle fate, had not wiſe Fear obey'd
Reaſons grave dictates, and with eager ſpeed
Urge their departure, for whoſe guide they need

No

No more but her directions, who then lay Book IV.
Taught by the fear of vengeance to obay
Their juſt demands, by whom inform'd of all
That might within the Caſtles circuit fall
With weights of danger, and taught how to free
Confin'd *Florenza*, to meet libertie,
They march in triumph, leaving none to take
Poſſeſſion there, but her whoſe guilt would make
The torment juſt, though there conſtrain'd to dwell
Till death prepar'd her for a larger hell.
Whilſt ſleeps guards doubled by intemprance raign'd
Within the walls, with happy ſpeed they gain'd
The Caſtles utmoſt ward, and furniſht there
With ſuch choiſe horſes as provided were
For th'Outlaws next days ſcouts; A glad adieu
Of their loath'd jail they take: *Iſmander* knew
Each obſcure way that in their ſecret flight
Might ſafety promiſe; ſo that ſullen night (ways
Could not obſtruct their paſſage, though through
So full of dark meanders, not the days
Light could aſſiſt a ſtranger, ere the dawn
O'th' wakeful morn had ſpread her vails of lawn
Ore the fair Virgins of the Spring, there paſt
That ſilvan labyrinth, and with that had caſt
Their greateſt terror off, and taught their eyes
The welcom joys of liberty to prize.
And now the ſpangled ſquadrons of the night
Encountring beams had loſt the field to light,

Book IV. The morning proud in beauty grown, whilſt they
With chearful ſpeed paſt on the levell'd way
By ſolitude ſecure, of all unſeen
Save early Laborers that reſided in
Diſperſ'd poor cottages, by whom they'r view'd
With humble reverence, ſuch as did delude
Sharp-ey'd ſuſpition, they are now drawn near
Iſmanders palace, whoſe fair towers appear
Above the groves, whoſe green enamel lent
The neighboring hills their proſpects ornament.
A River whoſe unwearied bounty brings
The hourly tribute of a thouſand Springs
From ſeveral fragrant vallies here, as grown
So rich, ſhe now ſtrove to preſerve her own
Streams from the all-devouring Sea, did glide
Betwixt two hills which nature did divide
To entertain the ſmiling Nymph, till to
An entrance where her ſilver-eye did view
A wealthy vale ſhe come, a vale in which
All fruitful pleaſures did content enrich;
Where all ſo much deſerv'd the name of beſt,
Each took a part ſeem'd to excell the reſt.
Rounded with ſpacious meads, here ſcatter'd ſtood
Fair Country-farms, whoſe happy neighborhood,
Though not ſo near as juſtling Palaces
Which trouble Cities, yet had more to pleaſe
By a community of goodneſs in
That ſeparation. Natures hand had been

To

To all too liberal, to let any want
The treasures of a free inhabitant,
Each in his own unrack'd inheritance
Where born expir'd, not striving to advance
Their levell'd fortunes to a loftier pitch
Then what first stil'd them honest, after rich;
Sober and sweet their lives, in all things blest
Which harmless Nature living unoppress
With surfeits did require: Their own Flocks bred
Their homespun garments, and on that they fed
Which from their Fields or Dairies plenteous store
Had fresh supplies: what fortune lent them more
Then an indifferent mean, was sent to be
The harbingers of hospitalitie.
Fair Virgins in their youths fresh *April* dress't,
Courted by amorous Swains, were unoppress't
By dark suspition, Ages sullen spies,
Whose spleen would have the envious counted wise.
Love was religious here, and for to aw
Their wilder passions, conscience was their law.
More to compleat this rural happiness,
They were protected from the harsh distress
Of long-wing'd power by the blest neighborhood
Of brave *Ismander*, whose known greatness stood
Not to eclipse their humble states, although
It shadowed them when injur'd power did grow
To persecution, by which means he prov'd
Not fear'd for greatness, but for goodness lov'd.

Which

Book IV. Which gentle paſſion his unhappy loſs
Had ſowr'd to grief, and made their joy their croſs.
But now their antidote approaches, he
From heavy bondage is return'd to be
Their joyful wonder, at his Palace gate
Being now arriv'd, his Palace that of late
With's abſence dimm'd in her moſt beauteous age
Stood more neglected then a Hermitage
Or ſacred buildings, when the ſinful times
To perſecution aggravate their crimes.
But being enter'd, ſadder objects took
Thoſe outſide wonders off, each ſervants look
Spoke him a ſullen mourner, grave and ſad,
Their ſober carriage, in no liveries clad
But doleful ſable, all their acts like thoſe
Of weeping wives, when they to th' grave diſpoſe
Their youthful husbands; yet all theſe were but
Imperfect ſhadows of a ſorrow, put
In diſtant landskip, when to trial brought
Near his fair *Ammida's*, whoſe grief had ſought
As dark a region for her ſad retreat
As deſperate grief ere made pale ſorrows ſeat
In ſacred temples the neglected lamp
So waſtes its oil, when Hereſies do cramp
Religions beams, with ſuch a heavy look
Monarchs depos'd behold themſelves forſook
By thoſe that flatter'd greatneſs, ſhut from all
Thoſe glorious objects of the world that call

Our

Our ſouls in admiration forth, her time
Being ſpent in grief, made life but Natures crime.
The rough diſguiſe of time aſſiſted by
The meager gripe of harſh captivity,
Had now expung'd thoſe characters by which
Iſmander once was known, and even the rich
In love and duty rendred ſtrangers to
Their honor'd Maſter, from whoſe ſerious view
Neglective grief withdraws them, ſo that he
An unknown Pilgrim might have gone to be
Theirs and his own afflictor, had that fear
Not thus been cur'd: A Spaniel being of dear
Eſteem to *Ammida*, ſince the delight
Of her *Iſmander* once, come to the ſight
Of's firſt protector, ſtays not till a call
Invites acquaintance, but preventing all
The guides of reaſon by the ſleights of ſenſe,
Fawning on's Maſter, checks th'intelligence
Of's more forgetful followers, which being ſeen
By an old ſervant, whoſe firm youth had been
Spun out amongſt that family, till by
Grave age ſurpriſ'd, it led his ſober eye
To ſtricter obſervations, ſuch as brought
Him near to truth, and on contracted thought
Raiſ'd a belief, which though it durſt conclude
Nought on the dark text; yet i'th' magnitude
Of hope exalted by his joy he haſtes
To's mourning Miſtreſs, tells her that ſhe waſtes

Each

Each minute more she spends in grief, if he
Dares trust his eyes t'inform his memorie.
Contracted spirits starting from the heart
Of doubtful *Ammida*, to every part
Post through the troubl'd blood, a combat fought
Betwixt pale fear and sanguine hope, had oft
Won and lost battails in her cheeks, whilst she
Leaving her sullen train, did haste to see
Those new-come guests: But the first enterview
Unmasks *Ismander*, wing'd with love she flew
To his imbraces; 'twas no faint disguise
Of a course habit could betray those eyes
Into mistakes, that for directors had
Loves powerful optiques, Nuptial joys unclad
In all their naked beauties, no delight
So full of pleasure, the first active night
Being but a busie and laborious dream
Compar'd with this, this, that had swell'd the stream
Of joy to fainting surfeits, whose hot strife
Had overflow'd the crimson-sea of life,
If not restrain'd by a desire to keep
What each had lost in the eternal sleep.
But now broke through the epileptique mist
Of amorous rapture, rallied spirits twist
Again their optique cordage, whose mixt beams
Now separate, and on collateral streams
Dispers't expressions of affection bore
To each congratulating friend that wore

Not

Nor out those favors with neglect, but by
A speedy, though unpractick sympathie
Met their full tide of bliss; glad fame which brings
Truths messages upon her silver-wings,
In private whisper hovers for a while
Within the palace, every servants smile
Invites a new spectator, who from thence
(Proud to be author of intelligence
So welcom) hastes till knowledge rang'd through all
Diffusive joy made epidemical:
For though that noble family alone
Afforded pleasure a triumphant throne,
Yet frolick mirth did find a residence
In every neighbors bosom; they dispence
With their allegiance to their labor, and
Revel in lusty cups, the brown bowls stand
With Amber-liquor fill'd, whose fruitful tears
Dropt lov'd *Ismander's* health, till it appears
In sanguine tincture on their cheeks: All now
Had, if not calm'd their passions, smooth'd a brow
To temporize with pleasure. The sad story
Of his own fortune, and that Ages glory,
Pharonnida, whilst each attentive dwells
On expectation, brave *Ismander* tells.

Book IV.

The End of the Second Canto.

PHA-

PHARONNIDA.

The Fourth Book.

CANTO III.

The Argument.

I.

From the ſad conſort of her ſilent grief
The Princeſs doth with pleaſing wonder hear
Poor Vanlore's *fate, and the unjuſt relief*
Which his unworthy Father freed from fear.

II.

Whoſe hell-deep plots the dregs of avarice
Had ſo defil'd, that whilſt he ſeeks for aid,
His ſubtlety mark'd on the road of vice,
By his preſum'd Aſſiſtant is betraid.

COmpoſing time did now begin to ſlack
The rain of mirth; exalted Joy ſhrunk back
From Pleaſures ſummer-ſolſtice, and gave way
For more domeſtick paſſions to obay
An Oeconomick government, which brought
Looſe fancy on the wings of ſerious thought

Back to her ſober home, in that to find
Thoſe ſeveral burthens that were left behind
In the carier of mirth, amongſt which number
Pharonnida that had let ſorrow ſlumber
In the high room of joy, awakes again
That clamorous elf, which ſhe muſt entertain
At Beauties coſt: Yet in this dark retreat
From Pleaſures throne to Sorrows diſmal ſeat
She finds a ſweet Companion, one that had
By fatal love oppoſ'd, with loſs unclad
Delight of all his ſummer-robes, to dreſs
Her trembling ſoul in ſables of diſtreſs.
The ſad *Silvandra* (for ſurviving fame
Hath on record ſo character'd her name)
Being ſiſter to return'd *Iſmander*, in
This flouriſh of triumphant joy had bin
So much eclipſ'd with grief, that oft her tears
Dim'd Beauties rays, whilſt through them ſhe appears
A fit Companion for the Princeſs to
Twiſt thoſe diſcourſes with, whoſe mourning clue
Led through the labyrinth of their lives. They oft
In ſhades as ſecret as their cloſeſt thought
With penſive paces meeting, ſit and tell
Stories ſo ſad, that nought could parallel
But Love, and Loſs, a theam they both had bin
By rigid power made hapleſs Students in.
One eye-bright morning tempting them to take
The ſtart of time, ſoon as the Lark did wake,

Summons

Book IV.

Summons them from the Palace to the ſide
Of a ſmall Wood, whoſe buſhy creſt the pride
Of all the flowry plains, they choſe to be
'Gainſt the invading ſun their canopie.
Repoſ'd beneath a full-grown tree that ſpread
His trembling arms to ſhade their fragrant bed,
They now are ſate, where for a while they view
The diſtant vale, whilſt contemplation grew
Pregnant with wonder, whoſe next proſp'rous birth
Had been delight, had they not ſent their mirth
In ſad exchange, whilſt tears did uſher in
Silvandra's fate, who, weeping, did begin
With ſuch a look as did command belief,
The late-paſt ſtory of a preſent grief.
In yonder fields (with that directs her eye
To a black Fen, whoſe heavy earth did lie
Low in a dark and dirty vale) is plac'd
Amarus Caſtle, which though now defac'd
More by the owners covetous neglect (proteſt
Then times rough ſtrokes, that ſtrength which did
Once its inhabitants, being now but made
Uſe of when want doth with weak prayers invade
The gates, being thought ſufficient if they keep
The poor at bay, or whilſt his ſtiff hindes ſleep
Their laboring beaſts ſecure. But I alas
Bluſh to diſcover that this Miſer was
Father to my dead *Vanlore*, and to her
Whoſe living vertues kind heaven did confer

As

As blessings on my brother; but the sun Book IV.
Ne'r saw two sweeter streams of vertue run
From such a bitter fountain. This accurst
And wretched man, so hated, that he durst
Scarce look abroad, fearing oppression would
Be paid with vengeance, if he ever should
Fall into th' hand's of those whose faces he
Grownd with extortion, till the injury
Fear cloath'd like justice, venturing once to view
A Mannor whose intemperate Lord out-grew
In debts the compass of a Bond, besides
His common guard of Clowns, fellows whose hides
Serv'd for defensive armor, he commands
His sons attendance, who since from his hands
Rack'd Tenants hop'd for ease, he thought that they
Would for that hope with reverent duty pay.
But vain mistakes betray opinion to
A fatal precipice, which they might view
I'th objects of each glance; one side affords
Large plains, whose flock's, the wealth of several lords
By him contracted, but the spoils appears
Of beggar'd Orphans, pickl'd in their tears;
Farms for whose loss poor widows wept, and fields
Which being confin'd to strict inclosure, yields
To his cram'd chests the starving poor mans food,
For private ends robbing their publick good,
With guilt inclos'd those wayes which now had (brought
Him by some cottages who honors bought

Book IV. Poor livelihoods at a laborious rate
From his rack'd lands, for which purſuing hate
Now follows him in curſes; for in that
They yet take vengeance, till arriving at
The thicker peopl'd Villages, where more bold
By number made, the fire of hate takes hold
On clamarous women, whoſe vext husbands thirſt
I'th' fever of revenge, to theſe when firſt
They kindled had the flame, ſwiftly ſucceeds
More active men, ſuch, as reſolv'd their deeds
(Spight of reſtrictive law) ſhould ſet them free
From the oppreſſor of their liberty.
His ſon (the noble *Vanlore*) to appeaſe
The dangerous fury of this raſh diſeaſe,
Spends all his ſtock of Rhetorick, but in
Fruitleſs attempts. His ruſtick guard had bin
At the firſt onſet ſcatter'd, and were now
Poſting for ſafety, whilſt his ſon, taught how
By frequent injuries to entertain
Angers unuſual gueſts, ſhews it in vain,
Though brave attempts of valor, by whoſe high
Unhappy flame, whilſt circling foes did die
Unworthy hecatombs for him, at length
Engag'd him had beyond the power of ſtrength,
Though back'd by fortune to redeem; which when
Beheld by thoſe whoſe characters of men
In rage was loſt, they wildly perſecute
Revenge, till life, natures harmonious fruit,

Was blaſted to untimely death. And here Book IV.
Her fatal ſtory in its full carier,
The memory of him, who di'd to be
The peoples curſe, and crime of deſtinie
Grief did obſtruct, whilſt liquid paſſion feeds
Her chryſtal ſprings, which ſtopt, ſhe thus proceeds.
His brave defender now retreating to
The rode of death, whilſt he did vainly ſue
For undeſerv'd remorſe, *Amarus* lies
Their furies object, in whoſe wild diſguiſe
Whilſt giddy clouds of dark amazement dwell,
Ore his dim eyes th' exalted tumult fell
In a black ſtorm of danger, in whoſe ſhade
They drag him thence, that fury being made
Wiſe by delays, might ſtudy torments great
As was their rage; but in their wild retreat
They thus are ſtopt: A wandring Knight that near
The place approach'd, directed by his ear
How to inform his eye, arrives to ſee
The wretched trophies of this victory,
A dying ſon, whoſe lateſt beams of light (night,
Through deaths dim opricks bids the world good-
With looks that did ſo black a ſorrow lim
He frown'd on earth, though heaven did ſmile on him.
Hurri'd from thence by unrelenting hate,
A living father of more wofu'l fate.
Pity (that brave allay of manly heat)
Perſwades the noble ſtranger to intreat

Book IV.

A parle with rage, which being deny'd he then
Attempts to force; and since their ableſt men
Were wounded in the former conflict, ſoon
Succeſsfull proves, like miſts i'th pride of noon
Being hudl'd into hurtleſs clouds they flye
Before his fury, till from reach o'th eye
Shrunk to the woods protection, where whilſt each
With ſuch a fear as ſanguine guilt did teach
The worlds firſt murtherer, ſeeks for ſafety, he
Retreating leaves the ſcatter'd herd to be
Their own afflictors, and haſtes thence to finde
Him to whom fortune prov'd ſo ſtrangely kinde
In his approach, as by his ſword to be
When hope loſt anchor, bleſt with liberty.
Come to the place where old *Amarus* lay
With fear ſo ſtartl'd, that he durſt betray
Life through no motion, yet he's follow'd by
That train of Cowards, which though they did fly
The danger, when they ſaw their foes purſu'd
On the reward, (the victory) intrude,
Whoſe eaſie ſpoils (thoſe invitations to
A Cowards daring) ſuch a diſtance drew
Them from their homes, that they with labor were
Recall'd from rifling enemies to beare
Their feeble Maſters off, *Amarus* living
As weak with fear as *Vanlore* was with dying.
Before the black obſtructions of the night
Did interpoſe, they were arriv'd i'th fight

O'th

O'th Caſtles ruin'd walls, a place whoſe hew, Book IV.
Uncouth and wild, baniſh'd delight into
Uncomly profit, and at diſtance gives
A ſad aſſurance that its honor lives
By men ſo hated, and by heaven unbleſt,
As he enjoy'd not what he there poſſeſt.
Come to the front o'th houſe, whoſe dirt forbid
A cleanly entrance, he ſees pavements hid
With heaps of rubbiſh, times ſlow hand let fall
From the neglected ruines of the wall,
Green Arbors, pleaſant Groves, all which were now
Swiftly diſmantling to make way for th' plow;
Onely his Barns, preſervers of that ſtore
Detain'd with curſes from the pining poore,
Their upper garments of warm thatch did weare
So thick to keep them dry, whilſt thin and bare
E'en his own lodging ſtood; the Hall firſt built
To have that wealth, which he in ſparing ſpilt,
Spent there in hoſpitality, nere by
More heat warm'd then a candle gave, did lie
Moulded with lazy damps, the wall oregrown
With moſs and weeds, unhaunted, and alone
The empty tables ſtood, for never Gueſs
Come there, except thin Bankrupts whom diſtreſs
Spurr'd on with ſharp neceſſity to crave
Forbearing moneths, which he, when brib'd forgave.
Hence (by a rude domeſtick led) he goes
To veiw the cellar, where like diſtant foes

Book IV. Or buildings in a new Plantation ſtand
The diſtant Barrels, yet from all command
But his own keys exempted. To beſtow
A welcom on him, which he ne'r did ſhew
To man before; led by a ruſty ſlave,
Whoſe iron limbs ratling in leather gave
Alarums to the half-ſtarv'd Rats; he here
Is by *Amarus* viſited, whoſe feare
That place ſhould too much ſuffer, ſoon from thence
Sounds a retreat to ſupper, where th'expence
Became a Uſurers purſe: yet what was by
Sparing defective, nearneſs did ſupply:
A vertue where repining penurie
Prepares, unuſual; but he ſoon did ſee
Whence it proceeds, the ſad ſweet *Ammida*
Whom ſhame and grief attempted to withdraw
From publick view, was by her fathers call
To crown that entertainment brought, whoſe all
Was elſe ſo bad, it the firſt viſit might
Repented make, not to the next invite.
Here, with afflicted patience, he had ſpent
Some few, but tedious days, whoſe ſlow extent
Behind his wiſhes flagg'd, ere he had ſeen
Vanlore interr'd, whoſe obſequies had been
In ſecret huddl'd up, but then prepares
To take his leave, when adverſe fate that ſhares
Double with mans intentions, in the tart
Of's full reſolves oppoſing, claims her part

By harſh command, a dangerous Fever that
Threatned deſtruction ere arriving at
Its diſtant criſis, and on flaming wings
Poſts through the blood, whoſe maſs infected brings
Deaths banners near the Fort of life, which in
Acute diſtempers it attempts to win
From Natures guards, had not the hot aſſault
By youth ſuſtain'd made deaths black army halt
Whilſt marching to the grave, the ſwift diſeaſe
Like a proud foe repulſt, forc'd to give eaſe
By ſlow retreats; yet of thoſe cruel wars
Left long remaining bloodleſs characters.
But ere the weak *Euriolus* (for he
This hapleſs ſtranger was) again could be
By ſtrength ſupported, baſe *Amarus*, who
Could think no more then priceleſs thanks was due
For all his dangerous pains, more beaſtly rude
Then untam'd *Indians*, baſely did exclude
That noble gueſt; which being with ſorrow ſeen
By *Ammida*, whoſe prayers and tears had been
His helpleſs advocates, ſhe gives in charge
To her *Iſmander*, that till time enlarge
Her then reſtrain'd deſires, he entertain
Her deſolate and wandring friend: Nor vain
Were theſe commands, his entertainment being
Such as obſervant Love thought beſt agreeing
To her deſires. But here not long he ſtayed
Ere Fortune, prompted by his wit, obeyed

Book IV. That artfull Mistris, and reward obtains
By fine imposture for firm vertues pains.
The gout (that common curse of slothfull wealth)
With frequent pain had long impair'd the health
Of old *Amarus*, who, though else to all
Griping as that, for ease was liberal.
From practic'd physick, to the patients curse,
Poor prattling women, or impostors worse
Slie Mountebanks, whose empty impudence
Do frequent murthers under healths pretence,
He all had tried, yet found he must endure
What though some eas'd, none perfectly could cure.
Oft had his judgement, purse, and patience bin
Abus'd by cheats, yet still defective in
The choice of men: which error known unto
My brother and *Eurialus*, they drew
Their platform thus: *Eurialus* clad in
An antick dress, which shew'd as he had bin
Physitian to the great Mogol, first by
Ismander prais'd at distance, doth apply
Himself unto *Amarus*, where t'inhance
The price of's art, he first applauds the chance
That had from distant Regions thither brought
Him to eclipse their glory, who had sought
For't in his cure before, then seconds that
With larger promises; which tickled at
Amarus vies with his, threatning to break
His iron chests, and make those idols speak

His

His gratitude, though lock'd with conſcience they Book IV.
To his own clamorous wants had ſilent lay.
Some common medicines, which the people prize
'Cauſe from their knowledg vail'd in ſlight diſguize,
Apply'd to's pain, and thoſe aſſiſted by
Opinion, whoſe beſt antidotes ſupply
The weak defects of art, he ſoon attains
So much of health, that now his greateſt pains
Had been th' ingag'd reward, had he not bin
By future hopes kept from ingratefull ſin
So far, that in performing action he
Exceeds his paſſions prodigalitie,
Large promiſes, with ſuch performance, that
Whilſt his deluders ſmile, and wonder at,
Thus ſpeaks its dark orginal; To ſhew
Eurinlus how fortune did out-grow
Deſert in his eſtate, he was one day
From th' Caſtle walls taking a pleas'd ſurvay,
Of ſpacious fields, whoſe ſoils made fertile by
Luxurious art, in rich variety
Still youthfull nature cloath'd, which whilſt he views
An old ſuſpition thus his tongue renews.
How bleſt, my worthy friend, how bleſt had I
Been in my youths laborious induſtry
T' have ſeen a ſon poſſeſt of this! but now
A daughters match, a ſtranger muſt endow
With what I've toil'd to get, and what is more
My torment, one that being betroth'd before

My

Book IV. My ſons deceaſe, wants an eſtate to make
Her marriage bleſt; but knew I how to ſhake
This Swagg'rer off, there lives not far from hence
One that to match her to were worth th' expence
Of my eſtate, his name is *Dargonel*,
A wary Lad, who though his land do ſwell
Each day with new additions, yet ſtill lives
Sparing and cloſe, takes heed to whom he gives
Or whom he lends, except on mortgage, by
Whoſe ſtrength it may ſecurely multiply.
This worthy Gentleman, with wiſe foreſight
Beholding what an object of delight
Our link'd eſtates would be, hath ſince I loſt
My heir, been in's intention onely croſt
By this *Iſmander*, whom, though I confeſs
A braver man, yet ſince a fortune leſs,
Ne'r muſt have my conſent; onely ſince by
Her contract I have loſt the liberty
Of ſecond choice, unleſs I vainly draw
My ſelf in danger o'th ore-buſie Law,
I want ſome ſound advice that might inform
Me how to rid him, yet not ſtand a ſtorm
Broke from his rage, although my daughter love
Him more then health, I ſhall command above
Her feeble paſſions, if you dare impart
So much of aid from your almighty art
As to remove this remora; and here
He ſtopp'd, yet lets a ſilent guilt appear

In

In looks that ſhew'd what elſe the theam affords
He'd have conceiv'd, as being too foul for words.
Which ſeen by him whoſe active wit grew ſtrong
In friendſhips cauſe, as loath to torrure long
His expectations, thus their ſtream he ſtayes
With what at once both comforts and betrayes.
Raiſe up your ſpirits, my bleſt Patron, to
Sublime content, Heav'n ſent me to renew
Your ſouls harmonious peace; that dreadfull toy
Of conſcience wiſely wav'd, you may enjoy
Uninterrupted hopes: yet ſince we muſt
Be ſtill moſt wary where we're moſt uniuſt,
Lets not be raſh; ſwift things are oft unſure,
Whilſt moles through death's dark angles creep ſecure.
Then ſince it's full of danger to remove
Betroth'd *Iſmander*, whilſt his publick love
By your conſent rais'd to aſſurance, may
A granted intereſt claim; firſt let us ſtay
His fury, and the peoples cenſures by
A nuptial knot, whoſe links we will unty
Ere the firſt night confirms the hallow'd band,
By wayes ſo ſecret, that death's skilfull hand
Shall work unknown to fate, and render you
To the deluded worlds more publick view
A real mourner, whilſt your curtain'd thought
Triumphs to be from ſtrict engagements brought.
Beſides the vailing of our dark deſigne
Like vertue thus, this plot will ſink a Mine

Book IV.

Whoſe

Book IV. Whose wealthy womb in ample jointure will
Bring much of dead *Ismanders* state to fill
The vast desire of wealth. This being done,
I with prevailing philters will outrun
Sorrows black Bark, which whilst it lies at drift,
I'll so renew her mirth, no sigh shall lift
Its heavy sails, which in a calm neglect
Shall lie forgot; whilst what's not now respect
To *Dargonel*, shall soon grow up to be
Like Natures undiscovered sympathie,
A love so swift, so secret, all shall pause
At its effects, whilst they admire the cause.
This by *Amarus*, with belief which grew
Into applause, heard our, he doth renew
With large additions what h'had promis'd in
His first attempts: Then hasting to begin
The tragick scene which must in triumph be
Usher'd to light, his known deformitie
Of wretched baseness for a while he lays
Aside, and by a liberal mirth betrays
Approaching joy, which since incited by
His wishes, soon lifts *Hymens* torches high
As their exalted hopes. The happy Pair
Dear to indulgent heaven, with Omens fair
As were their youthful Paranimphs, had bin
I'th' hallowed Temple taught without a sin
To taste the fruits of Paradice; and now
The time when tedious custom did allow

A wisht retirement, come, preparing are
To beautifie their beds, whence that bright star
Whose evenings blush did please the gazers eyes,
Eclips'd in sorrow is ordain'd to rise.
But such whose superficial vail oppress
Only her friends, whose knowledge were not blest
With the design which to our proscript Lovers
Euriolus with timely zeal discovers.
The morning opens, and the wakened Bride
By light and friends surpris'd, attempts to hide
Her bashful beauty, till their hands withdrew
The curtains, which betraid unto their view
Ismander cold and stiff: which horrid sight
Met where they look'd for objects of delight,
At first a silent sad amazement spread
Through all the room, till Fears pale army fled
In sad assurance, Sorrows next hot charge
Began in shrieks, whose terror did enlarge
Infectious grief, till like an ugly cloud
That cramps the beauties of the day, grown proud
In her black empire, *Hymens* tapors she
Changes to funeral brands, and from that tree
That shadows graves, puls branches, which being wet
In tears, are where Loves mirtles flourisht set.
Their nuptial himns thus turn'd to dirges, all
In sad exchange let cloudy sable fall
Ore pleasures purple-robes, whilst from that bed
Whence Love oppress, seem'd to their sorrow fled

To

Book IV. To death for refuge, ſadly they attend
To th' laſt of homes, his tomb, their ſleeping friend,
Who there with all the hallowed rights that do
Betray ſurviving friendſhip, left unto
Darkneſs and duſt, they thence with ſober pace
Return, whilſt ſhrowded near that diſmal place
Euriolus conceals himſelf, that ſo
When ſleep, whoſe ſoft exceſs is natures fo,
Hath ſpent her ſtupefactive opiates, he
Might ready to his friends aſſiſtance be.
And now that minute come, which to comply
With Arts ſure rules, gives Nature leave t'unty
Sleeps powerful ligatures, his Pulſes beat
The bloods revelly, from whoſe dark retreat
The ſpirits thronging in their active flight,
His friend h'encounters with the early light;
By whoſe aſſiſtance whilſt the quiet earth
Yet ſlept in nights black arms, before the birth
O'th' morn, whoſe buſie childhood might betray
Their cloſe deſign, *Iſmander* takes his way
Toward a diſtant friends, whoſe houſe he knew
To be as ſecret as his love was true.
There whilſt conceal'd even from ſuſpition, he
In ſafety reſts, *Euriolus*, to free
Her fears fair Captive, *Ammida*, haſtes back
To old *Amarus*, who too raſh to ſlack
Sorrows black cordage by degrees that might
Weaken miſtruſt, lets mirth taken open flight

Into

into ſuſpected action, whilſt he gives
To *Dargonel*, who now his Darling lives,
So free a welcom, that he in't might read
If love could not for ſwift ſucceſſion plead,
Power ſhould command; yet waves the exerciſe
Of either, till his Empericks skill he tries:
Who now return'd, ere *Dargonel* that lay
Slow to attempt, ſince certain to betray,
Had more then fac'd at diſtance, he pretends
To cloſe attempts of art, whoſe wiſht for ends
Ere their expecting faith had time to fear,
In acts which rais'd their wonder did appear.
Love, which by judgment rul'd, had made deſert
In her firſt choice the Climax to her heart,
By which it ſlowly mov'd, now; as if ſwaid
By heedleſs paſſion, ſeems to have betraid
At one raſh glance her heart, which now begins
To break through Paſſions baſhful cherubins,
Spreading without a modeſt bluſh the light
Of morning-beauty ore that hideous night
Of all thoſe dull deformities that dwell
Like earths black damps ore cloudy *Dargonel*;
Who being become an Antique in the Mask
Of playful Love, grows proud, and ſcorns to ask
Advice from ſober thought, but lets conceit
Perſwade him how his worth had ſpread that bait
Which ſlie *Amarus* who preſum'd to know
From whence that torrent of her Love did flow,

With

Book IV.

With a just doubt suspecting, strives to make
His thoughts secure, ere Reason did oretake
Passions inforc'd carier; Nor did his plot
Want an indulgent hope, like dreams, forgot
In the delights of day, his daughter shook
Off Griefs black dress, and in a chearful look
Promis'd approaching love, no more disguis'd
Then serv'd to shew strict vertue how she pris'd
Her only in applause, whose harmonie
Still to preserve, she is resolv'd to be,
If secret silence might with action dwell,
Swift as his wish espous'd to *Dargonel*.
More joy'd then fetter'd Captives in the year
Of Jubile, *Amarus* did appear (haste
Proud with delight, in whose warm shine when's
Had with officious diligence imbrac'd
Euriolus, he waving all delays,
To *Dargonel* the welcom news conveys;
Who soon prepar'd for what so long had bin
His hopes delight, to meet those joys within
The sacred temple hastes: The place they chose
For *Hymen's* Court, lest treacherous eyes disclose
The Brides just blushes, was a Chappel where
Devotion, when but a domestick care,
Was by his houshold practis'd; for the time
'Twas ere the morn blusht to detect a crime.
All thus prepar'd, the Priest conducting, they
With sober pace, which gently might convey

Dis-

Diſeas'd *Amarus* in his chair, they to
The Chappel haſte, which now come near, as through
Th' ancient room they paſs, a ſad deep groan
Aſſaults their ears, which whilſt with wonder grown
Into diſeaſe they entertain, appears
A ſad confirmer of their doubtfull fears;
Iſmander whom but late before they had
Follow'd to th' grave, his lively beauty clad
I'th' upper garments of pale death: which ſight
The train avoiding by their ſpeedy flight
Except the willing Bride, behinde leave none
But lame *Amarus*, who, his chair orethrown
By his affrighted bearers, there muſt lie
Expos'd to fear, which when attempts to flie,
Through often ſtrugling prov'd his labor vain,
He groveling lies unſeen to entertain.
Thus far ſucceſsfull bleſt *Iſmander* thence
Conveys his lovely Bride, whilſt the expence
Of time being all laid out on fear, by none
He was obſerv'd; *Amarus* long alone
Lying tormented with his paſſions, ere
His frighted ſervants durſt return to beare
Their fainting Maſter of; but being at length,
When greater numbers had confirm'd the ſtrength
Of fortitude, grown bold, entring again
The room, which yet fear told them did retain
The ſcent of brimſtone, there they onely found
Their trembling maſter, tumbling on the ground.

Book IV. Horror, augmented by internal guilt
Had in his conſcience trepidations ſpilt: (croſt
Both pray'rs and tears, which ſince heav'ns law they
For humane paſſions in diſpair were loſt;
Obſcur'd in whoſe black miſts, not daring to
Uncloſe his eyes, fearing again the view
Of that affrighting aparition, he
Is hurried from that dreadfull place, to be
Their mirth, whom he (for fiends miſtaking) cries
For mercy to, ſcarce truſting of his eyes,
When they unfolded had, diſcover'd none
But ſuch whom long he'd for domeſticks known.
Yet to torment him more, before theſe fears
Wholy forſake him, in his room appears
Some officers, whoſe power made dreadfull by
The dictates of ſupream authority
As guilty of *Iſmander*'s death, arreſt
Him for his murtherer, by which change oppreſt
More then before with fear, he, who now thought
On nought but death, to a tribunal brought,
Ere ask'd confeſſes that foul crime, for which
He this juſt doom receives; ſince to inrich
What had before wealths ſurfeit took, this ſin
Was chiefly acted, his eſtate, ſaln in
To th' hands of juſtice, by the judge ſhould be
From hence diſpos'd of, then from death to free
His life, already forfeited, except
Murther'd *Iſmander*, whom he thought had ſlept

In's

In's winding sheet, his hopeless Advocate Book IV.
Should there appear, in which unhappy state
The wretch, now ready to depart, beholds
This glorious change; *Ismander* first unfolds
Himself, and her, who bound by natures laws,
Implores his pardon ere they plead his cause,
Which done, the Judge, that his lost wealth might be
No cause of grief, unmasking, lets him see
Euriolus, by whom, from th' worst of sin
To liberal vertue he'd deluded bin.

The End of the Third Canto.

PHARONNIDA.

The Fourth Book.

CANTO IV.

The Argument.

I.

Whileſt we a while the penſive Lady 'eave
Here a cloſe Mourner for her rigid fate,
Let's from the dark records of time receive
The manner how Argalia *wav'd the hate*

II.

Of his malignant ſtars, which when they ſeem
To threaten moſt, through that dark cloud did load
Him to a knowledge of ſuch dear eſteem,
He his high birth did there diſtinctly read.

FReed from the noiſe o'th' buſie world, within
A deep dark vale, whoſe ſilent ſhade had bin
Religions vail, when blaſted by the beams
Of Perſecution, far from the extreams
Of ſolitude, or ſweary labor, were (care
Some few bleſt men whoſe choice made Heaven their
Sequeſtred

Sequeſtred from the throngs of men to finde
Thoſe better joyes, calms of a peacefull minde.
Yet though on this pacifick ſea, their main
Deſign was Heaven, that voyage did not reſtrain
Knowledge of humane arts, which as they paſt
They ſafely view'd, though there no anchor caſt;
Their better temper'd judgments counting that
But hoodwink'd zeal, which blindly catches at
The great Creators ſacred will, without
Knowing thoſe works that will was ſpent about,
Which being the climax to true judgement, we
Behold ſtoop'd down to viſibilitie
In lowlieſt creatures, natures ſtock being nought
But God in's image to our ſenſes brought.
In the fair evening of that fatal day,
By whoſe meridian light Love did betray
Ingag'd *Argalia* near to death, was one
Of theſe (heav'ns happy Penſioners) alone
Walking amongſt the gloomy Groves to view
What ſoveraign vertues there in ſecret grew
Confin'd to humble plants; whoſe ſignatures
Whilſt by obſerving, he his art ſecures
From vain experiments, *Argalia*'s Page
Croſſing a neighboring path, did diſingage
His ſerious eye from natures buſie task,
To ſee the wandring Boy, who was to ask
The way; for more his youths unprompted fear
Expects not there, to the bleſt man drawn near.

Book IV.

Book IV. But when, with such a weeping innocence
As Saints confess those sins which the expence
Of tears exacted, he had sadly told
What harsh fate in restrictive wounds laid hold
Of's worthy Master, pity prompted by
Religious love, helps the poor Boy to dry
His tears with hopes of comfort, whilst he goes
To see what sad Catastrophe did close
Those bloody scenes which the unequal fight
Foretold, before fear prompted him to flight.
Nor far they'd past ere they the place had found
Where groveling in a stream of blood, the ground
His purple-bed, the wearied Prince they see
Strugling with death, from whose dark monarchie
Pale troops assail his cheeks, whilst his dim eies
Like a spent lamp which ere its weak flame dies,
In giddy blazes glares, as if his soul
Were at those casements flying out, did roll
Swifter then thought their bloodshot orbs; his hands
Did with deaths agues tremble; cold dew stands
Upon his clammy lips; the springs of blood
(Having breath'd forth the spirits) clotted stood
On that majestick brow, whose dreadful frown
Had to deaths sceptre laid its terror down.
The holy man upon the brink o'th' grave
Finding such forms of worth, attempts to save
His life from dropping in, by all his best
Reserves of art, selecting from the rest

Of

Of his choiſe ſtore, an herb whoſe ſoveraign power Book IV.
No flux of blood, though falling in a ſhower
Of death could force, which gently bruis'd, and to
His wound apply'd, taught nature to renew
Her late neglected functions, and through ſhort
Recruits of breath made able to ſupport
His blood-enfeebled body, till they reach
The Monaſtry, where nobler art did teach
Their ſimple medicines to ſubmit to thoſe
Which skill from their mixt vertues did compoſe.
Life (which the unexpected gift of fate
Rather then art appear'd) in this debate
Of death prevailing, in ſhort time had gain'd
So much of ſtrength, that weakneſs now remain'd
The only ſlothful Remora that in
His bed detain'd him; where being often ſeen
By thoſe whom art alike had qualifi'd
For his relief, as one of them appli'd
His morning-medicines to a ſpacious wound
Fixt on his breaſt, he that rare jewel found
Which in his undiſcerning infancie
There hung by's father, fortune had kept free
From all her various accidents, to ſhew
How much his birth did to her favor owe.
Shook with ſuch ſilent joy as he had been
In calm devotion by an Angel ſeen,
The good old man, his wonder rarifi'd
Into amazement ſtands, he had deſcri'd,

Book IV. What, if no force had robb'd him of it ſince
'Twas firſt beſtow'd, none but his true born Prince
Could wear, ſince art (wiſe Natures fruitful ape)
Ne'r but in that had birth which bore that ſhape
Aſſur'd by which with unſtirr'd confidence
He asks *Argalia* where he knew from whence
When nature firſt did ſo much wealth impart
To earth, that jewel took thoſe forms of art:
But being anſwer'd, that his infancie
When firſt it was conferr'd on him, might be
Th'excuſe of's ignorance; that voice alone
Confirms his aged friend, who having known
As much of fortune as in fates dark ſhade
His underſtanding legible had made
From weak *Argalia*, to requite him leads
Knowledge where he his lifes firſt copy reads
Dreſt in this language. ——

——'Twas, unhappy Prince!
(For ſuch this ſtory muſt ſalute you, ſince
Told to confirm't a truth) my deſtinie
When youth and ſtrength rendred me fit to be
My deareſt Countries ſervant, plac'd within
Mantinea's glorious Court, where, having been
Made capable by ſacred Orders, I
Attain'd the height of Prieſtly dignity,
Being unto him whoſe awful power did ſway
That crown, in dear eſteem; but Honors day
Which gilded then the Courtly ſphere, ſunk down,
I loſt my Mitre in the fall o'th' Crown. Sad

Sad is the doleful tale; yet since that in Book IV.
Its progress you may find where did begin
Your lifes first stage, thus take it. When the Court
Stifl'd with throngs of men, whose thick resort
Plenty and peace call'd thither, being grown
Sickly with ease, view'd as a thing unknown,
Dangers stern brow, which even in smiling fates
Proves a Quotidian unto wiser States;
Whilst pride grew big, and envy bigger, we
Sleeping i'th' bed of soft securitie,
Were with alarums wakened; Faction had,
To shew neglects deformities, unclad
That gawdy monster, whose first dress had bin
The night-peec'd works of their unriper sin,
And those that in contracted fortunes dwelt,
Calmly in favors shadow, having felt
The glorious burthen of their honor grown
Too large for all that fortune call'd their own,
Like fishes which the lesser frie devour,
Pride having join'd oppression to their power,
Prey'd on the subject, till their load outgrew
Their loyalty, and forc'd even those that knew
Once only to obey, in sullen rage
To mutter threats, whose horror did presage
That blood must in domestick jars be spilt,
To cure their envy, and the peoples guilt.
These seeds of discord which began to rise
To active growth, by th' honorable Spies

Of

Book IV. Of other Princes ſeen, had ſoon betraid
Our States obſcure diſeaſe, and call'd to aid
Ambitious ſubjects, forein powers, whoſe ſtrength,
Firſt but as phyſick us'd, was grown at length
Our worſt diſeaſe, which whilſt we hop'd for cure,
Turn'd our ſlow Hectique to a Calenture.
A Syracuſian army, that had bin
Againſt our ſtrength often victorious in
A haughty Rebels quarrel, being by
Succeſs taught how to raviſh victory
Without his aid, which only uſeful prov'd
When treaſon firſt for novelty was lov'd:
Selling on all that in's pretended cauſe
Had ſtoop'd to conqueſt, what th' infeebled laws
In vain attempred, ſoon perform, and give
The traitor death, from what made treaſon live.
This done, whilſt their victorious enſigns were
Fann'd by fames breath, they their bold ſtandards (bear
Near to our laſt of hopes, an army which
Like oft try'd Oare, diſaſters made more rich
In loyal valor then vaſt numbers, and
By ſhaking fixt thoſe roots on which did ſtand
Their well-elected principles, which here
(Oppreſt with number) only did appeare
In bravely dying, when their righteous cauſe
Condemn'd by fates inevitable laws,
Let its religion, vertue, valor, all
That heaven calls juſt, beneath rebellion fall.

Near

Near to the end of this black day, when none Book IV.
Was left that durſt protect his injur'd throne,
VVhen loyal valor having loſt the day
Bleeding within the bed of honor lay:
Thy wounded father, when his acts had ſhewn
As high a ſpirit as did ever groan
Beneath misfortune, is inforc'd to leave
The fields wild fury, and ſome reſt receive
In faithful *Enna*, where his ſprings of blood
VVere hardly ſtopt, before a harſher flood
Aſſails his eyes: Thy royal mother, then
More blooming then earths ful-blown beauties when
VVarm'd in the Ides of *May*, her fruitful womb
Pregnant with thee, to an untimely tomb,
Her fainting ſpirits in that horrid fright
Loſing the paths of life, from time, from light,
And grief ſteals down; yet ere ſhe had diſcharg'd
Her debts to death, protecting heaven enlarg'd
Thy narrow lodging, and that life which ſhe
Loſt in thy fatal birth, beſtow'd on thee;
On thee, in whom thoſe joys thy father priz'd
More then lov'd empire, are epitomiz'd.
And now as if the arms of adverſe fate
Had all conſpir'd our ills to aggravate
Above the ſtrength of patience, we are by
Victorious foes, before our fear could flie
To a remoter refuge, clos'd within
Unhappy *Enna*, which before they win

Though

Book IV. (Though storm'd with fierce assaults) the restless sun
His annual progress through the heavens had run;
But then, tir'd with disasters which attend
A slow-pac'd siege, unable to defend
Their numbers from resistless famine, they
With an unwilling loyaltie obey
The next harsh summons, and so prostrate lie
To th' rage, or mercy of their enemie.
But ere the Cities fortune was unto
This last black stage arriv'd, safely withdrew
To th' Castles strength thy father was, where he
(Though far from safety) finds the time to be
Inform'd by sober councel how to steer
Through this black storm, love, loyalty, and fear
Had often varied judgments, but at last
Into this form their full resolves were cast.
To cool hot action, and to bathe in rest
More peaceful places, darkness dispossest
The days soveraignity, to usher whom
Into her sable throne, a clouds full womb
Congeal'd by frigid air, as if that then
The elements had warr'd as well as men,
In a white vail came hovering down to hide
The Coral pavements, but forbid by th' pride
Oth' Conquerors triumphs, and expell'd from thence
As that which too much emblem'd innocence,
Since that the City no safe harbor yields,
It takes its lodging in the neighboring fields,

Which

Which mantled in thoſe ſpotleſs robes invite Book IV.
The Prince through them to take his ſecret flight.
In ſad diſtreſs leaving his Nobles to
Swallow ſuch harſh conditions as the view
Of danger candi'd ore, from treacherous eyes
Obſcur'd in a Plebeians poor diſguiſe
His glorious train ſhrunk to deſertleſs I,
The ſad companion of his miſery;
He now departing, thee his infant ſon
Heir to his crown and cares, ordain'd to run
This dangerous hazard of thy life before
Time taught thee how thy fortune to deplore.
When ventring on this precipice of fate,
We ſlowly ſallied forth, 'twas cold and late,
The drowſie guard aſleep, the Centries hid
Cloſe in their huds did ſhivering ſtand, and chid
The whiſtling winds with chatring teeth, when now
A leave as ſolemn as haſte would allow,
Of all our friends, our mourning friends, being took,
We like the earth vail'd all in white forſook
Our ſalliport, whilſt ſlowly marching ore
The new faln ſnow, thee in his arms he bore.
Whilſt this impoſture made the ſcar'd guards when
They ſaw us move, then make a ſtand agen,
Either to think that dallying winds had plaid
With flakes of ſnow, or that their ſight betraid
Their fancy into errors, we were paſt
The reach of danger, and in triumph caſt

Off

Book IV. Off with our fears, what had us safety lent
When strength refus'd to save the innocent.
The eager lover hugs himself not in
Such roseal beds of joy, when what hath bin
His fickly wishes is possest, as we
Through watchfull foes arriv'd to libertie
Imbrace the welcom blessing; first we stear
Our course tow'rds *Siracuse*, whose confines near
The mountain stood, upon whose cloudy brow
Poor *Enna* did beneath her ruins bow.
The Stars cloath'd in the pride of light, had sent
Their sharp beams from the spangled firmament,
To silver ore the Earth, which being emboss
With hills, seem'd now enamel'd ore with frost,
The keen winds whistle in the justling trees,
And cloath'd their naked limbs in hoary frees.
When having pac'd some miles of crusted earth,
Whose labor warm'd our blood, before the birth
O' th' sluggish morning from his bed had drawn
The early Villager, the sober dawn
Lending our eyes the slow salutes of light,
We are encountred with the welcom sight
Of some poor scatter'd Cottages that stood
In the dark shadow of a spacious wood
That fring'd an humble valley, toward those,
Whilst the still morn knew nought to discompose
Her sleepy infancy, we went, and now
Being come so near we might discover how

The

The unstir'd smoke stream'd from the Cottage tops,
A glim'ring light from a low window stops
Our further course, we're come to a low shed,
Whose happy honor (ne'r disquieted
With those domestick troubles that attend
On larger roofs) here in content did spend
Fortunes scant gifts, at his unhaunted gate
Hearing us knock, he stands not to debate
With wealthy misers slow suspition, but
Swift, as if 'twere a sin to keep it shut,
Removes that slender Guard; but when he there
Unusual Strangers saw, with such a care
As onely spoke a conscious shame to be
Surpris'd, whilst unprovided poverty
Straitned desire, he starts, yet entertains
Us so, that shew'd by an industrious pains
He strove to welcom more. Here being by
Their goodness, and our own necessity
Tempted a while to rest, we safely lay
Far from persuing ills, yet since the way
To danger by suspition lies, we still,
Fear being betray'd by those that meant no ill,
Since oft their busie whispers, though they spring
From love, and wonder, slow discoveries bring.
Being now removing, since thy tender age
Threatned to make the grave its second stage
If thence conveigh'd by us whose fondest love
Could to thy wants but fruitless pity prove

T' inlarge

Book IV. T' inlarge thy commons, though increaſe our fears
To thoſe indulgent rurals, who for tears
Had ſprings of milk to feed thee, thou remain'ſt
An infant tenant, for thy own name 'gainſt
What ſince thou haſt bin known by, which when we
Contracted had to the ſtenographie,
Some gold, the laſt of all our wealth we leave
To make their burthen light, which they receive
With thankfull joy, amaz'd to ſee thoſe bright
Angels diſplay their ſtrange unwonted light
In poverties cold region, where they had
Been pin'd for want, if not by labor clad.
When age ſhould make thee capable to tell
Thy wonder how thy infancy had fell
From honors pyramids, a jewel which
Did once the ſplendor of his Crown inrich
About thy neck he hangs, then breathing on
Thy tender lips a parting kiſs, we're gone,
Gone from our laſt delight to finde ſome place
Dark as our clouded ſtars, there to embrace
Unenvi'd poverty, in the cold bed
Of ſad deſpair, till on his reverend head,
Once center to a crown, grief makes him weare
A ſilver froſt by frequent ſtorms of care
Forc'd on that royal mount, whoſe verdure fades
Ere time, by youths antagoniſt invades.
Not far, through dark and unknown paths we had
Wander'd within thoſe forreſts, which unclad

By

By big windes of their ſummers beauteous dreſs Book IV.
Naked, and trembling ſtood, ere fair ſucceſs
Smiling upon our miſeries did bring
Us to a chryſtal ſtream, from whoſe cold ſpring,
With buſie and laborious care, we ſaw
A feeble Hermite ſtooping down to draw
An earthen pot, whoſe empty wants ſupply'd
With liquid treaſure, ſoon had ſatisfy'd
His thirſty hopes; who now returning by
A narrow path, which did directing lie
Through th'unfrequented deſart, with the haſte
Of doubtfull Travellers, in lands laid waſte
By conquering foes, we follow till drawn near
To him whom innocence ſecur'd from fear,
Disburth'ning of his ſtaff, he ſits to reſt
What was with age and labor both oppreſt.
Our firſt ſalutes, when we for bleſſings had
Exchang'd with him, being ſat, we there unclad
All our deform'd misfortunes, and unleſs
A kingdoms loſs diſvellop'd our diſtreſs.
Which heard with pity, that he ſafely might
Be the directing *Pharos* by whoſe light
We might be ſafely guided from the rocks
Of the tempeſtuous world, his tongue unlocks
A cabinet of holy counſel, which
More then our vaniſh'd honor did enrich
Our ſouls (for whoſe eternal good was meant
This cordial) with the worlds beſt wealth, Content,

Book IV. Content, which flies the buſie throne, to dwell
With hungry Hermites in the noiſeleſs cell.
More ſafe then age from the hot ſins of youth,
Peaceful as faith, free as untroubled truth,
Being by him directed hither, we
Long liv'd within this narrow Monaſt'rie,
Whoſe orders being too ſtrict for thoſe that ne're
Had loſt delight ith' proſecuting care
Of unſucceſsful action, ſuited beſt
With us, whoſe griefs compar'd taught the diſtreſt
To ſleight their own, as gueſts that did intrude
On reaſon, in the want of fortitude,
That brave ſupporter, which ſuch comfort brings,
That none can know but perſecuted Kings.
The purple-robe, his births unqueſtion'd right,
For the courſe habit of a Carmelite
Being now exchang'd, and we retir'd from both
Our fears and hopes, like private Lovers loth
When ſolve from the obſervant Spy, to be
Diſturb'd by friends, for want, or greatneſs, free
Secure and calm, we ſpent thoſe happy days
In nought ambitious, but of what might raiſe
Our thoughts towards heav'n, with whom each hour
In prayr more frequent then afflicted ſaints (acquaints
Our happy ſouls, which here ſo long had bin
Refining, till that grand reward of ſin,
Death, did by age (his common harbinger)
Proclaim's approach, and warn'd us to defer

For

For the earths trivial buſineſs) nought that might Book IV.
Concern eternity, left life and light
Forſaking our dark manſions leave us to
Darkneſs and death, unfurniſht of a clew
Which might conduct (when time ſhall ceaſe to be)
Through the meanders of eternitie.
Thy pious father, ere the thefts of age
Decaying ſtrength, ſhould his ſtiff limbs engage
In an uneaſie reſt, to level all
Accounts with heaven, doth to remembrance call
A vow, which though in hot affliction made
Whilſt paſſions ſhort ephemera's did invade
His troubled ſoul, doth now, when the diſeaſe
Time had expung'd, from ſolitary eaſe
Call him again to an unwilling view
Oth' active world, in a long journey to
Forlorn *Enna*, unto whoſe Temple he
Had vow'd, if fortune lent him libertie,
Till tir'd with the extreams of weary age,
The cheap devotion of a pilgrimage.

The End of the Fourth Canto.

PHARONNIDA.

The Fourth Book.

CANTO V.

The Argument.

I.

To the grave Author of this happy news
The pleas'd Argalia *with delight did hear,*
Till (whilst the fatal story he persues)
He brings his great soul near the gates of fear,

II.

By letting him in full discovery know
The dreadful danger that did then attend
His royal Sire, who to his sword must ow
For safety, ere his sad afflictions end.

FOrsaking now our solitary friends,
Whose prayrs upon each slow-pac'd step attends
From danger by a dress so course exempt
As wore religion to avoid contempt,
Through toils of many a tedious day, at last
We *Enna* reach, where when his vows had past

The

The danger of a forfeiture, and we
(That debt discharg'd to heaven) had libertie
To look abroad, with sorrow-laden eyes
We view those ruines in whose ashes lies
Sad objects of our former loss, not then
Rak'd up so deep, but old observant men
When youths were in procession led, could tell
Where towrs once stood, and in what fights they fell;
Which to confirm, some in an aged pride
Shew wounds, which then though they did wisely (hide
As signatures of loyal valor, they
Now unsuspected with delight display.
Hence when commanded by the wane of light
We sought protection from approaching night
In an adjacent Monastry, where we
(The wandring objects of their charitie)
Although by all welcom'd with friendly zeal,
Found only one whose outside did reveal
So much of an internal worth that might
To active talk our clouded souls invight
From griefs obscure retreats; his grave aspect
(Though reverend age dwelt with unprun'd neglect)
Seem'd drest with such a sacred solitude,
As ruin'd Temples in their dust include.
My royal Master, as some power divine,
Had by instinct taught great souls how to twine
Though 'mongst the weeds of poverty, with this
Blest man consorting, whilst their apt souls miss

Book IV. In all their long discourse no tittle set
For mans direction in heavens alphabet;
Whilst controverted points, those rocks on which
Weak faiths are shipwrackt, did gems inrich
Their art-assisted zeal, a sudden noise
Clamorous and loud, in the soft womb destroys
That sacred infant; the concordant bells
Proclaim a joy, which larger triumph tells
To be of such a publick birth, that they
(In quiet cells) for what they late did pray
In tears (the souls oreflowing language) now
(Being by examples common rule taught how
They vary passions) and in manly praise
Their silent prayers to Halleluiahs raise.
By swift report inform'd that this days mirth
From the proclaiming of their Prince took birth
These private mourners for the publick faults
Of busie nations, by the hot assaults
Of triumph startled from their gravitie,
Prepare for joy; all but grave *Sophron*, he
Then with the pilgrim Prince, who both were sate
Like sad Physitians when the doubtful state
Oth' Patients theatens death, the serious eye
Of *Sophron* as a threatning prodigie
Viewing that flattering smile of fate, which they
Of shallower souls prais'd as approaching day.
When both (their souls from active words retir'd)
A while had silent sate, the Prince desir'd

To

To know the cauſe why in that triumph he Book IV.
Of all that Covent found the time to be
With thoughtful cares aloſſe, whom *Sophron* gave
This ſatisfaction: Worthy Sir, I have
In the few hours of our acquaintance found
In you ſuch worth, 'twould queſtion for unſound
My judgment, if unwilling to impart
A ſecret, though the darling of my heart.
Know then, this hapleſs Province, which of late
Faction hath harraſt, a wiſe Prince whom fate
Depriv'd us of, once rul'd; but ſo long ſince,
That age hath learn'd from time how to convince
The hot enormities of youth, ſince we
With ſuch a Ruler loſt our libertie.
For though at firſt, as he alone had bin
Our evil Genius, whoſe abode brought in
All thoſe attendant plagues, our fortune ſeemed
To calm her brow, and captive hope redeemed
In the deſtruction of our foes, which by
A hot infection were enforc'd to fly
From conqueſt near obtain'd: yet we, to ſhew
That only 'twas our vices did orethrow
The merits of his weaker vertues, when
Succeſsful battails had reduc'd agen
Our panting Land from all external ill,
Domeſtick quarrels threatned then to kill
What forein powers aſſail'd in vain, and made
Danger ſurpriſe, which trembled to invade.

Book IV. For many years toſt by th'uncertain wind
Of wild ambition, we had ſail'd to find
Out the Lucadian rocks of Peace; but in
A vain purſuit; for we ſo long had bin
A headleſs multitude, the factious Peers
Oppreſſing th'injur'd Commons, till our fears
Became our fate, few having ſo much left
Unſequeſtred, as might incite to theft (ſpent
Even thoſe whom want makes deſperate, all being
On thoſe that turn to th' worſt of puniſhment
What wore protections name, Vilains that we
Inforc'd maintain'd to chriſten Tyrannie
Ith' injur'd name of Juſtice, ſuch as kept
Litigious Councels, for whoſe Votes we wept,
From puniſhment ſo long, till grown above
The blinded peoples envy, or their love.
But lately theſe prodigious fires that led
Us through the night of Anarchy, being fled
At the approach of one, who ſince hath ſtood
Fixt like a Star of the firſt magnitude,
Diffuſive power, which then was only ſhewn
In Factions dreſs, being now Rebellion grown,
By the uniting of thoſe atroms in
One haughty Peer, ambitious *Zarrobrin*,
Whoſe pride (that ſpur of valor) when 't had ſet
Him in the front of Honors alphabet,
The ſole Commander of thoſe forces whence
Our peace diſtill'd, and in as large a ſenſe

As

As Subjects durſt (whilſt loyal) hope to have, Book IV.
Adorn their tombs, the higheſt titles gave
Of a depending honor, to repay
Their eaſie faiths that levell'd had the way
Unto his greatneſs, that Command he made
The ſteps by which he ſtrugl'd to invade
A Throne, and in their heedleſs Votes include
Unnoted figures of their ſervitude.
When with attempts frequent as fruitleſs, I
With others, whoſe firm love to loyaltie
Time had not yet expung'd, had oft in vain
Oppos'd our power, which found too weak to gain
Our Countries freedom, we, as uſeleſs, did
Retire to mourn for what the fates forbid
To have redreſt: ſince when, his pride being grown
The peoples burthen whilſt he urg'd his own
Ambitions ends, he hath, to fix their love
On principles whoſe ſtructure ſhould not move,
Unleſs it their allegiance ſhook, brought forth
Their Prince, whoſe fathers unforgotten worth
Did ſoon command their full conſent, and he
For treaſon fear'd, made lov'd for loyaltie.
But ſince that 'mongſt obſervant judgments this
So ſudden change might ſtand in doubt to miſs
A fair conſtruction, to confirm't he brings
An old Confeſſor of their abſent Kings,
The reverend *Halophantes*, one whoſe youth
Made humane arts ſubmit to ſacred truth

So

Book IV. So much, that now arriv'd to graver age
He (like authentick Authors) did engage
The peoples easie faith into a glad
Belief, that when his youths afflictions had
Unthron'd their Prince, he in that fatal night,
Wisely contracting his imagin'd flight
(As rodes unto destruction) leaving all
Frequented paths, did in nights silence call
At's unfrequented Cell, where entertain'd
With all the zeal that subjects which have gain'd
From gracious Soveraigns, study to express
A vertue in, which thrives by the distress
Of an afflicted patron's, he betrayes
Enquiring Scouts, till some expunging dayes
Make them forsake their inquisition in
Despair to finde: which vacancy did win
Time to bestow his infant burthen where
Some secret friends did with indulgent care
Raise him from undiscerning childhood to
Be such as now expos'd unto their view.
Thy father, who with doubtful thoughts had heard
This story, till confirm'd in what he fear'd,
Starts into so much passion as betrayes
Him through the thick mask of those tedious dayes.
Time had in thirty annual journeys stept
To *Sophron*, who, when he a while had wept,
A short encomion to good fortune, in
Such prostrate lowliness as seem'd for sin

To cenſure guiltleſs ignorance, he meets
His Princes full diſcovery, whom he greets
With all the zeal, ſuch whoſe uncourtly arts
Make tongues the true interpreters of hearts,
Do thoſe wiſe Princes whom they know to ſtare
At aguiſh flattery, as if indeſert
Uſher'd it in: ——Thoſe that know how to rate
Their worth, prize it by vertue, not by fate.
With Arguments which to aſſiſt he made
Reaſons firm power, Paſſions light ſcouts invade,
He had ſo oft th' unwilling Prince aſſail'd,
That importunity at length prevail'd
On his reſolves, from peacefull povertie
His ages refuge hurrying him to be
Once more an Agent unto fortune in
Uncertain toils, whoſe trouble to begin,
Leaving his Prince to ſo much reſt as thoſe
Whoſe ſerious ſouls are buſied to compoſe
Unravell'd thoughts into a method; now
Sophron forſakes him to diſcover how
His fellow Peers of that loſt party ſtand
Diſpos'd for action, if a Kings command
Should give it life; all which he findes to be
So full of yet untainted loyaltie,
That in a ſwift convention they prepare
By joyning judgements to divide their care.
From diſtant places, with ſuch ſecret haſte,
As did declare a flaming zeal, though plac'd

In

Book IV. In cautious shadow, owe considerate Peers, (yeers
Such whose light youth th' experienc'd weight of
Had long since ballast with discretion, met
To see their Prince, and to discharge the debt
Of full obedience, each had with him brought
His states surviving hope, snatch'd from the soft
Hands of lamenting mothers, that to those,
If fit for arms, they safely might dispose
The excution of those Councils which
Their sober age with judgement did inrich.
In *Sophron*'s Palace, which being far remov'd
From the streets talking throngs, was most aprov'd
For needfull privacy; these loyal Lords
Whose faithfull hearts th' infallible records
The heedless vulgar (whose neglective sin
Had lost the copies of allegiance in
This *inter regnum*) trust to, being met
To shun delayes, (mans late repented debt)
The Prince with speed appears, whom no disguise
Of youths betrayer, Time, could from their eyes
Long undiscover'd keep, through the rough vail
Of Age, or what more powerfull did prevail
On Beauties ruines, they did soon descry
The unquench'd embers of a Majesty
Too bright for time to hide, with curtains less
Dark then that mansion of forgetfulness,
The Grave, which mans first folly taught to be
The obscure passage to eternitie.

That

That their example might be precept to
Unknowing youth, with all the reverence due
To awefull Princes on their thrones, the old
Experienc'd Courtiers kneel; by which grown bold
In their belief, thoſe of unriper age
Upon their judgements did their faith engage
So far, that they in ſolemn vows unite
Their yet concordant thoughts, which ere the flight
Of time ſhould leave the day behind, deſire
To live in action: But this riſing fire
Of loyal rage, which in their breaſts did burn,
The thankfull Prince thus gently ſtrives to turn
Into a milder paſſion, ſuch as might
Not ſcorch with anger, but with judgement light.
How much is't both my wonder and my joy,
That we whom treaſon ſtudied to deſtroy,
With near as much of miracle, as in
The laſt of dayes, loſt bodies that have bin
Scatter'd amongſt the elements, ſhall be
Conven'd i'th' Court of immortality.
Depreſs'd with fortune and diſguis'd with age,
(Sad arguments, brave ſubjects, to engage
Your loyal valor) I had gone from all
My mortal hopes, had not this ſecret call
Of heaven, which doth with unknown method curb
Our wilde intention, brought me to diſturb
Your peacefull age, whoſe abler youth had in
Defending me expos'd to ruine bin.

I had no more my conscience (now at rest)
With Widows curses, Orphans tears oppress;
No more in fighting fields, those busie marts,
Where honor doth for fame with death change harts,
Beheld the sad success of Battails, where
Proud victors make youths conquest ages care,
But hid from all, a crowns false glories, spent
Like beaureous flowers, which vainly waste the scent
Of odors in unhanted desarts, all
My time conceal'd till wither'd age should fall
From that short stem of nature, life, to be
Lost in the dust of deaths obscuritie.
When in the pride of youth my stars withdrew
Their influence first, I then had stood with you
Those thunderbolts of fate, and bravely died,
Contemning fortune, had that feverish pride
Of valor not been quench'd in hope to save
My infant son from an untimely grave.
But he, when from domestick ills convey'd
In safety, being by treacherous fate betray'd
Either by death, or ignorance, from what
His stars, when kindl'd first, where pointed at,
Either lives not, or else conceal'd within
Some course disguise, whose poverty hath been
So long his dull companion, till he's grown
Not less to us, then to himself unknown.
All this being weigh'd in reasons scale, is there
Ought in't can tempt decrepid age to bear

Such

Such glorious burthens, which if fortunate Book IV.
In the obtaining of, in natures date
Can have no long account, ere I again
What I had got with danger, kept with pain,
Summon'd by death the graves black monarch, muſt
With ſorrow loſe: yet ſince that heaven ſo juſt,
And you ſo loyal I have found, that it
Might argue fear, if I unmov'd ſhould ſit
At all your juſt deſires, I here i'th' ſight
Of heaven declare, together with my right,
To proſecute your Liberties as far
As Juſtice dares to patronize a war.
This with a magnanimity that ſhew'd
His youths brave ſpirits were not all beſtow'd
On the accounts of age, had to ſo high
A pitch of zeal inflam'd their loyalty,
That in contempt of ſlow-pack'd counſels they
Did like raſh youth, whoſe wit wants times allay,
Haſte to unripe engagements, ſuch as found
The iſſue weak, whoſe parents are unſound.
All to thoſe towns where neighborhood had made
Them lov'd for vertue, or for power obey'd;
Whilſt each with his peculiar guar attends
His honor'd Prince, imploy their active friends,
Who having with collecting trumpets made
Important errands ready to invade
The peoples cenſure, for a theme to fame
Their long loſt Princes ſafe returu proclaim;

Which

Book IV. Which, though at first, a subject it appear'd
Onely for faith, when circumstance had clear'd
Th' eye of Reason, from each nobler minde
Th' embraces of a welcom truth did finde.
In publick throngs, whilst every forward friend
Spoke his resolves, his sullen foes did spend
Their doubts in private whispers, by exchange
Of which they found hate had no farther range
Then close intelligence, whose utmost bounds
Ere they obtain, the usefull trumpet sounds
No distant summons, but close marches to
His loyal friends, whom now their foes might view
In troops, which if fate favor their intents,
Ere long must swell to big-bulk'd Regiments:
Through Country towns, and Cities prouder streets
The murmuring drum in busie marches meets
Such forward valor, husbandmen did fear
The earth would languish the succeeding years
For want of Laborers; nor could business stop
The streightned Prentice, who, the slighted shop
Left to his angry Master, who must be
Forc'd to abridge his seven years tyranny,
Changes the baser utensils of trade
For burnisht arms, and by example made
More valiant, scorns those shadows which they fear'd
More then rough war, whilst 'mongst the cities herd.
To Regiments, from scattering bands being grown,
From that to Armys, whose big looks made known
Those

Thoſe bold deſigns, which Juſtice fear'd to own, Book IV.
Though hers, till plac'd in Powers imperial throne,
They now toward action haſte; which to begin,
Whilſt Caſtles are ſecur'd, and Towns girt in
With armed lines, whoſe Pallizado's had
Whole Forreſts of their whiſpering Oaks unclad.
The Prince, his mercy willing to prevent
Approaching danger, by a Herald ſent
To *Zarrobrin*, commands him to lay down
His arms, and as he owed unto his Crown
A Subjects due allegiance, to appear
Before a moneth was added to that year,
Within his Court, which now, ſince action gave
Life to that body whoſe firm ſtrength did ſave
His life (by treaſon levell'd at) was in
His moving Camp. But this too weak to win
The doubtful Rebel, ſince his lawful right
Swords muſt diſpute, the Prince prepares to fight.
Proud *Zarrobrin*, who had by late ſucceſs
Taught *Siracuſe* how to avoid diſtreſs
By ſeeking peace, like a black ſtorm that flies
On Southern winds, which in a tumult riſe
From neighboring ſeas, was on his march: But come
Sonear the Prince, that now he had by ſome
Of's ſpreading Scouts made full diſcovery where
His Army lay; whoſe ſcarce diſcovered Rear
Such diſtance from their well-arm'd Van appear'd,
That ſuch whoſe judgments were with numbers feard

Book IV. Making no further inquisition, fled
By swift report their pale disease to spread.
Disturbing clouds which rather seem'd to rise
From guilt then fear spread darkness ore the eyes
O'th' Rebels, who, although by custom made
To death familiar, wish their killing trade
In peace concluded, and with murmures nigh
Grown to the boldness of a mutinie,
Question their own frail judgments, which so oft
Had life expos'd to dangers, that had brought
No more reward then what preserv'd them still
The slaves unto a proud Commanders will.
To stop this swift infection, which begun
In lowly huts, to lofty tents had run,
Slie *Zarobrin*, who to preserve th' esteem
Of honor, lest lib'rality might seem
The child of fear, with secret speed prevents
What he appears to slight, their discontents.
As if attending, though attended by
Their young Mock-Prince, whose landskip royaltie
Shew'd only fair, when view'd at distance, he
Passing with slow observant pace to see
Each squadrons order, he confirms their love
With donatives, such as were far above
Their hopes if Victors; then, to shew that int
That pride of bounty h'had not strove to win
Assistance by unworthy bribes, he leads
Them far from danger, since his judgment reads

In

In long experience, that authentick ſtory, Book IV.
Whoſe lines hath taught the neareſt way to glory;
That ſoft delays, like treacherous ſtreams, which by
Submitting lets the raſh intruder try
Their dangerous depth, to an unwilling ſtay
His fierce perſuers would ere long betray;
Whoſe force ſince of th'untutor'd multitude
By want made deſperate, and by cuſtom rude
Would ſoon waſte their unweildy ſtrength, whilſt they
Whom diſcipline had taught how to obey,
By pay made nimble, and by order ſure,
Would wars delays with eaſier wants endure.
This ſound advice meeting with ſad ſucceſs
From the perſuing Army, whoſe diſtreſs
From tedious marches being too clamorous grown
For's friends eſtates to quiet, ſoon was ſhewn
In actions ſuch, which though neceſſitie
Inforc'd on vertue, made their preſence be
To th' inconſiderate vulgar, whoſe looſe glance
For vertue take vice gloſs'd with circumſtance;
Such an oppreſſion, that comparing thoſe
Which fled with mildneſs, they behold as foes;
Only their ruder followers, whom they curſe,
Not that their cauſe, but company was worſe.
When thus their wants had brought diſorder in,
And that neglect whoſe looſer garb had bin
At firſt ſo ſhie, that what was hardly known
From buſineſs then, was now to cuſtom grown.

Book IV. This large limb'd body, since united by
No cement but the love to loyalty
Loses those baser parts, such as to please
Unworthy ends turn'd duty to disease,
Retaining onely those whose valor sought
No more reward then what with blood they bought.
But here, to shew that slumbring justice may
Oppress with power, faint in the busie day
Of doubtfull battel; when their valor had
So many souls from robes of fresh unclad
Of his brave friends, that the forsaken Prince
Whose sad success taught knowledge to convince
The Arguments of hope; unguarded left
Unto persuing foes was soon bereft
Of all that in this cloud of fortune might
By opposition or unworthy flight,
But promise safety, and when death denide
Him her last dark retreat to raise the pride
Of an insulting foe, is forc'd to see
The scorn of greatness in captivity.
Yet with more terror to limb sorrow in
His mighty soul, such friends as had not bin
By death discharg'd in fatal battel, now
Suffer'd so much as made even fear alow
Her paleſt sons, to seek in future wars
Brave victory got, by ages honor, scars,
Or braver death, that antidote of shame,
Whose stage none pass upon the rode of Fame,

Those

Thoſe that far'd beſt being murther'd, others ſent Book IV.
With life to more afflicting baniſhment.
When thus by him whoſe ſacred order made
The truth authentick, from his fortunes ſhade
Argalia was redeem'd, the Prelate to
Confirm his ſtory, from his boſom drew
The jewel, which having by wayes unknown
To him that wore it open'd, there was ſhewn
By wit contracted into art, as rare
As his that durſt make ſilver ſphears compare
With heavens light motion, an Effigies which
His royal Sire, whilſt beauty did enrich
His youth, appear'd in ſuch epitomy,
As ſpacious fields are repreſented by
Rare opticks on oppoſing walls, where ſight
Is conzen'd with imperfect forms of light.
When with ſuch joy as *Scythians* that grow proud
Of day, behold light gild an eaſtern cloud,
Argalia long had view'd that picture in
Whoſe face he ſaw forms that ſaid his had been
Drawn by that pattern, with ſuch thanks, as beſt
The ſilent eloquence of looks expreſt,
The night grown ancient, ere their ſtories end,
With ſolemn joy, leaves his informing friend.

The End of the Fourth Book.

PHARONNIDA.

The Fift Book.

CANTO I.

The Argument.

I.

Tier'd with afflictions in a safe retreat
From th' active world, Pharonnida *is now*
Making a sacred monastry her seat,
Where near approaching the confirming vow,

II.

A rude assault, makes her a Prisoner to
Almanzors *power, to expiate whose sin*
The subtil Traytor swiftly leads her to
The Court, where she had long a stranger bin.

HEre harsh imployments, the unsavory weeds
Of barren wants had over-run the seeds
Of fancy with domestick cares, and in
Those winter storms shipwrack'd what ere had bin
My youths imperfect off-spring, had not I
For love of this neglected poverty,

That

That meager fiend whose rustic tallons stick
Contempt on all that are inforc'd to seek
Like me, a poor subsistance 'mongst the low
Shrubs of imployment, whilst blest wits that grow
Good fortunes favorits, like proud Ceders stand
Scorning the stroke of every feeble hand, (sense,
Whose vain attempts, though they should martyr
Would be repulst with big-bulk'd confidence:
Yet blush not gentle Muse, thou oft hast had
Followers, by fortunes hand as meanly clad,
And such as when time had worn envy forth
Succeeding ages honor'd for their worth.
Then though not by these rare examples fier'd
To vain presumption, with a soul untir'd
As his, whose fancies short Ephemeraes know
No life, but what doth from his liquor flow,
Whose wit grown wanton with canaries wealth
Makes the chast Muse a pandress to a health,
Our royal Lovers story I'll pursue
Through times dark paths, which now have led me to
Behold *Argalia*, by assisting art
Advanc'd to health, preparing to depart
From his obscure abode, to prosecute
Designs, which when, success strikes terror mute
With pleasing joy, shall him the mirror prove
Of forward valor, gloss with filial love.
But let us here with prosperous blessings leave
A while the noble Hero, and receive

Book V.

From times accounts the often varying ſtory
Of her whoſe love conducted him to glory,
Diſtreſt *Pharonnida*, whoſe ſufferings grown
Too great for all that vertue ere had known
From humane precepts, flies for refuge to
Heavens narroweſt paths, where the directing clew
Of Law, to which the Earth for order owes,
Loſt in zeals light, a uſeleſs trouble growes.
Return'd were all the meſſengers, which ſhe
Had at the firſt ſalutes of Libertie
To ſeek *Argalia* ſent: But ſince none brought
Her paſſions eaſe, ſick hope no longer ſought
Thoſe flattering Emp'ricks; but at Loves bright fires
Kindling her zeal, with ſober pace retires
From all expected honors, to beſtow
What time her youth did yet to nature ow,
A ſolemn Recluſe, by a ſacred vow
Lockt up from action, whilſt ſhe practiſ'd how
By ſpeculation ſafely to attain
What buſier Mortals doubtfully do gain.
Within the compaſs of the valley, where
Iſmanders palace ſtood, the pious care
Of elder times had plac'd, a Monaſtrie,
Whoſe fair poſſeſſors from life's tumults free,
In a calm voyage towards heaven (their home) there
The quiet hours, ſo ſweetly innocent, (ſpent
As if that place, that happy place, had bin
Of all the earth alone exempt from ſin;

Some

Some ſacred power ordaining(when 'twas given) Book V.
It for the next preparing ſchool to heaven;
From whence thoſe Veſtals ſhould, when life expires,
Be for ſupplies advanc'd to heavenly quires.
Loſt to the world in ſorrows lab'rinths, here
Pharonnida, now out of hope to cleer
This tempeſt of her fate, reſolves to caſt
Her faiths firm anchor: But before ſhe paſt
The dangerous ſtraits of a reſtrictive vow,
She to ſuch friends as judgment taught her how
To prize, imparts it; 'mongſt which few, the fair
Silvandra, whom loſt love had taught deſpair,
With ſad *Florenza*, both reſolve to take
The ſame ſtrict habit, and with her forſake
The treacherous world. But to diſturb this clear
Stream of devotion, ſoon there did appear
Diſſwading friends, *Iſmander* loth to loſe
So lov'd a gueſt, whilſt ſhe's of power to chooſe,
Together with the vertuous *Amida*,
Spend their moſt powerful arguments to draw
Her from thoſe cold thoughts, that her vertue might
Whilſt unconceal'd, lend weaker mortals light.
Long had this friendly conflict laſted, ere
Her conquer'd friends, whom a religious care
Frighted from robbing heaven of Saints, withdrew
To mourn her loſs; yet ere they left her to
Her cloyſter'd Cell, *Iſmander*, to comply
With aged cuſtom, calls ſuch friends whom nigh

Abode

Book V. Abode had made familiar, to attend
His Royal gueſt; ſome haſty days they ſpend
In ſolemn feaſting, where each friend although
Cloath'd as when they at triumphs met, did ſhew
A ſilent ſadneſs, ſuch as wretched Brides,
When the neglected nuptial robe but hides
The cares of an obſtructed love, before
Harſh parents wear. The mirthleſs feaſt paſt ore,
The noble Virgins in proceſſion by
The mourning train, unto the Monaſt'ry
Slowly conducted are, each led by two
Full-breaſted Maids, whom *Hymen* to renew
The worlds decaying ſtock, his joys to prove
By contracts ſummon'd to conjugal love.
Theſe as they paſt, like Paranymphs which led
Young Beauties to eſpouſe a Maidenhead
With harmony, whoſe each-concording part
Tickl'd the ear, whilſt it did ſtrike the heart
With mournful numbers, rifling every breſt
Of their deep thoughts, thus the ſad ſenſe expreſt.

1.

To ſecret walks, to ſilent ſhades,
To places where no voice invades
The air, but what's created by
Their own retir'd ſociety,
Slowly theſe blooming Nymphs we bring
To wither out their fragrant ſpring,

For

For whose sweet odors Lovers pine, Book V.
Where beauty doth but vainly shine:
Cho. *Where Natures wealth, and Arts assisting cost*
Both in the beams of distant hope are lost.

2.

To Cloysters where cold damps destroy
The busie thoughts of Bridal joy;
To Vows whose harsh events must be
Uncoupl'd cold Virginitie;
To pensive prayers, where heaven appears
Through the pale cloud of private tears,
These captive Virgins we must leave,
Till freedom they from death receive:
Cho. *Only in this remote conclusion blest,*
This vale of tears leads to eternal rest.

3.

Then since that such a choice as theirs,
Which stiles them the undoubted heirs
To heaven, 'twere sinful to repent:
Here may they live till beauty spent
In a religious life, prepare
Them with their fellow-Saints to share
Celestial joys, for whose desire
They freely from the world retire:
Cho. *Go then, and rest in blessed peace, whilst we*
Deplore the loss of such societie.

Through

Book V. Through all the ſlow delays of Love arriv'd
To the unguarded gate, friendſhip that thriv'd
Not in Perſwaſions rhetorick, withdraws
Her forces to aſſiſt that juſter cauſe, (they
Prayers for their future good; with which whilſt
Are taking leave, th'unfolded gates give way
For the bleſt Votries entrance, whom to meet,
A hundred pair of Maids, more chaſtely ſweet
Then flowers which grow untoucht in deſarts, were
Led by their Abbeſs; to whoſe pious care
Theſe being join'd, with ſuch a ſad reverſe
Of eyes oreflowing, as the fable herſe
Cloſe mourners leave, when they muſt ſee no more
Their coffin'd dead, their friends are from the dore
With eager looks, woes laſt ſince now denied
A further view, departs unſatisfied.
This laſt of duties which the deareſt friend
Ought to perform, brought to ſucceſsful end;
For here no cuſtom with a dowries price
At entrance paid, nurſt ſlothful avarice:
They're ſoftly led through a fair garden, where
Each walk was by the founders pious care,
For various fancies, wanton imagrie,
To catch the heart, and not to court the eye,
Adorn'd with ſacred hiſtories. From hence
To th' center of this fair circumference
The fabrick come, the roving eye confin'd
Within the buildings, to enlarge the mind

In

In contemplation, ſaw where happy Art
Had on the figur'd walls the ſecond part
Of Sacred ſtory, drawn in lines that had
The worlds Redeemer from his firſt being clad
In robes of fleſh, preſented to the view
Through all his paſſion, till it brought him to
The Croſs, that higheſt ſeal of love, where he
A ſinleſs offering died, from ſin to free
The captiv'd world, which knew no other price
But that to pay the debts of Paradice.
Paſt through this place, where bleeding paſſion ſtrove
Their melting pity to refine to love,
They're now the Temple enter'd, where to skreen
Their thoughts yet nearer heaven, whom they had ſeen
Ith' entrance ſcourg'd, contemn'd & crucifide,
They there beheld, though veils of glory hide
Some part of the amazing Majeſtie
In his Aſcenſion, as when rais'd to be
For them that hear his death freed from the hate
Of angry heaven, the powerful Advocate.
Beſides theſe bold attempts of Art that ſtood
To fright the wicked, or to prompt the good;
Something more great, more ſacred, then could by
Art be expreſt, without the help oth' eye
Reacht at the center of the ſoul, from whence
To heaven, our rais'd deſires circumference,
Striking the lines of Contemplation, ſhe
Wrapt from the earth, is in an extaſie

Holy,

Book V. Holy, and high, through faith's clear optick ſhown
Thoſe joys which to departed ſaints are known.
Before thoſe pray'rs which zeal had tedious made
With their laſt troops did conquer'd heav'n invade;
The day was on the glitt'ring wings of light,
Fled to the weſtern world, and ſwarthy night
In her black Empire thron'd; from ſilver ſhrines
The kindl'd lamps through all the temple ſhines
With dapl'd rayes, that did to th' eye preſent
The beauties of the larger firmament.
In which ſtill calm, when all their rites were now
So near perform'd, that the confirming vow
Alone remain'd, a ſudden noiſe of rude
And clamorous ſound, did through the ear intrude
On their affrighted fancies, in ſo high
A voice, that all their ſacred harmony
In this confuſion loſt, appear'd ſo ſmall,
As if that whiſper'd which was made to call;
Although the awfull majeſty that here
Religion held, the weak effects of fear
With faith expel'd, yet when that nearer to
Their ſlender gates the murmuring tumult drew;
The Abbeſs ſends not to ſecure, but ſee
Who durſt attempt what heaven from all kept free
By ſtricteſt law, ſave thoſe unhallow'd hands
That follow curſes whilſt they flie commands,
But they being entred ere the timerous Scout
Could notice give, fear, which firſt ſprung from doubt

Being

Being into wilde confusion grown, from all
Set forms affrights them, whilst at once they call
For heavens protecting mercy, to behold
That place where peacefull Saints us'd to unfold
Heavens Oracles, possest with villains that
Did ne'r know ought but want to tremble at,
Which look'd like those that with proud Angels fell,
And to storm heaven were sent in arms from hell,
Converts that Scean where nothing did appear
But calm devotion, to distracting fear;
Amaz'd with horror, each sad votress stands
Whilst sacred relicks drop from trembling hands;
Here one whose heart with fears convulsions faint,
Flies to the shrine of her protecting saint;
By her another stands, whose spirits spent
In Passion, looks pale as her monument:
One shrieks, another prayes, a third had crost
Her self so much, ill Angels might have lost
The way to hurt her, if not taught to do'r,
Cause she to th' sign too much did attribute.
The royal Stranger by her fear persu'd
To th' altar fled, had with mixt passion view'd
This dreadfull troop, whilst from the temple gate
They past the seat where trembling virgins sate
Free from uncivil wrongs, asif that they
That entred had been men prepar'd to pray,
Not come to ravish, from which sight her fear
Picks flowers of hope, but such, as they drawn near

Book V.

From

Book V. From fancies ſoft lap, in a Hirocane
Of paſſion drop'd her pray'rs and tears in vaine
As words in winds, or ſhowers in Seas, when they
Prepare for ruin the obſtructed way
To pitty, which her ſtock of pray'rs had coſt,
In the dark ſhade of ſudden horror loſt.
Seis'd on by two o' th' ſacrilegious train
Whoſe black diſguiſe had made the eye in vain
Seek to inform the ſoul, ſhe and the poor
Florenza, whilſt their helpleſs friends deplore
With ſilent tears ſo ſad a loſs, are drew
From the clasp'd Altar in th' offended view
Of their protecting ſaints, from whoſe ſhrines in
A diſmal omen dropt what ere had bin
With hopes of merit plac'd. Black ſulphry damps
With ſwift convulſions quench'd the ſacred lamps,
The fabrick ſhakes, and as if griev'd they ſtood
To circle guilt, the walls ſweat tears of blood.
Shrieks, ſuch as if thoſe fainted ſouls that there
Trod heaven's ſtrait paths, in their juſt quarrel were
Roſe from their ſilent dormitories to
Deter their foes, through all the temple flew.
But here in vain deſtroying angels ſhook (ſtruck
The ſword of vengeance, whilſt his bold crimes
'Gainſt heaven in high contempt, with impious haſte,
Snatch'd from the altar, whilſt their friends did waſte
Unheard Orizons for their ſafety, they
Unto the Fabrick's utmoſt gate convey

Their

Their beauteous prizes, where with silence stood Book V.
Their dreadful guard, which like a neighb'ring wood
When vapors tip the naked boughs in light,
With unsheath'd swords through the black mists of night
A sparkling terror struck, with such a speed
As scarce gave time to fear what would succeed.
To such preceding vilanies, within
Her Coach imprison'd, the sad Princess, in
A march for swiftness such as busie war
Hastes to meet death in, but for silence far
More still then funerals, is by that black troop
With such exchange as falling stars do stoop
To nights black region, from the Monastrie
Hurri'd in haste, by whom, or whither, she
Yet knows no more then souls departing, when
Or where, to meet in robes of flesh agen.
The day salutes her, and uncurtain'd light
Welcoms her through the confines of the night,
But lends no comfort, every object that
It shewed her, being such, as if frighted at
The Prince of day, griev'd h'ad no longer slept,
To shun, shrunk back beneath a cloud, and wept.
When the unfolded curtains gave her eyes
Leave to look forth, a troop, whose close disguise
Were stubborn arms, she only saw, and they
So silent, nought but motion did betray
The faculties of life, by whom being led
In such a sad march as their honor'd dead

Book IV. Close mourners follow, the some slow-pac'd days
'Mongst strangers passing through stranger ways,
(At both amaz'd) at length, unfathom'd by
Her deepest thought within the reach oth' eye
Her known *Ghirenza* views; but with a look
From whence cold passion all the blood had took,
And in her face (that frozen sea of fear)
Left nought but storms of wonder to appear.
Conven'd within the spacious Judgment-hall
Of Reason, she, ere this had summon'd all
Her weaker passions to th' impartial Bar
Of Moral Vertue, where they sentenc'd are
Only to an untroubled silence; in
Which serious act whilst she had busied bin,
She is, unnoted, ere the fall of day
Brought by her convoy to a Lodge that lay
Off from the rode, a place, when seen, she knew
Ere his rebellion, had belong'd unto
Her worst of foes, *Almanzor*, which begins
At first a doubt, whose growing force soon wins
The field of faith, and tells her timorous thought
Her fathers troops would ne'r have thither brought
Her, if design'd to suffer, since that he
Knew those more fit for close captivitie.
But long her reason lies not fetter'd in
These cross Dilemma's; the slow night had been
With tedious hours past ore, whilst she by none
But Mutes, no less unheard, then their unknown

Is only waited on, by whom, when day
To action call'd (ſhe veil'd) is led the way
To the attending Convoy, who had now
Varied the Scene, *Almanzor* ſtudying how
To court compaſſion in his Prince, dares not
At the firſt view, ere merit had begot
A calm remiſſion of rebellious ſin,
Affront an anger which had juſtice bin
In his confuſion; his arms he now behind,
As that which might too ſoon have call'd to mind
His former crimes, he leaves, and for them took
To gain the aſpect of a pitying look,
A Hermites homely weed, his willing train
By that fair gloſs their liberties to gain,
Rode arm'd; but ſo, what for offence they bore,
Was in ſubmiſſion to lay down before
The throne of injur'd power, to cure whoſe fear
Their armed heads on halter'd necks appear.
Near to the rear of theſe, the Princeſs in
A mourning Litter, cloſe as ſhe had bin
In a night-march unto her tomb, is through
The Cities wandring tumults led unto
The royal palace, at whoſe gates all ſtay
Save bold *Almanzor*, whom the Guards obey
For his appearing ſanctity ſo much,
That he unqueſtion'd enters, and thought ſuch
As his grave habit promis'd, ſoon obtain'd
The Princes ſight, where with a geſture fain'd

Book V. To all the ſhapes of true devotion, he
By a ſucceſsfull fiction comes to be
Eſteem'd the true converter of thoſe wilde
Bandits, which being by their own crimes exil'd
In ſpight of law had liv'd to puniſh thoſe
Which did the rules of puniſhment compoſe.
These being pardon'd, as he'd took from thence
Encouragement, veil'd under the pretence
Of a religious pity, he begins
In language, whoſe emolient ſmoothneſs wins
An eaſie conqueſt on belief, to frame
A ſad Petition, which although in name
It had diſguis'd *Pharonnida*, did finde
So much of pity as the Prince inclin'd
To lend his aid for the relief of her
Whoſe vertue found ſo fair a character
In his deſcription, it might make unbleſt
That power which left ſo much of worth diſtreſt.
Though too much tir'd with private cares to ſhew
In publick throngs how much his love did owe
To ſuffering vertue, yet ſince told that ſhe
Was too much mask'd in clouds of grief to be
The object of the cenſuring Court, he to
The Litter goes, whoſe ſable veil withdrew
With wonder, that did ſcarce belief admit
Shadow'd in grief, he ſees his daughter ſit,
His long loſt daughter, whom unſought, to be
Thus ſtrangely found, to ſuch an extaſie

Of joy exalts him, that his ſpirits by Book V.
Thoſe ſwift pulſations had been all let fly
With thanks towards heav'n, had not the royal Maid
With ſhowers of penitential tears allaid
Thoſe hotter paſſions, and revok'd him to
Support her griefs, whoſe burthen had out-grew
The powers of life, but that there did appear
Kinde natures love, to cure weak natures fear.
In this encounter of their paſſions, both
With ſorrow ſilent ſtood, words being loath
T'intrude upon their buſie thoughts, till they
In moiſt compaſſion melted had away
His angers fever, and her frozen fears
In Natures balm, ſoft loves extracted tears:
Like a ſad Patient whoſe forgotten ſtrength
Decay'd by cronick ills, hath made the length
Of life his burthen, when near death, meets there
Unhop'd for health; ſo from continual care,
The ſouls ſlow hectick, elevated by
This cordial joy, the ſlothfull Lethargy
Of age, or ſorrow findes an eaſier cure
Then the unſafe extream, a Calenture.
Nor are theſe comforts long conſtrain'd to reſt
Within the confines of his own ſwell'd breſt,
Ere its diſmantl'd rayes did in a flight
Swift as the motions of unbodied light
Diſperſe its Epidemick vertues through
The joyfull Court, which now arriv'd unto

Book V.

Its former ſplendor, heavens expected praiſe
Doth on the wings of candid mercy raiſe:
Which ſpreading in a joyful Jubile
To all offenders, tells *Almanzor* he
Might ſafely now unmask; which done, ere yet
Diſcover'd, at the well-pleas'd Princeſs feet
Humbl'd with guilt he kneels; who at the ſight
As much amaz'd as ſo ſublime a flight
Of joy admitted, ſtands attentive to
What did in theſe ſubmiſſive words enſue.

Behold, great Sir, (for now I dare be ſeen)
An object for your mercy that had been
Too dreadful for diſcovery, had not this
Preceding joy told me, no Crime could miſs
The rode of mercy, though like mine, a ſin
The ſuffering Nation is invellop'd in.
Sunk in the ocean of my guilt, I h'd gone
A deſperate Rebel, waited on by none
But Outlaws to a grave obſcure, had not
Relenting heaven thus taught me how to blot
Out ſome of ſins black characters, ere I
Beheld the beams of injur'd Majeſtie.

This in his paſſions relaxation ſpoke,
Perſwades the Princes juſtice to revoke
Its former rigor. By the helpful hand
Of mercy rais'd, *Almanzor* ſoon did ſtand
Not only pardon'd, but ſecur'd by all
His former honors from a future fall,

Making

Making that fortune which did now appear Book V.
Their pities object, through the glass of fear
With envy look'd on, but in vain, he stood
Confirm'd in Loves Meridian altitude
The length of life from Honors western shade,
Except in new Rebellion retrograde:
Which plotting leave him, till the winding clew
Of fancy shall conduct your knowledge to
Those uncouth vaults; and mounting the next story,
See Vertue climbing to the throne of glory.

The End of the First Canto.

PHARONNIDA.

The Fifth Book.

CANTO II.

The Argument.

I.

Leaving Pharonnida *to entertain*
The various paſſions of her Father, we
Muſt now return to ſee Argalia *gain*
That power by which he ſets his Father free

II.

From the command of haughty Rebels, who
By juſtice ſent to a deſerved death,
Argalia *takes the Crown, his merits due,*
And the old Prince in peace reſigns his breath.

REturn'd to ſee what all the dark records
Of the old *Spartan* Hiſtory affords
Ith' progreſs of *Argalia's* fate, I found
The chain'd Hiſtorian here ſo ſtrictly bound
To follow truth, although at dangers coſt,
No ſilent night, nor ſmoky battail loſt

The

The doubtfull rode, which often did appear Book V.
Through floods of faction fill'd with ſtorms of fear
Obſcure and dark, to the belief of that
Leſs guilty age; though then to tremble at
Romes bold ambition, and thoſe prodigies
Of earth, their Tyrants, to inform their eies,
Left mourning monuments of ill, but none
Like what they now attempt, a ſin unknown
To old Aſpirers, which ſhould have been ſent
Some Ages forward for a preſident
To theſe, with whom compar'd, their crimes had bin,
Though paſt to act, but weak eſſayes of ſin.
With ſuch a ſpeed as the ſupplies of air
Fearing a vacuum, haſten to repair
The ruptures of the earth, at our laſt view
We left reviv'd *Argalia* poſting to
Ætolia's diſtant confines, where arriv'd,
He found their Army, whoſe attempts had thriv'd
Since he *Epirus* had forſook, ſo far
Advanc'd, that now the varied ſcene of war
Transferr'd to faithleſs *Ardena*, was there
Fixt in a ſiege, whoſe ſlow approaches were
The doubts of both; the city pines for fear
Remote ſupplies might fail, which drawn ſo near
The circling Army knows, that either they
Muſt flie from conqueſt near obtain'd, or ſtay
To meet a danger, which by judgement ſcan'd,
Their ſtrength appears unable to withſtand.

Whilſt

Book V. Whilſt thus their penſive leaders buſied are
In croſs dilemma's, as by publick war
He meant to meet revenge in private, to
Their camp *Argalia* comes, a camp which knew
Him by the fair-wrought characters of fame
So well, that now he needs no more then name
Himſelf to merit welcom, all miſtruſt
Being clear'd by them which left as too unjuſt
To be obey'd, the falſe *Epirots* ſide,
When by his loſs made ſubject to the pride
Of ſtranger Chiefs; theſe for their vertue prais'd
For number fear'd, to ſuch a height had rais'd
Applauding truths of him, that *Zarrobrin*
Conjoyn'd to one he trembl'd at, whilſt ſeen
In oppoſition, ſlights what did of late
Appear a dreadfull precipice of fate.
Leſt poor imployments might make favor ſhew
Like faint miſtruſt, he doth at firſt beſtow
On the brave ſtranger the ſupream command
Of ſome choiſe horſe, ſelected to withſtand
The fierce *Epirot*'s march, whoſe Army ere
The ſlow *Ætolians* could their ſtrength prepare
Fit to reſiſt, if not by him withſtood,
With eaſe had gain'd a dangerous neighborhood.
But he, whoſe angers thunderbolts could ſtay
Though hurl'd from clouds of rage, if the allay
Of judgement interpos'd, here finding nought
More ſafe then haſte, ere his ſecure foes thought

Of

Of opposition, strongly had possest
A strait in which small troops had oft distrest
Large bodied Armies, until brought so low,
Those they contemn'd did liberty bestow.
Whilst stop'd by this unlook'd for remora
The baffl'd Army oft had strove to draw
Argalia from his safe retreats, but found
His art of more advantage then his ground;
In the dead Age of unsuccesful night
A forward party which had learn'd to fight.
From honors dictates, not commands, being by
Youths hasty guide, rash valor, brought so nigh,
Argalia's troops, that in a storm which cost
Some lives, they many noble Captives lost:
Amongst which number, as if thither sent
By such a fate as shew'd Heavens close intent
Pointed at good, *Euriolus* appears
First a sad captive; but those common fears
Soon, whilst in conflict with his passions, rest
On the wish'd object of his long inquest
Admir'd *Argalia*, to whose joy he brings
As much of honor, as elected Kings
Meet in those votes, which so auspicious prove,
They light to honor with the rayes of love.
Having from him in full relation heard
Pharonnida yet liv'd, whom long he fear'd
Beyond redemption lost, they thence proceed
To councels, whose mature results might breed

Their

Book V.

Their heedleſs foes confuſion, which ſince they
That now were captives, bore the greateſt ſway
In the oppoſing Army proves a task
So free from danger, death did ſcarce unmask
The face of horror in a charge, before
Argalia's name eccho'd in praiſes ore
The rallied troops, ſummons from thence ſo large
A party, that the valor of a charge
In thoſe that ſtood were madneſs, which to ſhun,
Baſe Cowards taught brave Fighters how to run.
This eaſie conqueſt gain'd, ere *Zarrobrin*
Was with his flower Army drawn within
The noiſe o' th' battel, to ſuch vaſt extent
Of fame, high vertues ſpreading ornament,
Had rais'd *Argalia*'s merits, that the pride
Of his Commander wiſely laid aſide
For ſuch advantage, to let honor ſtand
On her own baſis, the ſupream command
Of all the ſtrangers in his Camp to him
He freely gives, a power which ſoon would dim
His, if ere by ſome harſh diſtemper plac'd
In oppoſition; but his thoughts imbrac'd
In all ſuſpitions darkeſt cells, no fiend
So pale as fear, fixt on the ſudden end
Of high deſigns, he looks on this ſucceſs
As the ſtrait rode to future happineſs
With ſuch a ſpeed as proſperous victors go
To ſee, and conquer, when the vanquiſh'd foe

Retreats

Retreats from honor, the *Ætolian* had
Follow'd ſucceſs, till that fair hand unclad
The ſunk Epirot of his ſtrength, and now
Secur'd from forrein ills was ſtudying how
To cure domeſtick dangers; which ſince he
The weak foundation of his Tyrannie
Had fixt in ſand but onely cemented
With loyal blood, ſuch juſt contempt had bred
I' th' Ages deep diſcerning judgements, that
Th' unſettl'd herd, ere ſcarcely lightned at
Thoſe ſober flames, like ill mixt vapors break
In bluſtring murmurs forth, which though too weak
To force his fortune on the rocks of hate,
With terror ſhook the ſtructure of his fate.
  Like wiſe Phyſitians, which when call'd to cure
  Infectious ills, with Antidotes make ſure
Themſelves from danger; ſince hypocriſie
Could ſteal no entrance to affection, he
Leads part of 's Army for his guard, that they
Where mines did fail, by ſtorm might force a way.
But ſince he doubts conſtrain'd domeſticks, though
Abroad obedient, might, when come to know
From burthen'd friends their cauſe of grief, forſake
Unjuſt commands, his wiſer care did take
Argalia and his ſtranger troops, as thoſe
(Which unconcern'd) he freely might diſpoſe
To winde up all the engines of his brain,
So guilt were gilded with the hopes of gain.

By

Book V. By hafty marches being arriv'd with theſe
Within *Ætolia*, where his frowns appeaſe
Thoſe bubbles, that (their *Neptune* abſent) would
Have ſwell'd to waves, ere his hot ſpirits cool'd
Were with relaxing reſt, he viſits him
The weak reflex of whoſe light crown looks dim
To th' burniſh'd ſplendor of his blade that ſet
Him onely there to be the cabinet
Of that uſurped diadem, which he
Whoſe ſubtile arts in clouded brows could ſee
The hearts intended ſtorms, beheld without
His unſtrain'd reach, until the peoples doubt,
Which yet liv'd in the dawn of hope, he ſaw
Oreſhadow'd with the forms of injur'd Law.
Though time (that fatal enemy to truth)
Had not alone rob'd the freſh thoughts of youth
O' th' knowledge of their long loſt Prince, but been
Even unto thoſe that had ador'd him in
His throne, oblivions handmaid, yet left by
Some power occult that in captivity
Forſakes not injur'd Monarchs, there remain'd
In moſt ſome paſſions, which firſt entertain'd
At pities coſt, at length by reaſon try'd
Grew ſo much lov'd, that onely power deny'd
Them to ſupport his ſinking cauſe, which ſeen
By *Zorabrin*, whoſe tyranny had been
At firſt their fear, and now their hate, he brings
His Army, an Elixar, which to Kings

Tranſ-

Transforms Plebeians, by the ſtrength of that
To binde thoſe hands, that elſe had ſtrugl'd at
Their heads offence, which wanting power to cure,
They now with griefs convulſions muſt endure.
A Court conven'd of ſuch whoſe killing trade
The rigid Law ſo flexible had made,
That their keen Votes had forc'd the bloodieſt field
To the deep tincture of the Scaffold yeild;
Forth of his uncouth priſon ſummon'd by
The rude commands of wrong'd Authority,
An object which ſucceeding Ages when
But ſpoke of weep, becauſe they bluſh'd not then,
The Prince appears a guarded captive in
That City where his morning Star had bin
Beheld in honors Zenith; ſlowly by
Inferior ſlaves, which nere on Majeſty
Whilſt uneclips'd durſt look, being led to prove
Who bluſh'd with anger, or look'd pale with love.
By theſe being to a mock-tribunal brought,
Where damn'd rebellion for diſguiſe had ſought
The veil of juſtice, but ſo thinly ſpread,
Each ſtroke their envy levell'd at his head
Betray'd black treaſons hand, couch'd in that Vote
Which ſtruck with Law to cut Religions throte.
From a poor Pleader, whoſe cheap conſcience had
Been ſold for bribes, long ere the purple clad
So baſe a thing, their calm-ſoul'd Soveraign hears
Death's fatal doom, which when pronounc'd, appears
His

Book V. His candor, and their guilt, the one expreſt
By a reception, which declar'd his breſt
Unſtir'd with paſſion; th' other ſtrugling in
Their troubled looks, which ſhew'd this monſtrous ſin
That this damn'd plot did to rebellion bear,
Even frighted thoſe that treaſons midwives were.
Hence (all their black deſigns encourag'd by
The levell'd paths of proſperous vilany)
High mounted miſchief, ſtretch'd upon the wing
Of powerfull ill, perſues the helpleſs King
To the laſt ſtage of life, a ſcaffold, whence
With tears (cheap off-ſprings to his innocence)
Such of his pitying friends as durſt diſcloſe
Their paſſions, view him, whilſt inſulting foes
(Exalted on the pyramids of pride)
By long-wing'd power, with baſe contempt deride
Their ſorrow, and his ſufferings whom their hate
Had followed near the period of his fate;
Which being now ſo near arriv'd, that all
With various paſſion did expect the fall
Of the laſt-fatal ſtroke, kinde heaven to ſave
A life ſo near the confines of the grave,
Tranſcends dull hope by ſo ſublime a flight,
That dazl'd faith, (amaz'd with too much light;
Whilſt extaſies of wonder did deſtroy
Unripe belief) near loſt the rode of joy.
Even with the juncture of that minute when
The ax was falling, from thoſe throngs of men
Sway'd

Sway'd by's command, *Argalia* with a ſpeed Book V.
That ſtartl'd action, mounts the ſtage, and freed
The trembling Prince from deaths pale fear; which done
To ſhew on what juſt grounds he had begun
So brave, ſo bold an action, he ſeiſes all
That knowledge or ſuſpition dares to call
The Tyrants friends, the guilty Tyrant, who
Whilſt he doth from his diſtant palace view
This dreadful change, with a diſdain as high
As are his crimes, being apprehended by
Argalia's nimble guards, is forc'd to be
Their ſad Conductor to a deſtinie
So full of horror, that it hardly lies
In's foes to ſave him for a ſacrifice
From their wild rage who know no juſtice but
What doth, by death, a ſtop to fury put.
From noiſleſs pray'rs and bloodleſs looks, being by
The bold Attempters of his liberty
Rais'd to behold his reſcue; heedleſs fear
Hatcht by miſtake, from thoſe that border'd near
Had with ſuch ſwiftneſs its infection ſpread,
That the more diſtant knowing not what bred
The buſie tumult, in ſo wild a haſte
As vanquiſh'd troops which at the heels are chac'd
Flie the perſuing ſword, they madly run
To meet thoſe dangers which they ſtrove to ſhun;
In which confuſion none o'th' throng had bin
Left to behold how juſtice triumph'd in

Book V. Revenges throne, had not a ſwift command
By power enabl'd, haſten'd to withſtand
That troubl'd torrent which the truth outgrew
Until their fears original they knew.
The onſet paſt, *Argalia*, having firſt
Secur'd the Tyrant, for whoſe blood the thirſt
Of the vext people rag'd, he mounted on
That ſcaffold whence his father ſhould have gone
A royal martyr to the grave, did there
By a commanded ſilence firſt prepare
The clamorous throng to hear the hidden cauſe
Which made him ſlight their new-created laws.
Then, in that mart of ſatisfaction which
With knowledge doth the doubtful herd enrich,
The publick view, he freely ſhews how far
Through fortunes defarts the auſpicious ſtar
Of heavens unfathom'd providence had led
Him from the axe to ſave that ſacred head,
Whoſe reverend ſnow his full diſcovery had
In the firſt dreſs of youthful vigor clad,
Could conſtant nature ſympathize with that
Reviving joy his ſpirits panted at.
His ſons relation, ſeconded by all
That ſuffering ſharer in his pitied fall,
Martinea's Biſhop, knew, join'd to the ſight
Of that known jewel, whoſe unwaſted light
Had ſerv'd alone to guide them, ſatisfies
The inquiſition even of critick eyes

With

With such a fulnes of content, that they Book V.
(Each from his Prince being lighten'd with a ray
Of sprightly mirth) endeavour'd to destroy
Their former grief in hope of future joy:
Which to attain to, those whose counsels had
The land in blood, and them in mourning clad,
Call'd forth by order to confession, there
Are scarce given time the foulnes to declare
Of their past crimes, before the peoples hate
(That headstrong monster) strove t' anticipate
The sword of vengeance, and in wild rage save
The labor of an ignominious grave
To every parcel of those rent limbs, that
When but beheld, they lately trembl'd at:
"Such being the fate of falling Tyrants, when
"Conquering, the fear, conquer'd, the scorn of men
But here left inconsiderate rage should send
Their souls to darknes, ere confession end
Their tragick story, hated *Zarrobrin*
With that unhappy boy whose Crown had been
Worne but to make him capable to die
A sacrifice to injur'd libertie,
Rescued by order from the rout, is to
A publick trial brought, where in the view
Of all the injur'd multitude, the old
Audacious traitor did to th' light unfold
His acts of darknes, which discover'd him
They gaz'd on, whilst unquestion'd power did dim

Book V.

Discerning wits but a dull Meteor, one
By hot ambition mounted to a throne,
By an attractive policy, which when
Its influence fail'd, back to that lazy Fen,
His fortunes Center, hurling him again,
The onely Star in Honor's Orb would raign.
This slie Imposture seconded by that
Rebellious guilt his actions offer'd at
In all its bold attempts, had kindl'd in
The late supporters of unprosperous sin
So high a rage, that in wild fury they
Their anger wanting what it should obey,
A sober judgement, stands not to dispute
With the slow Law, but with their strength confute
All tending to delay; like torrents broke
Through the imprisoning banks, to get one stroke
At heads so hated all rush in, untill
Their sever'd limbs want quantity to fill
A room i' th' eyes receiving beams; this done,
With blood and anger warm'd, they wildly run
To search out such whom consanguinitie
Had rendred so unhappy, as to be
Allied to them, all which with rage that stil'd
Beasts mercifull, and angry soldiers mild,
They to destruction chase, whilst guiltless walls
In which they dwelt in funeral blazes falls,
Where burns inviting treasure, as they saw
In the golds splendor an Anathema

So

So full of horror, as it seem'd to be
A plague beyond unpitied Povertie.
Impetuous Rage, like whirle-windes unoppos'd
Hush'd to a calm, as hate had but unclos'd
The anger-blinded eyes of Love, the bold
Flame like a fire, forc'd from repulsive cold,
Breaks through the harsh extream of hate, to shew
How much their loyal duty did out-grow
Those fruits of forc'd obedience, which before
They slowly to intruding Tyrants bore;
In which procession of their joy, that he
Might meet their hopes with a solemnitie
Large as their love, or his delight; the Prince
Taught by informing age how to convince
Ambitions hasty Arguments, calls forth
His long lost son, whose late discover'd worth
Was grown the Ages wonder, to support
The ponderous Crown, whilst he did tread the short
And sickly step of age, untroubl'd by
The burthen of afflicting Majesty.
His Coronation past in such a tide
Of full content, as to be glorified,
Blest souls in the worlds conflagration shall
From tombs their reunited bodies call,
The feeble Prince leaving the joyful throng
Of his applauding Subjects, seeks among
Religious shades (those cool retreats) to finde
That best composer of a stormy minde,

Book V. A ſtill devotion, on whoſe downy bed
Not long he'ad lay before that entrance led
Him to the Court of heaven, though through the gate
Of welcom death, a croſs, which though from fate,
Not accident, he being inſtructed by
Age, and Religion, to prepare to die
On Natures ſummons, yet ſo deep a ſtrain
Spreads ore thoſe robes that joy had dy'd in grain,
That his heroick ſon to meet alone
So fierce a foe, leaving the widow'd throne
Retreats to ſilent tears, whoſe plenteous ſpring
By the example of their mourning King,
From thoſe ſmall clouds there firſt beheld to riſe,
Begets a ſtorm in every Subjects eies.
Betraying time, the worlds unqueſtion'd thief,
Intending ore obliterated grief
Some new tranſcription, to perform it brings
A raviſh'd quill from Loves expanded wings,
Preſenting to *Argalia* s willing view
What ere blinde chance roll'd on the various clew
Of his fair Miſtris, Fate, unfolded by
Euriolus, who was when victory
Firſt gave him freedom, by *Argalia* ſent
With ſpeed that might anticipate intent,
The unconfin'd *Pharonnida* to free
From her religious ſtrict captivitie.
But being arriv'd where contrary to all
His thoughts, he heard how firſt ſhe came to fall
Into

into *Almanzors* hand, by whom convey'd
Thence to her Fathers Court, his judgement stay'd
Not to consult with slow advice, but hastes
On the persuit of hers; whom found, he wastes
Few dayes before fair opportunitie
Was so auspicious to his prayers, that he
Not onely proves a happy Messenger
Where first imploy'd, but in exchange for her
Returns the story of what had been done
Since first this tempest of their fate begun.
How she forsook the Monastry, and in
What agonies of passion thence had bin
Forc'd to her fathers Court, where all her fears
Dissolve in pity, he related hears
With calm attention; but when come to that,
Whose first conceptions he had trembl'd at,
The Siracusians fresh assaults unto
That Virgin-fort, whose strength although he knew
Too great for storm, yet since assisted by
Her Fathers power, the wraths of victory
Rent by command from his deserts might crown
Anothers brows, to pull those Laurels down
Ere rais'd in triumph, he prepares to move
By royal steps unto the throne of love.

The End of the Second Canto.

PHARONNIDA.

The Fifth Book.

CANTO III.

The Argument.

I.

From the Ætolians late victorious King
Ambaſſadors in Sparta's Court arrive;
Where ſlighted, back they this ſad Meſſage bring
That force muſt onely make his juſt claim thrive.

II.

Which to confirm, th'Epirots power invades
His Land, in hopes for full reward to have
Pharonnida; *but cloſe* Almanzor *ſhades*
His glorious hopes in an untimely grave.

AN unripe rumor, ſuch as Cauſes near
Declining catch at, when betraying fear
Plunges at hope, had through *Ghirenza* ſpread
The ſtory of *Argalia*'s fate, but ſhed
From ſuch looſe clouds of ſcatter'd fame, as by
Obſervant wits were onely thought to fly

I' th'

I' th' airy region of report, where they Book V.
Are forc'd each winde of fancy to obey.
Whose various blasts, when brought unto the test
Of judgment, rather the desires expresst,
Then knowledge of its Authors: here 'mongst those
Of various censure, slie *Almanzor* chose
To be of the believing part, since that
Might sooneſt crush all hopes that levell'd at
Affection to *Pharonnida*, whom he
Strove to preserve in calm neutralitie.
But here he fails to countermine his plot,
This seeming fable soon appears begot
By solid truth, a truth which scorns to lie
Begging at th' gates of probabilitie;
Which to avoid, she from *Argalia* brings
Ambassadors (those mouths of absent Kings)
To plead her right, at whose unlook'd for view
Almanzor, whose salacious schemes were drew
Onely for false Phænomena's, is now
Forc'd to erect new figures, and allow
Each star his influence; but declar'd in vain,
Since Pride did lord of the Ascendant reign;
Pride, which conjoyn'd to policy had made
All other motions seem but retrograde. (make
His black Arts thus deceiv'd, since nought could
The dull Spectators ignorance mistake
This constellation for a Comet, he
Attempts with fear of its malignitie

To

Book V. To fright each buſie gazer, and ſince all
The circles of opinion were to fall
Like ſpacious Azmiaths in that Zenith, to
Settle the Prince, through whom the people view
All great conjunctions, where the different ſigne
Should force thoſe aſpects, which might 'mongſt that
Of love elſe hold a concord, to diſpence (trine
On him its moſt deſtructive influence.
The Court being thus prepar'd, he boldly now
Dares the delay'd Ambaſſadors allow
A long expected audience, which in brief
Makes known their maſters fate in the relief
Of's injur'd father; thence proceeds to ſhew
How much of praiſe his thankfull friends did owe
To heaven for's own reſtor'd eſtate, which he
Deſires to joyn in calm confederacie
With them, his honor'd neighbors; hence they paſs
To what concern'd *Pharonnida*, their laſt
And moſt important Meſſage: which when heard
In ſuch a Language as the Rivals fear'd,
A Language, which, to prove his intereſt
In her unqueſtion'd, come but to requeſt
The freedom of a fathers grant, a high
But ſtifled rage began to mutiny
In all their breaſts; ſuch, as if not with-held
By th' Law of Nations, had her father ſwell'd
To open acts of violence; which ſeen
By ſome o' th' Lords, they calm his paſſion in

A cool retsear, such as might seem to be, Book V.
Though harsh contempt, wrapt in civilitie.
Fir'd with disdain, th' Ambassadors in such
A speed which shew'd affronts that did but touch
Their Masters honor wounded theirs, forsook
Ghivenza, whilst *Euriolus* betook
Himself to some more safe disguise that might
Protect him, till the subject of delight,
The course his royal master meant to stear
In gaining her, his Story makes appear
Unto distrest *Pharonnida*, who in
That confidence secure, as she had been
From all succeeding ills protected by
A guard of Angels, in a harmony
Of peacefull thoughts, such as in dangers keep
Safe innocence, rocks all her cares asleep.
But here she rests not long before the fall
Of second storms proves this short interval
But lightning, which in tempests shews unto (view;
Shores, which the shipwrack'd must no more then
Anger, ambition, hate, and jealous fear
Had all conspir'd Loves ruine, which drew near
From hasty counsels rash results, which in
His passions storm had by her Father bin
Like rocks, which wretched Mariners mistake
For Harbors, fled to, when he did forsake
That safer channel of advice that might
From free conventions, like the welcom light

Of

Book V. Of *Phares* guided his designs, till they
At Anchor in the rode of Honor lay.
As if his fears by nothing could have bin
Secur'd, but what prov'd him ungratefull in
Argalia's ruine, all discourses are
Distastefull grown, but what to sudden war
Incites his rage: which humor, though it needs
No greater fire then what his envy feeds,
Besides those Court-Tarantula's whose breath
Stings easie Princes, till they dance to death
At the delightfull sound of flattery, there
Were deeper wits, such whom a subtile care,
Not servile fear taught how to aggravate
His angers flame, till their own eager hate
Though burning with a mortal fury, might
Pass unobserv'd, since near a greater light.
Amongst those few whose love did not depend
So much on fortune, but the name of friend
Was still preserv'd, the faith'full *Cyprian* Prince
Durst onely strive by reason to convince
Their wilder passions; but each Argument
With which affection strugl'd to prevent
A swift destruction, onely seem'd to prove
His friendship more effectual then his love.
From which mistake, such as did strive to please
The angry Princes passionate disease
With what might feed the sickly humors, draw
A consequence that proves *Pharonnida*

A blessing which was to his merits due Book V.
Who most oppos'd the bold aspirer to
That throne of Beauty, which before possest,
Whole Armies must dispute their interest.
The slighted *Cyprian*, since their fear could trust
None but confederates, from their Councils thrust
Those swift conclusions, which before to stay
Their violence, had Reason's cool allay
Hurry'd to action, strict commands are sent
From fierce *Zoranza* through each Regiment,
Which stoop'd their Ensignes to his power, that by
Such marches as they'd follow victory,
They reach *Ætolia* ere its new-crown'd King
Warn'd by report, had liberty to bring
Opposing strengths, (a task too hard to be
Perform'd with ease in powers minoritie.)
Nor fails this Council; for their Army draws
No sooner near, but such as in the cause
Of unsuccessful Rebels late had been
Expos'd to danger, seek for refuge in
A fresh revolt; and since their ulcerous guilt
Was so malignant, that even mercy spilt
Its balm in vain, their injur'd Prince forsake,
To strengthen his proud Enemies, who make
Those Poisons up in Cordials, and compound (sound
Them with their Army, which being thus grown
Whereas it lately fainted, durst provoke
Unto the trial of another stroke

His

Book V. His late victorious forces; which, though yet
Faint with the blood loſt in the laſt great fit
Of Honors fever, when the Criſis prov'd
The cures prognoſtick, had with eaſe remov'd
The proud invaders, had *Morea* bin
As heretofore a hurtful Neuter in
That war; which now, ſince double ſtrengths oppoſe
Brave fortitude, like baſe oppreſſion ſhews.
So long both parties with varietie
Of fortune fought, that fearing whoſe might be
The ſad ſucceſs, that old *Cleander*, in
Such ſpeed as if his Crown engag'd had bin,
Raiſes an Army, whoſe command, ſince he
Baſe flattery takes for brave fidelitie,
Waving thoſe Peers to whoſe known faith he owes
The moſt of truſt, in hoodwink'd hope, beſtowes
On falſe *Almanzor*, who by power advanc'd
Near to thoſe hopes at which Ambition glanc'd
But like weak eyes upon the dazeling ſun,
From that laſt fatal ſtage his plots begun
Miſchiefs dark courſe, which ere concluded ſhall
Cruſh the *Epirot* in *Morea's* fall.
In this the hot diſtemper of their ſtate,
Amindor, whom the Deſtinies of late
To double-die his Honors purple-thred,
Robb'd of a father, moſt diſquieted
Their ſecret councels, ſince they knew the love
He bore *Argalia*, propt with power, might prove

A sad obstruction to their plots, if he
Urg'd by distastes, shook their confederacie
Off to assist his friend; which to oppose,
With flattery fleeting as the gourd that rose
But to discover his just wrath that made
The plant to cover, when it could not shade,
They all attempt, though he engage not in
Their party, yet his easie youth to win
By honors moths, by times betrayers, soft
And smooth delights, those serpents, which too oft
Strangle *Herculean* vertues: But they here
In Ages *April* find a wit appear
Of such full growth, that by his judgment they
Are undermin'd, who studied to betray.
Being thus secur'd from forein fears, they now
Imploy that rage, whose speed could scarce allow
Advice from Councel, to extirpate those
New planted Laurels vict'rie did compose
To crown *Argalia*. But before they go
To ravish Conquest from so cheap a Foe
Whose valor by orewhelming power was barr'd
From lying safe at a defensive guard,
Till old *Cleander*, that their league might be
Assur'd by bonds whose firm stabilitie
Death only could divorce, intends, though she,
With such aversion as their destinie
Wretches condemn'd would shun, attempt to fly
The storm of fate; yet countermanded by

His

Book V. His power, the fair *Pharonnida*, although
He not to love, but duty ſeem'd to owe
For ſuch a bleſſing, ſhould *Zoranza's* be
Confirm'd by *Hymen's* high ſolemnitie.
This reſolution, whoſe ſelf-ends muſt blame
Her fathers love, once regiſtred by fame,
Submits to cenſure; whilſt *Pharonnida*
Laments her fate, ſome prompted by the law
Of love and nature are to entertain
So much of freedom, as they prove in vain
Her advocates: Others, whoſe cautious fear
Dares only pity, in that dreſs appear
Silent and ſad; only *Almanzor* in
This State-diſtemper, by that ſubtile ſin
Diſſimulation, ſo diſguiſes all
His black intentions, that whilſt truth did call
Him Treaſons agent, its reflected light,
Appearance, ſpoke him Vertues proſelyte;
So much a Convert, as if all thoſe hot
Crimes of his youth ambition had begot,
Diſcreeter age had either cool'd, or by
Repentance chang'd to zeal and loyalty.
Whilſt thus i'th' Court the moſt judicious eyes
Deluded were by factions falſe diſguiſe,
By rumors heavy as the damps of death
When they flie laden with the dying breath
Of new-departed ſouls, this fatal news
Aſſaults the Princeſs, which whilſt reaſon views

With

With sad resentments, to support her in Book V.
This storm of fate, *Amindor*, who had bin
In all her griefs her best adviser, now
Enters to tell her fainting sorrows how
They'd yet a refuge left, from whom she might
Reap hopes of safety: The first welcom sight
Of such a friend, whose former actions had
Inhanc'd his worth, encountring with her sad
And serious thoughts, so rarifies that cloud
Of grief, that ere dissolving tears allow'd
A vocal utterance, as intended words
Something contain'd too doleful for records:
Both sigh'd, both wept; at length the Princess broke
Silence, and thus her dismal passions spoke.

Dare you, my Lord, approach so near unto
A factious grief, in this black storm to view
Distrest *Pharonnida*? have either I
Or my *Argalia*'s slighted memorie
Yet in *Morea* a remaining friend,
Whose vertue dares by its own strength contend
Against this torrent of Court-factions? Now,
Now, Royal Sir, that doom which will allow
My soul no more refreshing slumbers, by
My father's past, my father (Sir) whom I
Must disobey with all the curses due
To black rebellion, or else prove untrue
Those vows, those oft repeated vows, which in
Our Loves full growth hath to *Argalia* bin

Book V. Seal'd in the ſight of heaven. About to ſpeak
Her paſſions fuller, ſorrow here did break
The ſad theme off, and to proclaim her ſears,
(Except th'oreflowing language of her tears)
No Herald left. In which ſad ſilent fit
The valiant *Cyprian*, who at firſt did ſit
His paſſions priſoner, from that bondage free,
To her diſeaſe preſcribes this remedie.

——Ceaſe Madam——

Ceaſe to eclipſe illuſtrious beauty by
Untimely tears; your griefs deformity
Frights not *Amindor* from his friendſhip, when
I firſt beheld that Miracle of men
Ador'd *Argalia*, pluck from victorie
His Naval laurels, Honor told me I
Was then ſo much his Vertues captive, that
Not all the dangers mortals tremble at
Can make me ſhun aſſiſting of him in
Retaining you, though my attempts have bin
Imploy'd in vain, in publick councel, to
Procure your peace, there's ſomething left to do
By which our private plots may undermine
Their publike power, and unperceiv'd decline
That danger which, without this ſecret friend,
It lies not in our fortune to defend.

From griefs cold ſwoon to living comforts by
This cordial rais'd, *Pharonnida's* reply
Owns this pathetick language: If there be
In all the dark paths of my deſtinie

Yet

Yet left a rode to safety, name it, Sir, Book V.
What I'll atempt, no danger shall deter,
So brave *Amindor* be my conduct through
The dismal rode; but my wild hopes outgrow
What ere my reason dictates. No, my Lord,
Flie that sad fate whose progress can afford
Nought but disasters, and live happy in
Orlinda's love; should I attempt to win
You from so fair a vertue, 'twere a wrong
Too full of guilt to let me live among
The number of your friends, 'mongst whom let me
In all your future thoughts remember'd be
As the most wretched to whom rigid fate
All hopes weak cordials hath appli'd too late.
Here ceas'd the sorrowing Lady, to suspend
Whose following tears, her charitable friend
Prescribes this comfort: Though my zeal hath bin,
When serving you, so unsuccessful in
My first attempts, it gives just cause to doubt
My future actions; yet to lead you out
Of this dark labyrinth where your sorrow stands
Maskt with amazements, not the countermands
Of my affection to *Orlinda*, though
Confirm'd by vows, shall stop; let grief bestow
But so much time (unclouded by your fear)
To look Hopes volumes ore, there will appear
Some lines of comfort yet, which that we may
Not in a heedless horror cast away,

Book V. Prepare for ſpeedy action, to prevent
Enſuing ills no time is left unſpent
But only this approaching night, by which
To flie from danger you muſt ſtoop t'enrich
A courſe diſguiſe, whoſe humble ſhadow may
Enquiring eyes to dark miſtakes betray.
Our firſt retreat, which is deſign'd to be
No further then the neighboring Monaſtrie
Where I of late did lie conceal'd, I have
Thus made ſecure: There ſtands an antient cave,
Cloſe hid in unfrequented ſhadows, near
Your gardens poſtern gate; which when the fear
Of bordering foes deni'd a free acceſs
To the old Abby, they from the diſtreſs
Of threatning Scouts were ſafe deliver'd by
A vault that through it leads; which though ſo nigh
Unto the city, careleſs time, ſince not
Forc'd to frequent, hath wholly left forgot
By buſie mortals. In this ſilent Cell
Where nought but Lights eternal ſtrangers dwell
In the Meridian depth of night, whilſt all
Are rob'd in reſt, you none encounter ſhall
(Except my ſelf) but him, who may with us
This ſecret ſhare, eſteem'd *Eurialus*;
With whom, and your indear'd *Florenza*, we
Within the unſuſpected Monaſtrie
Protected by ſome ſecret friends may ſtay
Till fruitleſs ſearches waſte their hopes away,

Whoſe

Whoſe watchful ſpleen by care conducted might Book V.
Stop our intentions of a further flight.
Rais'd from the cold bed of deſpair, from this
Mature advice to hopes of future bliſs,
The heavenly fair *Pharonnida* had now
Withdrawn the vail of grief, and could allow
Some ſmiles to wait upon thoſe thanks which ſhe
Return'd her friend; who, that no time might be
Loſt by neglect from needful action, in
A calm of comforts, ſuch as had not bin
Her late aſſociates, leaves the Princeſs to
Perſue thoſe plots, which fortune bent t'undo,
Whilſt hope on expectations wings did hover,
Did thus by fatal accident diſcover.
That knot in her fair thread of deſtiny,
That lurking ſnake, the Purgatory by
Which heaven refin'd her, curſt *Amphibia*, had,
Whilſt mutual language all their thoughts unclad,
Cloſe as an unſuſpected plague that in
Darkneſs aſſaults, an unknown ſharer bin
Of this important iſſue; which with hate
Her genius met, ſoon ſtrives to propagate
A brood of Fiends: *Almanzor*, whoſe dark plots
Like images of damn'd Magicians rots
Themſelves to ruine others, like in this
Laſt act of ill by too much haſte to miſs
The rode that led through ſlipp'ry paths of ſin,
From prides ſtupendious precipice falls in

Book V. A gulf of horror, in whoſe diſmal ſhade
A private room his dark retreat is made.
Here whilſt his heart is boil'd in gall, his brain
Orewhelm'd in clouds, whoſe darkneſs entertain
No beam of reaſon, whilſt ambition mixt
Examples of the bloodieſt murthers fixt
Upon the brazen front of time, all which
Lends no unfathom'd policie t'enrich
His near impoveriſh'd brain, he hears one knock,
Whoſe ſudden noiſe ſoon ſcattering all the flock
Of buſie thoughts, him in a haſty rage
Hurries to th' dore, where come, his eyes engage
His tongue to welcom one whoſe curſt advice
His tortur'd thoughts turn'd to a Paradice
Of pleaſing hopes, on whoſe foundation he
Prepares to build a future Monarchie.
A ſlow-conſuming grief, whoſe Chronick ſtealth
Had ſlily robb'd *Palermo's* Prince of health,
In ſpight of all the guards of Art had long
Worn out his ſtrength, and now had grown too ſtrong
For age to bear, each baffl'd Artiſt in
A ſad deſpair forſaking what had bin
Try'd but t'upbraid their ignorance, except
An aged Frier whoſe judgment long had ſlept
From watchful practice, but i'th' Court of Arts
Been ſo imploy'd, that the myſterious parts
Of clouded Theoricks, which he courted by
High contemplation, to his minds clear eye

Lay

Lay all undreſt of that diſguiſe which in
Mans fall t'afflict poſterity, they'd been
By angry heaven wrapt in; ſo that he knew
What aſtral vertues Vegetables drew
From a celeſtial influence, and by what
Abſconded magick Nature fitted that
To working humors, which they either move
By 'xpulſive hate, or by attractive love.
This Arts true maſter, when his hope was grown
Faint with delays, to the ſick Prince made known,
A ſwift command calls from his ſtill repoſe
The reverend Sire, who come, doth ſoon diſcloſe
That long conceal'd malignity which had
The feeble Prince in fickly paleneſs clad:
Nor ſtays his Art at weak prognoſticks, but
Proceeds to practice whatſoere may put
His Prince in eaſe, Cordials abſtracted by
A then near undiſcover'd chymiſtry,
Such as in ſingle drops did all compriſe
Nature ere taught Art to epitomiſe;
Such, as if arm'd with a Promethean fire,
Might force a bloodleſs carkaſs to reſpire;
Such as curb'd fate, and in their hot aſſault
Whilſt ſtorming life, made deaths pale army halt.
This rare Elixar by the Prince had bin,
With ſuch ſucceſs as thoſe that languiſh in
Conſuming ills, could wiſh themſelves, ſo long
Us'd, that thoſe fits which elſe had grown too ſtrong

Book V. For nature to contend withall, were now
Grown more remiss; when Fate, that can allow
No lasting comforts, to declare her power
Ore Art it self, arrests that Conqueror
Of others ills, with a disease that led
Him a close prisoner to an uncouth bed;
Which like to prove natures slow chariot to
Th'expecting grave, loth to the publike view
To prostitute a secret, yet bound by
The obligation of his loyalty
T'assist his Prince, he to *Pharonnida*
That soveraign secret, which could only awe
Her fathers threatning pain, declares, which she
Hath since compos'd; when ere's extremitie
Suffer'd those pains, whose progress to prevent,
Sh'ad by *Amphibia* now the Cordial sent;
The slie *Amphibia*, who did soon obay
What lent her hate a freedom to betray.
His first salutes being past, with such a speed
As did declare the guilt of such a deed,
Might doubt discovery, she unfolds that strange
Amazing truth, which from the giddy range
Of wild invention soon contracts each thought
Into resolves, such as no object sought
But the destruction of what ere might stop
Ambitions progress; toward the slippery top
Of which now climbing on Conceits stretcht wings,
He silent stands, whilst teeming fancy brings

This

That Monſter forth, for whoſe conception he Book V.
Long ſiuce deflour'd his virgin-loyaltie.
Few minutes, by that auxiliary aid
Which her diſcovery lent, his thoughts convaid
Through all the rodes of doubt: which ſafely paſt,
Strictly imbracing her who in this laſt
And greateſt act of vilany muſt have
A farther ſhare, he thus begins: Oh ſave,
Save, thou that art my better genius now,
What thou alone haſt rais'd; my hopes muſt bow
Beneath impoſſibilities, if not
By thee aſſiſted; Fortune hath begot
The means already; let this Cordial be
With poiſon mixt, Fate knows no enemie
Dares grapple with me; Do not ſtart, there's here
No room for danger, if we baniſh feare.
His thoughts thus far diſcover'd, finding in
Her various looks, that apprehended ſin,
The ſouls Mercurial pill, did penetrate
Her callous conſcience, in whoſe cell this fate
With knawing horror; whilſt all other lives
Whom her fraud ſpilt, prov'd hurtleſs corrofives
From the cold ague of repentance, he
Thus rouſes her: Can my *Amphibia* be
By fear (that fatal remora to all
That's great, or good) thus ſtartl'd? is the fall
Of an old Tyrant grown a ſubject for
This ſoft remorſe? let thy brave ſoul abhor

Such

Book V. Such fickly paſſions, when our fortune ſtands
Fixt on their ruine, the unwilling hands
Of thoſe that now withſtand our glorious flight
Will help inthrone us, whilſt unqueſtion'd right,
(Which is for power the worlds miſtaken word)
Is made our own by th' Legiſlative ſword.
Rais'd from her fears cold trepidations by
Theſe hot ingredients, in an extaſie
Of flatuous hopes, ſhe caſts herſelf into
This gulf of ſin; and being prepar'd to do
An act, which not the preſent times could ſee
With ſenſe enough, whilſt in th'extremitie
Of wonder loſt, through all his guards ſtrict care
Death to the unſuſpecting Prince doth beare.
Freed from this doubt, *Almanzor* to avoid
That ſtorm of rage, which when their Prince deſtroid
The Court ſhould know, might riſe from fear, pretends
Haſte to the Army; but being gone, ſuſpends
That ſpeedy voyage, and being attended by
A wretch whoſe guilt aſſur'd his privacy,
Through paths unrrod haſtes to the Cave wherein
Thoſe habits which had by *Amindor* bin
(Whilſt he his beauteous charge did thence convay)
Prepar'd to cloud illuſtrious beauty, lay:
Of which, in ſuch whoſe ſize did ſhew they were
For th' largeſt ſex, they both being clad, with care
Secret as ſwift, haſte to augment the flood
Of ſwelling ſins with yet more royal blood.

The

Th' *Epirots* conſtant Prince, by cuſtom had Book V.
Made known a walk; which when the day unclad
Of glittering tiſſue, in her evenings lawn
Sate coolly dreſt, to court the ſober dawn,
He often us'd, near this *Almanzor* (by
Hell made ſucceſsful in his vilany)
Arriv'd ſome minutes ere the other, lies
Conceal'd, till darkneſs, and a cloſe diſguiſe,
(Thoſe ſafe protectors) from his unſeen ſeat
Call him to action, where, with thoughts repleat
With too much joy t'admit ſuſpition, he
Finds the *Meſſenian*, whom no fear to be
Aſſaulted there had arm'd, his ſpacious train
Shrunk into one that ſerv'd to entertain
Time with diſcourſe: Upon which heedleſs paire
The arm'd *Almanzor* ruſhing unaware,
Ere ſtrength had time their valor to obay
In ſtorms of wounds their ſenſes loſe the way
T'external objects; in which giddy trance
The other Lord, whoſe ſpirits readvance
To life, they fear not, lies ſecure, whilſt by
Redoubl'd wounds his Princes ſpirits fly
From the moſt ſtrong retreats of life, which now
Batter'd by death, no ſafety could allow.
Revenges thirſt being in this royal flood
Quench'd for a while, that from the guiltleſs blood
His Honor might not yet a ſtain receive
Firſt haſting to the cave, he there doth leave

Thoſe

Book V. Thoſe injur'd habits, which by him were meant
For the betrayers of the innocent.
This done, that he even from ſuſpition might
Secure his guilt, before the waſted night
Looks pale at the approach of day, he flies
To th' diſtant Army, there ſecurely lies,
Till all thoſe black productions of his brain
Now ripening to perfection ſhould attain
Maturity, and in the Court appear
In their moſt horrid dreſs, knowing the fear
Of the diſtracted City ſoon would call
Him, and his Army, to prevent the fall
Of ſuch diſtracting dangers as might be
Attendants on th'eclipſe of Majeſtie.

The End of the Third Canto.

PHA-

PHARONNIDA.

The Fifth Book.

CANTO IV.

The Argument.

I.

Now, as if that great Engineer of ill,
Accurſt Almanzor, *had accompliſht all*
Thoſe black deſigns, which are ordain'd to fill
The Spartan Annals, by his Princes fall:

II.

With ſecret ſpight, yet ſuch as ſeem'd to be
From an adviſ'd Profeſſor of the State,
Pharonnida's *ill fate aſſiſting, he*
Toward her deſtruction proſecutes his hate.

THat diſmal Night which in the dark records
Of ſtory, yet ſo much of fate affords
In the *Morean* Annals, had to Day
Reſign'd its reign, whoſe Eaſtern beams diſplay
Their morning-beauties, by whoſe welcom light
The early Courtier, tir'd with tedious night,

Riſes

Book V. Riſes to meet expected triumphs, in
Their Princes nuptials, which ſo long had bin
The joyful buſineſs of their thoughts, that now
Sallying to action, they're inſtructed how
To court obſervance from the ſtudied pain
Of beſt inventions, by attractive gain
Join'd to the itch of oſtentative art,
Were thither drawn from each adjacent part.
In this ſwell'd torrent of expected mirth
Which all conclude muſt make this morning birth
To future Ages celebrated by
An annual triumph, the diſparity
Of paſſion (ſorrow) firſt breaks forth among
The ſlain *Epirot's* followers, who ſo long
Had miſt their maſter, that they now begin
To doubt his ſafety, every place had bin
By ſtrict enquiry ſearch'd, to which they knew
Either affection or imployment drew
His frequent viſits; but with an effect
So vain, their care ſerv'd only to detect
Their love, not him its object, who might have
Lain till corruption ſought it ſelf a grave,
Had not an early Forreſter, ſo near
The place approach'd, that maugre all that fear
Alleag'd to ſtop a full diſcovery, he
Beheld ſo much as taught him how to free
His friends from further fruitleſs ſearches, in
Diſcovering what beneath their fears had bin.

In

In ſorrow, ſuch as leſt no power to vent
Its ſymptoms, but a deep aſtoniſhment
Th'amaz'd *Meſſenians*, whom a ſad belief
Depriv'd of hope, did entertain their grief,
Whoſe ſwift infection to communicate
Their murther'd Prince, as if pale death kept ſtate
Clad in the crimſon robes of blood, is to
The City brought, where whilſt the publick view
In buſie murmurs ſpread her ſable wings,
Pale terror to the Court, griefs center, brings
The dreadful truth, which ſome officious Lord
Whom favor did the priviledge afford
Of eaſie entrance, through the guards of fear,
In haſte conveys t'aſſault the Princes ear.
With ſuch a ſilence as did ſeem to ſhew
Unwelcom news is in its entrance ſlow,
Enter'd the room, he's with ſoft pace unto
The bed approach'd, whoſe curtains when withdrew
Diſcover'd horror in the diſmal dreſs
Of death appears; freed from the ſlow diſtreſs
Of Age (that coward tyrant) which ne'r ſhews
His ſtrength till man wants vigor to oppoſe
Through deaths dark gates fled to the gloomy ſhade,
Whoſe fear, or hope, nor knowledge doth invade
Our fancies yet, he mans material part
There only ſees; which form, whoſe heavenly art
Tunes motion into'th faculties of life,
Had now forſook the elemental ſtrife

Which

Book V. Which had so long at concord aim'd, was now
Silenc'd in death, on his majestick brow
No awefull frown did sit, the bloods retreat;
From life and action left his cheeks the seat
Of deaths cold guest, which summon'd by his fate
There in a pale and ghastly horror sate.
Whilst the astonish'd Courtier did behold
This with such trembling, as when graves unfold,
Their Doom-dayes curtains, sinfull bodies shall
Rise from their urns, eternally to fall;
His stay, caus'd from restrictive fear, had drew
In more Spectators, to whose wandring view
This ghastly object when oppos'd had strook
So swift a terror, that their fears forsook
The safe retreats of Reason, seeing life
Had now concluded all the busie strife
Of natures conflicts by delivering those
Time-shaken Forts unto more powerfull foes,
Outcries in vain attempts for pitty to (withdrew
Scale heaven, whose ear, when from their prayers
The Court (now of her royal head bereft)
In a still calm of hopeless sorrow left.
Infectious grief, disdaining now to be
Confin'd within the brief Stenographie
Of first Discoverers, spreads it self among
The City herd, whose rude unsteddy throng
Rais'd grief (which in the mourning Court did dwell
In such a silence as an Anch'rites Cell

Ne'r

Ne'r knew a heavier ſolitude) into Book V.
Exalted outcries whoſe loud call had drew
From their neglected arts ſo many, that
What firſt was choler, now being kindl'd at
Their rage, like humors grown aduſt had bin
The open breach to let rebellion in;
Had not the wiſer Nobles, which did know
That vulgar paſſions will to tumult grow
When back'd with power, by a new modell'd form
Of counſel ſoon allay'd this riſing ſtorm.
Their tears (thoſe fruitleſs ſacrifices to
Unactive grief, wip'd off whilſt they did view
The States diſtemp'red body, to ſupply
The wants of that departed Majeſty,
Which when their Prince from Lifes horizon fell
Fled from their view, before report ſhould tell
This fatal ſtory to the Princeſs, they
A Councel call, by whoſe advice ſhe may
Whilſt floating in this Sea of ſorrow be
Sav'd from thoſe unſeen rocks, where treacherie
Rebellions ſubtile Engineer might ſit
To wrack the weakneſs of a female wit;
Which, though in her ſuch that it might have bin
The whole worlds Pilate, could, ſince clouded in
Such a tempeſtuous Sea of paſſions, ſee
No Star that might her ſafe director be.
A Meſſenger whoſe ſad obſervant wit
By age allay'd ſeem'd a conveyer fit

Book V.

For such important business, with the news
Hasts towards the Princess, whom whilst fear persues
On wings of pity, being arriv'd within
The Palace, he, as that alone had bin
The onely seat where rigid sorrow took
Her fixt abode, beholds each servants look (he
Obscur'd with grief, through whos dark shades whilst
Searches the cause, the strange variety
Explains it self, as families that have
Led their protecting Ruler to the grave,
whose loss they in a heedless sorrow mourn
So long, till care doth to distraction turn:
Her servants sate each wildly looking on
The other, till even sense it self was gone
In mourning wonder, whose wilde flight to stay
Its cause, they to the pitying Lord display
In such a tone, as whilst it did detect
The Princess absence, shew'd their own neglect.
When this he'ad heard, with such a sympathie
Of sorrow as erected grief to be
The mourning Monarch of his thoughts, to those
Return'd that sent him, he that transcript shews
Of this obscure original, the flight
O'th' absent Princess, whilst the veil of night
Obscur'd her passage, tells: but question'd how,
With whom, or whether knowledge did allow
No satisfaction, all inquiry gain'd
From her amaz'd attendants but explain'd

Their

Their grief, whose troubled rivolet flow'd in
To that vast Ocean where before they'd bin
By sorrow shipwrack'd in the general flood
Mixt, wants a language to be understood
In a peculiar character, and so
Conjoyn'd makes up one universal wo.
Onely, as if love knew alone the art
That taught his followers how to mourn apart,
Sad, sweet *Orlinda*, whose calm innocence
Had fostred passion at her healths expence,
Whilst wet with grief's oreflowing springs, she to
Her brothers ghost did pay soft natures due
In sorrow of such sad complection, that
Others might lose their own to wonder at;
Yet when (as in the margint plac'd) she hears
Amindor lost, with new supplies of tears
Grief sallying forth, as if to be betray'd
Love now did fear, he draws the bashfull Maid
From those that did the mourning consort keep
Where she unseen for loves decease doth weep,
Frail womans faith, and mans neglect doth blame,
And softly then sighs out *Amindors* name;
Her lost *Amindor*, whose suppos'd disdain
Destroy'd those spirits grief could ne'r have slain.
And now before that powers decay ingage
To many hands in a vindictive rage
The wise supporters of the State to stay
Increasing factions (which can ne'r obey

Book V. Leſt fear commands) unto *Almanzor* ſend
A mandate which injoyns him to attend
Their Councels in this *interregnum*, till
Their joynt conſent had found out one to fill
The empty throne: which ſummons prompted by
A care which they interpret loyalty,
Though truely call'd ambition, he obey'd
With ſuch a ſpeed as Love would fly to aid
A raviſh'd Lady, having to impede
His march no more then what his care could lead
Even with a ſinges ſpeed, yet that a ſtrength
Enough to make his will confine the length
Of their deſires, who ſoon in Council ſit
But to bewail th' abortion of their wit.
The frighted City having entred in
A mourning march, as if his thoughts had bin
A ſtranger to the ſad events of this
So diſmal night, he by relation is
Inform'd of each particular, which he
Seeming to hear in griefs extremity,
From ſilent ſorrow which appear'd to wait
On ſtill attention, his prepar'd deceit
Di guis'd in rage appears, a rage which in
Its active flight to finde what hearts had bin
Defil'd with thoughts of ſuch foul crimes, did ſeem
So full of zeal, its actions did redeem
The loſt report of loyalty in thoſe
His former crimes made his moſt conſtant foes.

By

By guarded gates, and watchfull parties that Book V.
Surround the walls, till th' people frighted at
Their fury, ſhrink from publick throngs, they now
Aſſur'd of ſafety, whilſt enquiring how
Hell hatch'd theſe monſters, whoſe original:
Whilſt ſearching, they by the conſent of all
His beſt Phyſitians, whoſe experienc'd skill
From outward ſigns, knew what internal ill
Death ſtruck the Prince, inform'd the cauſe could be
From nought but ſuch a ſubtil enemy
As poyſon, which when every accident
They had examin'd, all conclude was ſent
Mixt with that cordial whoſe conceal'd receit
Unknown to art, their envy term'd the bait
To tempt the eaſie Princes faith into
That net which death allur'd by treaſon, drew.
With power from this imbrac'd ſuſpition ſprung
Almanzor, who not envies ſpotted tongue
Durſt call prophane, though rudely forcing thoſe
Weak gates, which need no greater ſtrength t'oppoſe
Unclean intruders, then the reverence they,
Inforc'd by zeal, did with Religion pay
Unto that places ſanctity, which he
Contemning, ere the wrong'd ſocietie
Expecting ſuch injurious viſits, in
Rude fury entring, thoſe whoſe power had bin
Imploy'd by noble pity to attend
The ſuffring Princeſs, in ſuch haſte did ſend

Book V. Them to her close and dark abodes, that now
Their doubts confirm'ſt, they're only ſtudying how
To ſhun that danger which informing fear
Falſly perſwades, towards them alone drew near.
Which dark ſuſpition, ere unclouded, by
Seiſing on him whoſe innocence durſt fly
To no retreat, the Royal fugitives
Back to the vault where firſt they enter'd, drives.
Now at the great'ſt antipathie to Day
The ſilent earth oppreſt with Midnight lay
Veſted in clouds, black as they had been ſent
To be the whole worlds mourning monument;
When through the Caves damp womb, conducted by
A doubtful light that ſcarce inform'd the eye
To find out thoſe unhaunted paths, they in
A faint aſſurance, with ſoft pace begin
To ſally forth, where unſuſpected, they
Are ſeiſ'd by guards that in cloſe ambuſh lay:
Which ere amazement could give action leave
To ſeek for ſafety, did their hopes deceive
By cloſe reſtraint, aw'd by whoſe power, they're to
Almanzor brought, who from that object drew
Such joy as fills uſurpers when they ſee
Wrong'd Princes ſtrugling with captivitie.
From hence in ſuch diſdainful ſilence led
As taught their fear, from juſt ſuſpition bred,
To tremble at ſome unknown ill, about
That ſober time when Lights ſmall lamps go out

At

At the approach of Days bright glorjes, brought
Back to the Court, they there not long had ſought
Their ſorrows ſad original, before
A Court conven'd of ſuch whoſe power had bore
Whilſt (Gods own choice) a Monaſtry, had lent
Their dictates law, the weight of government,
They hither call'd by ſummons that did ſound
Like bold rebellion, in ſad omen found
More then they fear'd; A mourning train of Lords
Plac'd round a black tribunal, that affords
To the ſpectators penetrated eye
A diſmal horror cloath'd in majeſtie.
Like hierogliphicks pointing to that fate
Which muſt enſue, all yet in ſilence ſate
A dreadful ſilence, ſuch as unto weak
Beholders ſeem'd to threaten when they ſpeak,
Death and deſtruction dictates, when they ſaw
Their Princeſs enter'd, as if rigid Law
To loyal duty let the ſcepter fall
In an obedient reverence rais'd, they all
Lowly ſalute her, but that complement
To bribe their pity, fear in vain had ſpent;
When all reſuming now their ſeats, command
The Royal captives, whoſe juſt cauſe did ſtand
On no defence but unknown truth to be
Summon'd to th' bar, where that they firſt might ſee
What rigor on the royal blood was ſhewn,
From no unjuſt conſpiracie had grown,

Book V.

A ſable curtain from their herſes drawn
Betrays her eyes then in the ſickly dawn
Of grief grown dim, unto that horrid place
Where they met death drawn in her fathers face,
By whom now turn'd into well-model'd clay,
Fitted for's tomb the ſlain *Epirot* lay.
At this, as if ſome over-venturous look
For temperate rays, deſtructive fire had took
In at her ſouls receiving portals, all
Lifes functions ceaſ'd, ſorrow at once lets fall
The burthen of ſo many griefs, which in
A death-like ſlumber had forgotten bin
Till humane thoughts obliterated by
The wiſhe converſions of eternity
Oppreſt no more, had not injurious haſte
Before this conflict could thoſe ſpirits waſte
Which had, to ſhun paſſions external ſtrife,
Fled to the *primum mobile* of life,
Recall'd with them her ſorrows to attend
Their nimbleſt motions, which too faſt did ſpend
Her ſtrength, to ſuffer weakneſs to obay
The Courts intentions of a longer ſtay.
From ruffl'd paſſions which her ſoul oppreſt,
By the ſoft hand of recollecting reſt
Strok'd to a calm, which ſetl'd reaſon in
Her troubled throne; by thoſe that firſt had bin
Her guards, the Princeſs (that fair pattern, whence
Men drew the height of humane excellence)

Is

Is now return'd, to let her proud foes ſee
That the bright rays of magnanimitie
Though envy like th'ungrateful moon do ſtrive
To hide that ſun, except what's relative
Ne'r knows eclipſe, the darkneſs taking birth
From what's below, whilſt that remov'd from earth,
Her clear unclouded conſcience ever ſtays
Amongſt bright vertues univerſal rays.
The mourning Court (thoſe miniſters of fate)
In expectation of their priſoners fate,
They now appear in thoſe diſguiſes which
They firſt were took, being habits, though not rich
Enough to gild their rare perfections, yet
Such as did ſeem by ſorrow made to fit
Their preſent ſufferings; both the men cloth'd in
Monaſtick robes, black as their threds had bin
Spun from *Peruvian* wooll; the women clad
Like mournful Votaries, ſhew'd ſo ſweetly ſad,
As if their vertues which injurious fate
Did yet conceal, ſtriving t'anticipate
The ſlights of time, had to th'external ſence
Shew'd theſe as emblems of their innocence.
But love, nor pity, though they both did here
Within their Judges ſterneſt looks appeare,
Durſt plead for favor; their indictments read
So guilty ſound, that thoſe whoſe hearts even bled,
Diſdain'd their eyes ſhould weep, ſince juſtice did
In ſuch foul crimes mercy as ſin forbid.

Yet

Book V. Yet more to clear what circumstance had made
Level with reason, from th' approaching shade
Of death redeem'd, that Lord whose wounds had bin
But slumbers to recover safety in
When the *Messenian* murdred was, did now
Declare as far as reason could allow
The eyes to judge, those habits which they then
Did wear the same wch cloath'd the murth'rers when
His Prince was slain; which open proof appears
So full of guilt it stops her friends kinde fears
Ere rais'd to hope, and in appearance shews
A guilt, which all but pitty overgrows.
The vext *Epirots* who for comfort saw
Revenge appearing in the form of Law
Retir'd, to feed their spleen with hope until
Th' extent of Justice should their vengeance fill;
When now by accusations that denide
Access to pity, for a Paracide
The Princess question'd, whose too-weak defence
Being but the unseen guards of innocence,
Submits to censure; yet to shew that all
Those scatter'd pearls, which from her eyes did fall
Dropt not t' attempt their charity, but shew
That no injurious storm could overflow
Her world of Reason, which exalted stood
Above the surface of the spacious flood,
Her tears for grief, not guilt, being shed, whilst in
The robes of magnaminity, not sin

Grown

Grown impudent, her brave reſolv'd ſoul ſate Book V.
Unſhaken in this Hyrocane of fate.
To meet her calm (which like religion dreſt
Doth all become, but female vertues beſt)
The rough *Amindor*, whoſe diſcolour'd face
Anger did more then native beauty grace,
Since juſtly rais'd, diſdaining thus to be
By a *Plebian* baſe captivity
Forc'd to ſubmit his innocence unto
Their doubtfull teſt, had from his anger drew
A ruine ſwifter then their hate intends,
Had not his rage, whilſt it toward danger bends,
Been taught by her example to exclude
Vain paſſions with a Princely fortitude,
Whoſe uſefull aid (like thoſe good works which we
For comforts call in deaths neceſſity)
Brought all their better Angels to defend
Them from thoſe terrors which did death attend.
In buſie whiſpers, which diſcover'd by
Their doubtfull looks the thoughts variety,
Long in ſad ſilence ſate the Court, until
Thoſe noiſeleſs ſtreams of fancy which did fill
Each ſeveral breſt united by conſent
Want onely now a tongue ſo impudent
As durſt condemn their Soveraign, which being in
Theumantius found, a Lord whoſe youth had been
By favor nurs'd, till power's wild beaſt grown rude
Repays his Foſt'rer with ingratitude.

This

Book V. This bold, bad man, Loves moſt unhappy choice,
From flatteries Treble now exalts his voice
Without the mean of an excuſe, into
The Laws loud Baſe; and what thoſe fear'd to doe
That had been favour'd leſs, that black decree
Pronounc'd, which diſcords all the harmonie
Of ſubject fear, and ſoveraign love, by what
Succeeding ages juſtly trembl'd at
Whilſt innocent, but have of late been grown
So bad to ſhew ſuch monſters of their own.
This ſentence paſt, which knew no more allay
Of mercy, then what lets their judgments ſtay
From following life to deaths obſcure retreat,
Till twenty nights had made their days compleat,
The Court breaks up; yet ere from publick view
To cloſe reſtraint the Royal captives drew,
Grant them this favor from their rigid laws,
That if there durſt, to vindicate their cauſe,
In that contracted ſpan of time appear
Any whoſe forward valor durſt indear
The peoples love and prayers, ſo much to be
Their Champion, that his victory ſhould free
Them from that dooms ſtrict rigor; to oppoſe
Which brave Attempter, they *Almanzor* choſe
(Since high command that honor did afford
To him alone) to weild the anſwering ſword.
Now near departing, whilſt the *Cyprian* in
A brave diſdain, which for ſubmiſſive ſin

Looks

Looks on an answer, as his haste would show
An anger that did scorn to stoop so low
To strike with threats, stands silent, whilst that she
Whose temper heaven had made too calm to be
By rage transported, with a soul unmov'd
By stormy passions, thus their sin reprov'd.
Should I (my Lords) here with a female haste
Discharge my passions, 'twere (perhaps) to waste
My prayers, or threats, whilst one you would not fear,
Nor th'other pity: But when heaven shall clear
This curtain'd truth, wrapt in whose cloudy night,
Unjustly you, from my unquestion'd right
By birth, obedience, into faction stray,
Then (though too late) untimely sorrow may
Strive by repentance to expunge these stains
Cast on your honor. These exhausted vains,
Fixt eyes, pale cheeks, deaths dismal trophies, in
This royal face I now could not have seen
With a less sorrow then had serv'd to call
Me to attend him, had not the rude fall
Of your injustice, like those dangerous cures
Perform'd by turning into Calentures
Dull Lethargies, upon my heart laid hold
In such a flame of passion, as the cold
Approach of death wants power to quench until
You add that crime to this preceding ill.
Yet (though no fear can prompt my scorn to crave
A subjects mercy for my self) to save

This

Book V. This Noble Stranger, whose just acts being crost
By misconstruction, have their titles lost,
I shall become your suppliant, lest there be
A sin contracted by his serving me;
And onely in such noble wayes as might
Unveil themselves to th' suns Meridian light;
Sure he unjustly suffers, which may cause
You want more swords to vindicate your Laws
Then his you late elected to make good
Your votes, ere scarce cleans'd of that loyal blood
He in rebellion shed; but I am now
Too near my fatal period to allow
Disturbing passion any place within
My peacefull soul: what ere his crimes have been
In publick war, or private treason, may
Kinde Heaven, when with th' injustice of this day
Those shall be strictly question'd, to prevent
Their doom, conceal them in the large extent
Of mercies wings, which there may prove so kinde
To you, though here I can no justice finde.
This spoken in a garb that did detect
A sorrow which was ripened to neglect,
She silent stands, whilst through the thick resort
Of throng'd Spectators, toward the rising Court
Orlinda comes, with such a haste as shew'd
That service she by Love's allegiance ow'd;
Love, which had sorrows sable wings out-fled
To mourn the living, not lament the dead;

Come

Come where her fears (now near loſt) object ſhe Book V.
Within the ſhadow of the Grave might ſee
By ſentence ſhut, neglecting death that lay
In ambuſh there her reaſon to betray
To hate, when by the falſe informing Law,
Her Friend ſhe as her brother's murtherer ſaw
In actions ſuch as *Scythian* Tyrants feel
Some ſoftneſs from, ſhe that ne'r us'd to kneel
Too ought but heaven, a lowly ſuppliant falls
Before the Court, from whoſe ſtern breſts ſhe calls
So much of ſorrow as perhaps had ſtrook
Them all with horror, if a ſudden look
Obliquely on her murther'd brother caſt,
Had not ere Love aſſaulted with her laſt
And powerfull'ſt pray'rs, whilſt hot with action in
A cool retreat of ſpirits, ſilenc'd bin.
She fainting faln, as an addition to
Their former grief, is from the throng withdrew
Into the free untainted air, where by
Aſſiſting Friends which gently did apply
Their needfull aid, hear, which was then grown ſlack
In Natures work, antipathy calls back
To beauties frontiers, where like baſhfull lighe
It in a bluſh meets the Spectators ſighe
But ſuch a one, as ere full blown is by
Her Friends diſaſters forc'd again to fly
Beneath thoſe clouds of grief, whoſe ſwelling pride
Spread by report, did now not onely hide

Book V. The Court or City, but to bear a part
Of that ſad load, ſummons each Subjects heart.
Whilſt now the Priſoners, ere the peoples love
To anger turn, the active Guards remove
To ſtill the clamorous multitude, who ſway'd
By various paſſions, did whilſt each obey'd
Opinions dictates, but in darkneſs rove
At ſhadow'd truth, whence now they boldly ſtrove
To pluck the vail from Declarations that
Contain'd thoſe falſhoods, which whilſt wondring at,
They wept to force upon their faith, are ſent
Through th' Lands each Town, & Armies Regiment;
By which *Almanzor*, who attempted in
This plot to joyn ſecurity with ſin,
Doubting if ere this ſtory reach his ear,
Argalia might their combatant appear,
Beſides thoſe ſtains which common fame did take
For ſins juſt debts, ſliely attempts to ſhake
The heaven-erected fabrick of his love
By cloſer engines, ſuch as ſeem'd to move
On noble pity, which with grief ingroſt
That faith which envy in diſdain had loſt.
Black rumor, on the wings of rais'd report
Flying in haſte, had ſoon attain'd the Court
Of the amaz'd *Ætolian* Prince, who hears
The dreadfull ſtory with ſuch doubtfull fears
As ſhook his noble ſoul, but not into
An eaſie faith, each circumſtance was true,

He

He knew *Almanzor*'s vilany to be
Of that extent ſo foul a progenie,
As all thoſe horrid murthers might from thence
Take eaſie birth: but when the innocence
Of's vertuous Princeſs, and his honor'd Friend
The noble *Cyprian* Prince, come to contend
With oft confirm'd report, that ſtrikes a deep
And ſolemn grief, yet ſuch as muſt not keep
A firm poſſeſſion in his ſoul, until
A further inquiſition either kill
His yet unfainting hopes, or raiſe them to
Joy by confirming thoſe reports untrue.

The End of the Fourth Canto.

PHARONNIDA.

The Fifth Book.

CANTO V.

The Argument.

I.

Through royal blood to level that dark way
Which Rebels paſs unto the injur'd throne,
Pharonnida *is now condemn'd to pay*
A debt for crimes that none durſt call her own.

II.

When near the laſt ſtep, brave Argalia, *who*
In cloſe diſguiſe truths ſecrets had betraid,
When moſt did doubt 'twas now too late to ſue
To heaven for pity, brings a timely aid.

IF on thoſe vaniſht Heroes that are fled
Through the unknown dark Chaſma's of the dead,
To reſt in regions ſo remote from hence
Twixt them and life there's no intelligence,
When ere thou look'ſt through times dim optiques,
Brave emulation of thoſe braver men,

Rouſes

Rouſes (that ray of heav'n) thy ſoul to be
A ſharer in their fames eternity;
Thou'ſt then a genius fit to entertain
A Muſes flight, which may be rais'd again
To ſing thy actions, when there's left no more
Of thee, but what by life, whilſt paſſing ore
Natures ſhort ſtage, had either ſcatter'd bin
By careleſs youth, or firmly planted in
Maturer age, whoſe waſted talent ſpent,
(Thoſe were his Friends, this is his monument)
Is all, except ſome Muſe thy life records,
That to thy worth, th' unthankful world affords.
But if thy uninſpired ſoul do beare
A lower ſail, which flagging with the care
Of humid pleaſures, ne'r is ſwell'd into
Sublimer thoughts, then ſuch as onely view
Earth for its object, which ne'r yet did lend
Her favorites more then what they here do ſpend
T' improve her barren wants, may none rehearſe
Thy name (beneath the dignity of verſe)
But trivial flatterers, ſuch as ſtrive to gain
Thy favor from Ephemera's of the brain
Unſalted jeſts, pleas'd at whoſe painted fire
I leave fond thee in vapor to expire,
Whilſt from thy living ſhadow I return
To crown the duſt in brave *Argalia*'s urn.
From common fame (that wild impoſtor) he
Had often heard what Love deny'd ſhould be

Book V.

For truth admitted, his *Pharonnida*
Accus'd for ſins which envy ſtrove to draw
Objects for heavens ſevereſt wrath, and now
Ere his conſiderate judgment would allow
Report for real, ſecret Meſſengers
To *Corinth* ſends, who ill inform'd, transfers
His further trouble, in confirming what
Whilſt others wept for, he tranſported at
So ſad a change in her whoſe vertue had
Inflam'd his thoughts, by paſſion near unclad
His ſoul of all his robes of fleſh, which now
So looſely hung, as if ſhe practic'd how
To ſtrip her ſelf, ſhould unexpected death
To heavens hard courſe, call forth the nimble breath.
Could earth here conquer, or had it within
The power of whatſoever is mortal bin
T' have wrought diſorders of amazement where
The noble ſoul ſuch true conſent did beare
With the harmonious Angels, he in all
His acts like them appears, or (ere his fall)
Perhaps like man, that he could onely be
Diſtinguiſh'd from ſome hollow'd hierarchie,
By being cloath'd in the ſpecifick vail
Of fleſh and blood, this grief might then prevail
Over his perfect temper; but he bears
Theſe weights, as if unfelt, on his ſoul wears
The ſable robes of ſorrow, whilſt his cheek
Is dreſt in ſcarlet ſmiles; no frown his fleck

And

And eaven front contract, like to a ſlow Book V.
And quiet ſtream his obſcur'd thoughts did flow
With greater depths then could be fathom'd by
The beamy lines of a judicious eye.
Whilſt thoſe good Angels which fond men call wit,
Reform'd by age, did all in Council ſit,
To ſteer thoſe thoughts by which he did attend
Pharonnida's eſcape, they to this end
At length reduc'd his Councils, that he muſt
To ſuccor her leave groveling in the duſt
His Kingdom, which being by domeſtick ſtrife
Late wounded, was but newly rubb'd to life:
Yet ſince that there to her redemption lay
In all the progreſs of his thoughts no way
Leſs full of danger, ſuch of's Lords as he
Honor'd for age, and prais'd for loyalty,
Call'd to a ſecret Council, he diſcovers
His fixt reſolves, which they, though now no Lovers,
With ſuch conſenting ſouls did hear, that though
They knew his danger might ev'n fear outgrow,
They to oppoſe that ſcourge of cowards brings
His vows, his ſacred vows, thoſe ſcepter'd Kings
Which juſtly rule the conſcience, that ave'd by
Uſurping fear ſubmits to Tyranny.
Their firſt propoſals, whence their judgment ſought
To hide his abſence, to concluſion brought,
They thence proceed to level him a way
Through that thick ſwarm of Enemies that lay

Book V. Circling the walls, where reaſon ſtayes a while
In various cenſure, ere 't could reconcile
Their diff'ring judgments, but at length in this
(As that which in this dangers dark abiſs
Seems to lend fear moſt of the helpfull light
Of hope) concludes, that when ſucceeding night
With ſtrength of age was grown ſo gravely ſtaid,
That dark deſigns fear'd not to be betraid
By th' wanton twilight, he in cloſe diſguiſe,
Whilſt ſome of 's troops diverted by ſurpriſe
His watchful foes, might paſs their guards, which don,
Their care might be, with's further march begun.
In diſmal darkneſs, that black throne of fear,
Nights ſilent Empreſs, aw'd the Hemiſphear;
When now *Argalia*'s ready troops, with ſlow
And noiſeleſs marches iſſued through their low
Cloſe Salliports, are ſwiftly rallied by
Such as had long taught valor how to dy
For honors reſcue; Captains that had bin
From youth's firſt bud, till age was reverenc'd in
Her honor'd ſcars, ſuch ſtrict diſciples to
Wars hardeſt precepts, that their fame out-grew
Their power, which that had ſo authentick made
Where fear was ſcorn'd, they were for love obay'd.
By theſe brave Hero's, which had often led
Armies to ſleep in honors purple bed,
The Prince aſſiſted, was with ſecret haſte,
By wayes where fear no Centinel had plac'd,

Drawn

Drawn near the Leagure, which th' alarum took. Book V.
From a ſtorm'd Fort, had with ſuch ſpeed forſook
Their huts, that haſte which was intended to
Preſerve, being now to wild confuſion grew,
Helps to deſtroy: In undiſtinguiſh'd ſounds,
Which not inform, but frighted ſenſe confounds
With wild amazement, the unnoted words
Even of command are loſt; no ear affords
Room for advice, nor the moſt ſerious eye,
A place for order; Enſignes vainly flye
Since unperceiv'd through the dark air, which in
A ſtorm ne'r knew more tumult then had bin
Since firſt their fear on this alarum fled
From Reaſon, through the troubled Leaguer ſpread.
In this loud horror, whilſt they need no lamp
To guide them more then their own flaming Camp,
His frighted foes (fled from their quarter) lend
The Prince ſome hope this ſudden charge might end
Their ſlow-pac'd ſiege; yet ſince approaching day
Perſwading haſte, denies his longer ſtay,
The power to thoſe Commanders left, which he
For valor knew might force from victory
Unwilling laurels, though their judgement ſuch,
Thoſe hallowed wreaths they ne'r durſt raſhly touch'
He leaves (when firſt his ſword, which none did ſpare
Within its reach, had of his being there
Left bloody marks) the conquer'd foes, to finde
Out ſterner foes in his afflicted minde,

Book V. Which ſince uſurping doubt with peaceful love
For empire ſtrove, taught paſſion how to move
In ſpheres ſo differing from his reaſons right
Aſcenſion, that his cares protracted night
From this oblique poſition caus'd, had made
His ſorrow tedious, as thoſe nights which ſhade
Cold Artick regions, when the abſent ſun
Doth underneath th'Antartick tropick run.
This paſſage forc'd through his obſtructive foes,
That now the treacherous day might not diſcloſe
Him whilſt unguarded, to their view that might
In larger troops perſue a baſer flight
Through deep dark paths, which ne'r to th' ſun had (ſhown
Their uncouth ſhades, being to all unknown
Save neighb'ring rurals, he conducted by
A faithful guide, directs his liberty
Towards ſtately *Corinth*, near whoſe confines ere
Six morning dews had cool'd the hemiſphere,
Arriv'd in ſafety, that kind heaven might bleſs
His future actions with deſir'd ſucceſs
To ſeek to them, he firſt ſought thoſe, that in
The wane of's blood had liſes ſupporters bin,
Thoſe holy Hermites to whoſe art he ow'd
For liſe, next heaven which firſt that gift beſtow'd.
Come to their quiet Cell, where all receive
Him with a wonder that did hardly leave
A room for welcom, till their fear had in
A full relation of his fortune bin

Chang'

Chang'd for as much of ſanguine mirth as they
Could know, that had Religions cool allay
To check delight, he being retir'd with him
Whoſe firſt diſcoveries in his fortunes dim
Imperfect light directed him to know
His royal off-ſpring, lets his language flow
With ſo much freedom as diſcovers what,
Whilſt he by active war was aiming at
His Kingdoms ſafery, call'd him thence to ſave
Sweet vertue from an ignominious grave.
The fatal ſtory heard by him, whoſe love
Fixt by religion, paſſion could not move,
Although he pitied all th'affiicted, to
More ſoftneſs then what had its off-ſpring drew
From heav'ns ſtrict precepts which are then miſpent
When eaſie man miſtakes the innocent:
Since what permits hypocriſie to win
Remorſe, by mercy doth but cheriſh ſin.
Which to avoid, ere his conſent approve
Of the deſign, neglecting all which Love
Prompted by pity could alleage to draw
Him to the combat, though he in it ſaw
Nought to defend but innocence, ſince in
That ſhape deluded, charity hath bin
Too oft deceiv'd, that his victorious ſword
Might not but where fair juſtice could afford
Vict'rie be drawn, he, like a *Pharos* plac'd
'Mongſt rocks of doubt, thus rectifies his haſte.

Take

Book V.

Take heed, brave Prince, that in this doubtful way
'Twixt love and honor thy bright vertues ſtray
Not from Religions latitude, into
More dangerous ſtations, Reaſons ſlender clew
Is here too ſhort to guide thee, and may in
Its conduct but obliquely lead to ſin.
Be cautious then, and raſhly venture not
On unknown depths, where valor ſeems begot
By vain preſumption: Mortal beauty, that
Imperfect type of heaven, though wonder'd at,
Yet may not be ſo much ador'd to make
Our paſſions heavens directing road miſtake.
Though thy affections were legitimate
As mans firſt choice, ſince in that happy ſtate
Of innocence frail woman then found out
A way to fall, ſtill let thy reaſon doubt
The ſame deceit, ſince that affected ſhe
Which thou ador'ſt, yet wears mortalitie;
A garment which ſince man firſt wore, hath bin
But once caſt off without ſome ſpots of ſin.
Yet know, my councel ſtrives not to prevent
Thy ſwords aſſiſting of the innocent;
As much of mercy on neglect being ſpilt,
As there's got vengeance from preſumptuous guilt.
Only before thy valor dares to tread
This rubick path, whoſe ſlipp'ry ſteps have led
So oft to ruine, let Religion be
Thy prompter unto ſo much policie,

As

As may ſecure thy conſcience; which to do, Book V.
Claim my aſſiſtance as thy vertues due.
The grateful Prince with lowly looks had paid
His thankful offerings, when, that promis'd aid
Might not fall ſhort of expectation, he
Whoſe words (like vows that hold affinitie (thus
With heav'n) breath'd nought but conſtant truth, did
Proceed towards action; whilſt (lov'd Prince) with us
Of this poor Covent, you, by wounds reſtrain'd
From action liv'd, you know that what's contain'd
In our calm doctrine, gives us leave to be
So intimate with each ſocietie,
No ſecret, though maskt in the clouds of ſin,
Flies thoſe diſcoveries which informs us in
Their laſt confeſſions; by which means you may
Know whether juſtice calls your ſword to pay
Theſe bloody offerings as a victim to
Th'appeaſing of an inward vertue due.
By this advice inſtructed to convince
What love ſuggeſts, the apprehenſive Prince,
Since this includes nothing but what's too juſt
To diſobey, although he all miſtruſt
Of her like ſin avoids, conſents to be
Rul'd by his Council, whoſe aſſiſtance he
So oft ſucceſsful found; which, that delay
(That ſlow-pac'd ſin) might not obſtruct the way
With times too oft neglected loſs, he now
So faſt toward action haſtes, they could allow

The

Book V. The night ſcarce time to ſteal a dark retreat,
Ere having left that melancholy ſeat,
Devotions dark retiring place, he goes
To ſee how much her frowns did diſcompoſe
That Cities dreſs, of whom he'd ne'r a ſight
Before, but when 'twas poliſh'd with delight.
His Arms (bright Honors burniſht robes) into
Such weeds as ſhew'd him to the publick view
A courſe Monaſtick, chang'd, attended by
His aged friend, ſoon as the mornings eye
Adorn'd the Eaſt, the proſp'rous Prince begun
His pious journey, which, before the ſun
Bluſht in the Weſt, found a ſucceſsful end
In clouded *Corinth*, where arriv'd, they ſpend
The hours of the ſucceeding night to find
How, in that factious troubl'd ſea, inclin'd
The City ſtood, whoſe ſhallow ſons dare vent
By nothing but their tongues, that diſcontent
Their hands might cure, were not thoſe uſeful parts
Reſtrain'd from action by unmanly hearts,
Which being at once with grief and fear oppreſt,
Durſt do no more but pity the diſtreſt;
Which gentle paſſion, ſince ſo general, lends
Some light of hope to her enquiring friends.
To uſher in that diſmal day, whoſe light
Deſign'd to lead into eternal night
As much of beauty as did ere give place
To death, the morning ſhews her gloomy face

Wrapt

Wrapt up in clouds, whose heavy vapors had
Hung heaven in black, when, to perform the sad
And serious office of Confessors to
Those royal sufferers, whom harsh fates persue
To deaths dark confines, through their guard of foes
Argalia and his grave assistant goes;
Where he whose love to neither did surmount
His zeal, to take the *Cyprians* last account
Himself addrest, whilst his kind passions lead
Argalia from *Pharonnida*, to read
Her lifes last story, made authentick by
The near approach of her eternity.
Enter'd the room, which to his startl'd sight
Appear'd like sorrow sepulcher'd in night,
So dismal sad, so silent, that the cold
Retreat of death, the grave, did ne'r unfold
A heavier object, by a sickly light
Which was even then to th' artificial night
That fill'd the room resigning 'ts reign, he saw
Griefs fairest draught, divine *Pharonnida*,
Amidst her tears, faln like a full-blown flower,
Whose polisht leaves oreburthen'd with a shower,
Drops from their beauties in the pride of day
To deck the earth, so sadly pining lay
The pensive Princess, whom an extasie
Of passion led to practise how to die
In such abstracted contemplations, that
Angels forsook their thrones to wonder at.

Book V.

Wet

Book V.

Wet with thoſe tears, in whoſe Elixar ſhe
Was bathing of the Lilies nurſerie,
Her bloodleſs cheeks; her trembling hand ſuſtain'd
A book, which what heavens mercy hath ordain'd
For a ſupport to humane frailry in
Storms of affliction, lay; which, as ſhe'd bin
Now ſo well in repentant lectures read,
That faith was on the wings of knowledge fled
To meditation, her unactive grief
Lets ſoftly fall, whilſt Time, wiſe natures thief,
That all might look like ſorrows ſwarthy night,
Is ſtealing forth of the neglected Light;
Whoſe ſullen flame, as it would ſympathize
With thoſe quencht beams that once adorn'd her eye
After a feeble blaze that ſpoke its ſtrife
But vain, in ſilence weeps away its life.
Come to behold this beauteous monument
Of mourning paſſion, his great ſpirits ſpent
On love and wonder, the aſtoniſh'd Prince
Here ſilent ſtands, valor could not convince
His wild amazement: To behold her lie
By rigid laws reſtrain'd from libertie,
To whom his ſoul was caprive, troubles all
His reaſons guards: But when, how ſhe muſt fall
From beauteous youth, and vertuous life, to be
One of the graves obſcure ſocietie,
Muſt fall no Martyr, whoſe lamented death
Grows pities object, but depart with breath!

'Mongſt

'Mongſt ignominious clouds of guilt, that muſt Book V.
Stick an eternal odium on her duſt;
That thought tranſports him from his temper to
Paſſions, in which he had forgot to dò
His Prieſtly office, and, in rage as high
As ever yet inflam'd humanitie,
Sent him to actions, whoſe attempt had bin
The rode his valor muſt have periſh'd in,
Had not her ſorrows agony forſook
The Princeſs, by whoſe firſt unſteady look
He, being as far as his diſguiſe gave leave,
Diſcover'd, is invited to receive
Thoſe laſt confeſſions, in whoſe freedom ſhe
Seeks by abſolving comforts how to free
Her ſoul of all which a religious fear
Like ſpots on her white conſcience made appear.
Having from her unburthen'd ſoul learnt how
To eaſe his own, the Prieſtly Prince had now
As far as bold humanitie durſt dive
Into remiſſion, heavens prerogative,
Pronounc'd that pardon for whoſe ſeal there ſtood
The ſin-polluted worlds redeeming blood:
By which bleſt voice rais'd from what did appear
Like ſorrow, till her faith had baniſh'd fear,
The Princeſs in ſuch gentle calms of joy
As ſouls that wear their bodies but to cloy
Celeſtial lights can feel, to entertain
Her fatal doom with a reſolv'd diſdain

Of

Book V. Of death prepares, whilſt he whom heaven to her
Had made their mercies happy Meſſenger,
Forſaking her, repairs to him that had
With the ſame hand the *Cyprians* thoughts unclad:
By whom inform'd, how that in their defence
His ſword protected nought but innocence,
Arm'd with thoſe bleſſings which ſo juſt a cauſe
Proclaim'd his due, he ſecretly withdraws
To change thoſe emblems of Religious peace,
Monaſtick robes, for ſuch as might increaſe
Their joy and wonder, whoſe contracted fear
Deſpair'd to ſee a Combatant appear,
Although they knew his ſword defended then
The beſt of cauſes 'gainſt the worſt of men.
Whilſt he prepares with near as much of ſpeed
As incorporeal ſubſtances that need
But will for motion, to defend her in
Th' aſſaults of death, that hour which long had bin
The dreadfull expectation of thoſe friends
That pitied her, arriv'd, in ſorrow ends
Fears cold diſeaſe; thoſe Miniſters of fate,
The props to all that's illegitimate,
The Army, to ſuppreſs the weak eſſayes
Of love or pity, guarded had the wayes
By which illegal power conducted her
From that dark room, griefs curtain'd Theater,
To be beheld upon the publick ſtage,
The glory, yet the ſcandal of the age;

Which

Which two extreams met on the ſcaffold in Book V.
A Princeſs ſuffering, and a peoples ſin:
Which now, join'd to the dreadful pomp that cals
His Subjects to attend the funerals
Of her lov'd father, whoſe lifes vertues won
Tears for his death, thus ſolemnly begun.
Remov'd no further from the City then
An hours ſhort walk, though undertaken when
Sol rag'd in *Cancer* might with eaſe convay
Scorcht travellers, a diſmal temple lay
In a dark vally, where more antient times
Had perpetrated thoſe religious crimes
Of humane offerings to thoſe Idols that
Their hands made, for their hearts to tremble at.
Yet this, ſince now made venerable by
Thoſe reverend reliques of antiquity,
The Spartan Princes monuments, by thoſe
Of later times, though alter'd faith, is choſe
For their retreat, when lifes extinguiſht glory
Sought reſt beneath a ſilent dormitory.
Nor ſtood this fabrick all alone; long ſince
A Palace by ſome melancholy Prince
Which hated light, or lov'd the darkneſs, built
To pleaſe his humor, or conceal his guilt,
So near it ſtood, to diſtant eyes which ſent
Thither their beams, it ſeem'd one monument,
Whoſe ſable roof 'mongſt Cypreſs ſhadows fills
The deep dark baſis of thoſe barren hills

Book V. With such a mournfull Majesty as strook
A terror into each beholders look,
Awfull as if some Diety had made
That gloomy vale to be the sacred shade
Where he chose in enigma's to relate
The dark decrees of mans uncertain fate.
Betwixt this temple and the City stood
In squadrons thick as shews an ancient wood
To distant sight, the Army, plac'd to be
In this sad march their guilrs securitie
Whose glittering swords shon, as if drawn to light
Dayes beauties to the palace of the night;
Toward which, the prisoners, yet detain'd within
The City, in this dreadfull pomp begin
Their mournful march, led by that doleful call
By which loud war proclaims a funeral:
Those that had been the common guards unto
The murther'd Princes, to the peoples view
Are first presented, on an ebon spear
Each bore a scuchion, where there did appear
The arms which once adorn'd those Princes shields
Sadly display'd within their sable fields.
Next these, some troops whose prosperous valor in
Their Courts had steps unto preferment bin,
Come slowly on, but slowlier follow'd are
By elder Captains, such whom busie war
Whose victories had their youth in honor di'd,
As useless now for Council laid aside:

I' th'

I' th' rear of theſe the Officers of State, Book V.
Grave as they'd been of Council unto Fate,
I' th' purple robes of royal Mourners clad,
With heavy pace conducted in a ſad
And diſmal object, two black Chariots drawn
Like hideous night when it aſſaults the dawn
In dreadfull ſhadows, where to fright the day
With ſadder objects, on black herſes lay
Th' Effigies of the murther'd Princes, in
Whoſe form thoſe ſpots of treaſon that had bin
Fates Agents, to unravel Natures law,
In bloody marks the mourning people ſaw,
At which ſad ſight from ſilent ſorrow they
Advanc'd had let external grief betray
Their love, and loſs, if not diverted by
Succeeding objects, which aſſault the eye
With what, though living, yet more terror bred
Then what they found for the lamented dead.
In ſuch a garb as ſorrow ſtrives to hide
The hot effluviums of a ſullen pride,
Almanzor next, with ſlow portentous pace
Follows the herſes, his diſcover'd face
So ſubtilly di'd in ſorrow as it had
Strove to out-mourn the ſable arms which clad
His falſer breaſt, whoſe ſtudi'd treaſon knew
No ſuch diſguiſe, as firſt to meet the view
O' th' cenſuring people in a dreſs that ſhews
Him by their States maturer Council choſe

Book V.

'Gainſt who'ere durſt maintain the priſ'ners cauſe
By's valor for to vindicate their laws.
But now, to loſe theſe rivolets of tears
In the vaſt Ocean of their grief, appears
Their laſt, and moſt lamented object in
The royal Captives, whoſe ſad fate had bin
Not ſo diſguis'd in attributes of guilt,
But that the love their former vertue built
In every breaſt, broke through their fear to ſhow
How much their duty did to ſorrow ow.
In that black train they had beheld before,
Though full of ſadneſs, wearied life paſt ore
The ſtage of nature, is their darkeſt text
To comment on, which ſince good men perplext
With life's cares are, finds leſs regret then now
To living ſufferers juſtly they allow:
Friends though leſs near (ſince death is but that reſt
They vainly ſeek that are in life diſtreſt)
Being pitied more then thoſe whoſe worſt of Fate
We have beheld deſtruction terminate.
That nought might in this ſcene of ſorrow be
Wanting to perfect griefs ſolemnitie
The Kingdoms Marſhal, who ſupported in
His hand a ſword, which glitring through a thin
Wreath'd Cipers, through the ſad Spectators eye
Strook ſuch a terror as if ſhadow'd by
Death's ſooty vail, conducting after goes
Th' undaunted *Cyprian*, with a look that ſhowes

A ſoul whoſe valor was of power to light Book V.
Such high reſolves as by their ſplendor might
Make death look lovely; on his upper hand
Her ſexes glory, ſhe whoſe vertues ſcann'd
Her actions by heavens ſtricteſt rules, the ſweet
Pharonnida, unmov'd prepares to meet
The miniſters of death, her train being by
Florenza, who muſt in that Tragedy
Act her laſt part, ſuſtain'd. The garment which
The beauteous Princeſs did that day inrich
Was black, but cut on white, ore which the fair
Neglected treaſure of her flowing hair
Hung looſely down; upon her head ſhe wore
A wreath of Lillies, almoſt ſhadow'd ore
With purple Hyacinths, on which the ſtains
Of murther yet in bloody marks remains;
Over all this a melancholy cloud
Of thick curl'd Cipers from the head did ſhroud
Her to the feet, through which thoſe ſpots of white
Appear'd like ſtars, thoſe comforts of the night,
When ſtole through ſcattred clouds; in her right hand
She held a watch whoſe next ſtage ſhould have ſpand
The minutes of her life; her left did hold
A branch of mirtle, which as grown too old
To live, began to wither, for defence
O'th' falling leaves, as death and innocence
Had both conſpir'd to ſave 't; the bow was round
In miſtick wreaths of black and ſilver wound.

Book V. Near to the royal Priſoners, many Peers
Of either Kingdom, men of th' graveſt years
And loyal'ſt hearts, did with a dolefull pace
Bring up the rear, each melancholy place (flowers
Through which they paſt, being with thoſe penſive
That wait on funerals ſtrew'd. The lofty towers
Of checquer'd marble had their ſtately brows
In ſables bound, their pinacles with boughs
Of diſmal Yew adorn'd, as if their knell
Should next be rung, a ſolemn paſſing bell
In every Church was toull'd, whoſe dolefull ſound
Mixt with the drum & trumpets dead march, dround
The peoples cries, whoſe grief can ne'r be ſhown
In 'ts native dreſs, till loud and clamorous grown.
In this black pomp the mourning train had left
The ſable City, which being now bereft
Of all her ſad and ſolemn gueſts, did bear
The emblem of an empty ſepulchre,
So full of ſilence, all her throng being gone
With heavy pace to be attendants on
Thoſe funeral rights, which ere perform'd muſt have
More vertue for attendants to the grave
Then ere they could again expect to ſee,
Whoſe hopes of life lay in minoritie.
Come to the deſert vale, which yet had kept
A ſolitary loveline ſs that ſlept
There in untroubl'd reſt, a levell'd green
Choſe for the Liſts, which nature lodg'd between

Two barren hills, upon whose bare front grew Book V.
(Though thinly scatter'd) here a balefull Yew,
And there a dismal Cypress, plac'd as they
Had onely chose that station to display
The peoples passions, who with eyes fixt in
Full orbs of tears, ere this had sorrowing seen
The pitied prisoners, to those Scaffolds brought
Where those lamented lives whose treason sought
To ruine must be sacrific'd to please,
Ambitious man, not angry heaven appease, (grown
This curles their bloods, which soon inflam'd had
Had not the varied scene of sorrow shown
The murther'd Princes, who product, as they
Had been reserv'd as opiats to allay
Their angers flame, are both expos'd unto
The satisfaction of the publick view,
Mounted on herses, which on either side
O' th' Temple gate with deaths most dismal pride
On ebon pillars stood, as rais'd to show
What justice did to their destruction ow.
Plac'd near to these, their sorrows sad Records,
Almanzors tent, to shew that it affords
For red revenge a close reception, stood
Like a black rock from whence in clouds of blood
The sanguine streamers through the thickned sky
Did waving with unconstant motion fly,
In view of which, though at the other end
If any durst appear that could defend

Book V. Their cauſe, whom heaven alone knew innocent,
There to receive him ſtood an empty Tent,
Whoſe outſide, as if fanci'd to deter
His entrance, there appear'd a Sepulcher
Over whoſe gate her falſe Accuſers had
Tranſcrib'd thoſe crimes which ſo uniuſtly clad
In purples ſins thoſe ſporleſs ſouls; which ſeen
In their bright vertues candid robes had been
The hated wonders of thoſe foes, whoſe ends
Now finde ſucceſs i' th' pity of their friends.
Near this black tent, on mourning ſcaffolds, where
Death did t' encounter innocence prepare
His heavieſt darts, ſuch as were headed by
That more then mortal plague, foul infamy,
The priſoners mounted; at the other gate
Almanzor, like the meſſenger of Fate
Fraught with revenge appears, his dreadfull form
More full of terror then a midnight ſtorm
To ſtraitned Fleets, appearing to the view
O' th' multitude, who whilſt their prayers perſue
The priſoners ſafety on the flagging wings
Of fickly hope, his ſure deſtruction brings,
Since from their knowledge more remote to cure,
Unto their hates impatient calenture.
Thrice had the trumpet ſadly ſounded bin
And thrice a Herald's voice had ſummon'd in
Some bold defendant; but both yet ſo vain,
As if juſt Heaven neglected to maintain

That

That righteous cauſe, which ſadly ſeen of all, Book V.
The ſorrowfull, but helpleſs people fall
Since hopes of life was ſhrunk into deſpair,
To be aſſiſtant by their private prayer
At deaths diſtracting conflict; in a brief
Effectual ſpeech, which anſwer'd to the chief
Heads of's indictment, in thoſe powerfull words
Conceiv'd his laſt, the *Cyprian* Prince affords
Their ſorrow yet a larger Theam; which done,
Being firſt to die, having with prayer begun
That doubfull road, he now a ſhort leave takes
Of all his mourning Friends, then calmly ſhakes
Off each terreſtial thought, and heightned by
The ſpeculations of eternity,
Above thoſe damps which natures hand did weave
Of humane fear, ſubmitting to receive
The fatal ſtroke, that Center to a crown,
But orb of wit, his ſacred head layes down.
Fled to the dark cell of their utmoſt fears
With eyes whoſe lids were cemented in tears,
Each ſtill Spectators thoughts did now repair
To the laſt refuge of a ſilent prayer:
In which cloſe parl, from that deep Lethargy
They are to joy and wonder waken'd by
A trumpets voice, which from the other gate
Sounds a defiance; 'twas not yet ſo late
In hopes dim twilight, but they once more may
In expectation of a glorious day

Dare

Book V. Dare look abroad: which done, unto their view
A *Cyprian* Herald being deſign'd unto
That office, they leading a ſtranger Knight
Into the Liſts behold, whoſe welcom ſight
Was entertain'd with acclamations, that
Rais'd thunder for his foes to tremble at.
This valiant Hero, whoſe brave geſture gave
Life to that hope which told them heaven would ſave
Such ſuffering vertue, now drawn near unto
The tent, is taking a diſdainful view
Of that accurſt inſcription, whilſt all eyes
Center'd on him, ſee through his ſteel-diſguiſe
A goodlier ſhape, though not ſo vaſtly great
As that curſt lump nature had made the ſeat
Of's enemies black ſoul: The armor which
He wore, they knew not whether for more rich,
Or rare to prize; the ground of it, as he
For thoſe had mourn'd, which now from infamie
His ſword ſought to redeem, was black, but all
Enamell'd ore with ſilver-hearts, let fall
From flaming clouds, which hovering above
Them, look'd like incenſe fir'd by heavenly love.
Mongſt theſe in every vacant place was found
A deaths-head ſcatter'd, ſome of which were crown'd
With laurel, others on their bare fronts wore
A regal diadem; in's ſhield he bore
In a Field argent on the dexter ſide,
A new-made Grave, to which a Lamb deni'd

Succor

Succor on earth, to ſhun the ſwift perſuit Book V.
Of a fierce wolf, was fled; but ere one foot
Was enter'd there, from a red cloud that charg'd
The field in chief, a thunderbolt inlarg'd
By heav'ns juſt wrath, from's ſulphrie ſeat was ſent
So ſwiftly, that what ſav'd the innocent,
The guilty ſlew, which now in's blood doth lie
A Preſident for powerful tyrannie.
Thoſe ſhort ſurveys o'th' people hardly took,
Ere having now th'unuſeful tent forſook,
The brave Defendant with a loud ſalute
Had paſt the ſcaffold in the bold perſuit
Of glorious vict'rie, whom his angry foe
Whoſe valors flame ne'r an allay did know
So cold as fear, in that wild flame which ragg
Oppos'd had kindl'd, haſtens to engage
Him with ſo high a ſtorm of fury, that
Each falling ſtroke, others did tremble at
What they ſuſtain'd. Strength, valor, judgment, all
Which ere made Conquerors ſtand, or conquer'd fall,
Here ſeem'd to meet: As it t'outrun deſire,
Each nimble ſtroke quick as ethereal fire,
When wing'd by motion fell, yet with a heſt
So full of danger, moſt behind them left
Their bloody marks, which in this fatal ſtrife
Seem'd like the open'd falliports of life.
Sadly expecting whom by fate would be
This day choſe favorite unto deſtinie,

The

Book V.

The people in ſuch ſilent extaſies,
As if their ſouls only inform'd their eyes,
Sate to behold the combat; when to give
Their faith aſſurance juſtice yet did live
Unchain'd by faction, from a fatal blow
Strook near his heart, *Almanzor* faln ſo low
From hopes of victʼrie they beheld, that in
His ruine, what before their fear had bin
Grew now their comfort, when that ſpeedy death
Might not tranſport his ſoul ere his laſt breath
Confeſt his guilt; the noble Champion ſtays
His juſt rais'd rage, whilſt his own tongue diſplays
His thoughts black curtains, by diſcovering all
Thoſe crimes beneath whoſe burthen he did fall,
Heavy as curſes which from heaven are ſent
For th' peoples plague, or Princes puniſhment:
In which ſhort cloſe of life, to eaſe the grief
Of late repentance, that ſucceſsful Thief
Whoſe happieſt hour his lateſt provʼd, being took
For preſident, he in a calm forſook
That world, which, whilſt his plots did ſtrive to build
Ambition high, he had with tempeſts fillʼd.
The multitude, whoſe univerſal voice
Had taught even ſuch, though diſtant, to rejoice,
As age or ſickneſs had detain'd within
The City-walls, forc'd thoſe that yet had bin
Her foes (converted by the general votes
For joy) to change their envies ill ſet notes

To

To calm compliance, in whose concord they
With as much speed as duty did convey
Her best of subjects, to congratulate
Her freedom hastes, who in this smile of fate,
Whilst all her friends strove to forget those fears
Whose form they lately trembl'd at, appears
Shadow'd in grief, on whose joy could reflect
No beam of comfort, the suppos'd neglect
Of her *Argalia*, whose victorious sword
Did in her fears extremity afford
Some hopes of comfort, which t'opinion lost
More sorrow then th'assaults of death had cost;
Had not, whilst she did in dark passion stray,
His full discovery glorifi'd the day.
Amidst the peoples acclamations, she
Though from a scaffold now convey'd to be
Rais'd to a Crown, all that vain pomp beholds
With eyes orecast in grief, till he unfolds
Her further comfort, by discovering what
Whilst each spectator was admiring at,
Becomes to her so much of joy, that in
This calm, that courage which before had bin
Unshook in tempests now begins to move,
And what scorn'd hate, submits to powerful Love;
From whose fixt centre, with as swift a flight
And kind a welcom, as the nimble light
Salutes the morning, pleasure now imparts
Her powerful beams, until those neighboring hearts

Th at

Book V. That liv'd by hopes thin diet, drew from hence
Substantial lines to joys circumference.
Her innocence unvail'd by his success,
And both by that black foil of wickedness,
Almanzor's guilt, more glorious made, is now
The only volume wonder could allow
Those that before her worst of foes had bin,
Sadly to read repentant lectures in:
Which seen by her observant Peers, that all
Succeeding discords in that Tyrants fall
Might find a tomb, him, being their Princess choice,
The Spartan Armies universal voice
Salute their Chief, which President affords
A pattern to the wise *Epirot* Lords,
Who had a law age made authentick, which
Prohibited their diadem t'enrich
A female brow, on him, whose title stood
Neatest of all collateral streams of blood;
They wisely fix a choice, which proves to be
Their glory, and their States securitie.
And now rais'd from that lowly posture in
Which fear had left them, the vast rout begin
Their motion toward fair *Ghieranza*, where
The varied scene did such proportion bear
With joy's exalted harmonie, which in
Their rescu'd Princess dwelt, all that had bin
Their sorrows dismal characters they now
Obliterate, and her late clouded brow

Crown

Crown with delights. The ſolemn bells whoſe ſad Book V.
Toll, when they left your mourning City, had
Frighted the trembling hearer, now are all
Rung out for joy, as if ſo loud a call
Only becom'd a love which could not be
Expreſt until the full ſolemnitie
Of their approaching nuptials did unite
Their hearts or crowns, not with more full delight
Then what did near as great a bleſſing prove
(Diſcording ſubjects) in your bonds of love.
Thus after all the wild varietie
Through Fates dark labyrinths, now arriv'd to be
Crown'd with as much content as ere was known
By any that death did enforce to own
The frailties of mortality, we leave
Our celebrated Lovers to receive
Thoſe bleſſings which heaven on ſuch Kings ſhowers (down,
Whoſe vertues add a luſtre to the Crown.

FINIS.